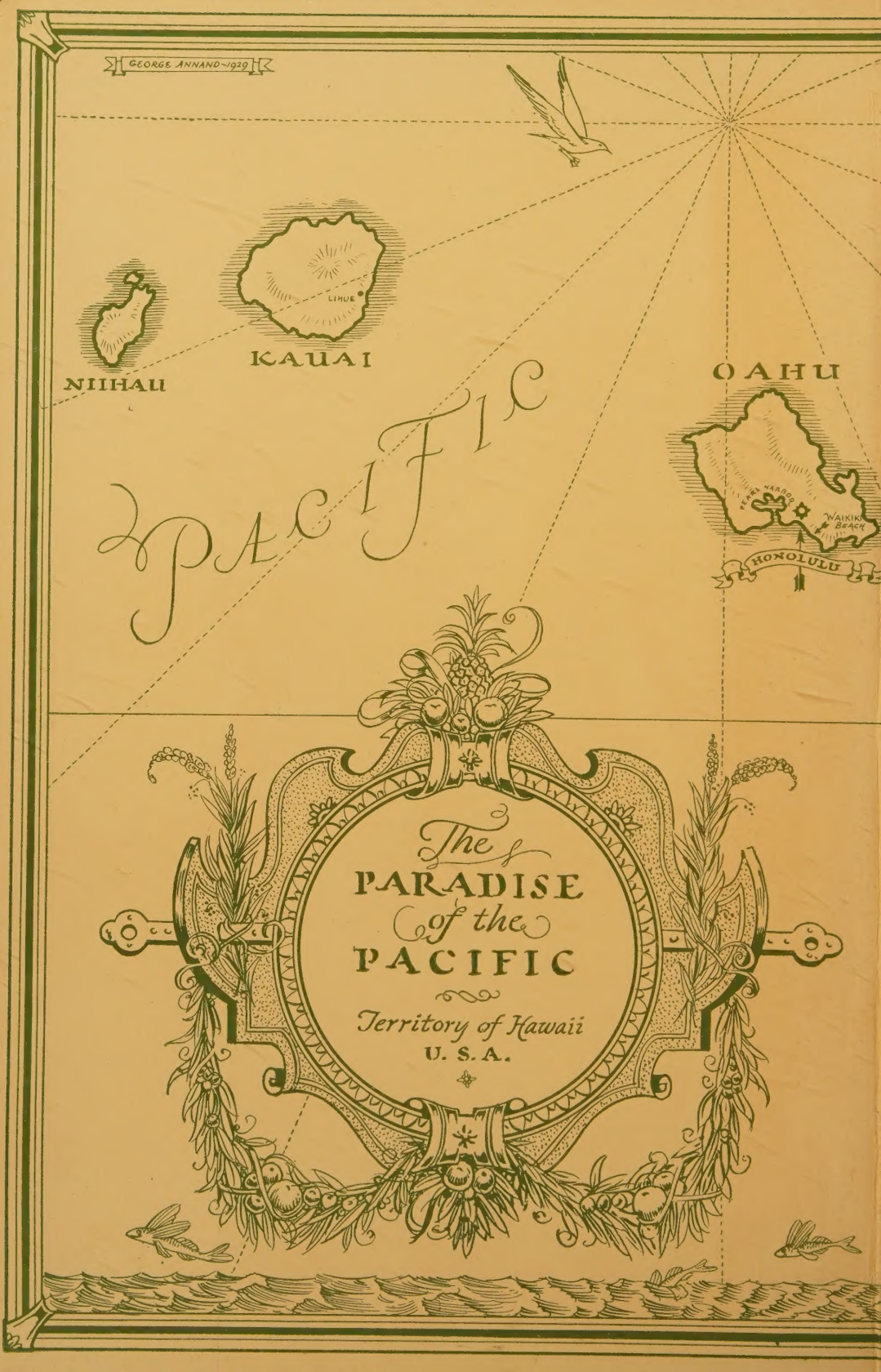
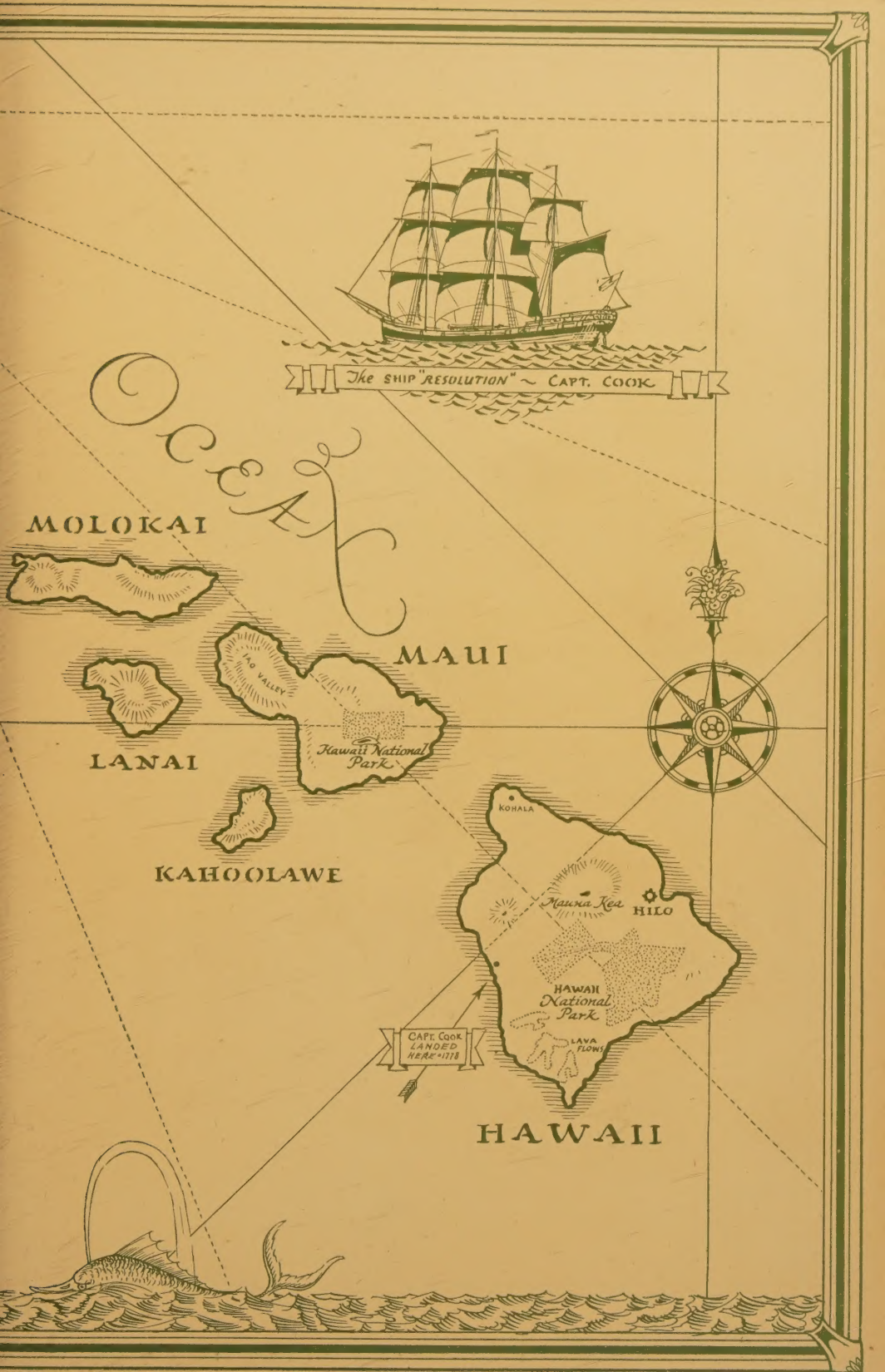

GEORGE ANNAND-1929
NIIHAU
KAUAI
LIHUE
OAHU
PEARL HARBOR
WAIKIKI BEACH
HONOLULU
PACIFIC
The
PARADISE
of the
PACIFIC
Territory of Hawaii
U. S. A.


The SHIP "RESOLUTION" ~ CAPT. COOK
OCEAN
MOLOKAI
MAUI
IAO VALLEY
Hawaii National Park
LANAI
KAHOOLAWE
KOHALA
Mauna Kea
HILO
HAWAII National Park
LAVA FLOWS
CAPT. COOK LANDED HERE-1778
HAWAII

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

BOOKS BY

JOHN T. FARIS

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC
THE ALASKAN PATHFINDER
HISTORIC SHRINES OF AMERICA
OLD CHURCHES AND MEETING HOUSES AROUND PHILADELPHIA
OLD TRAILS AND ROADS IN PENN'S LAND
ON THE TRAIL OF THE PIONEERS
REAL STORIES OF THE GEOGRAPHY MAKERS
THE ROMANCE OF OLD PHILADELPHIA
THE ROMANCE OF THE BOUNDARIES
THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVERS
THE ROMANCE OF FORGOTTEN TOWNS
SEEING CANADA
SEEING THE EASTERN STATES
SEEING THE FAR WEST
SEEING THE MIDDLE WEST
SEEING PENNSYLVANIA
SEEING THE SUNNY SOUTH
WHEN AMERICA WAS YOUNG
WHERE OUR HISTORY WAS MADE

NAWILIWILI BAY, ISLAND OF KAUAI

Where Commander John Rodgers landed after crossing the Pacific

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

BY JOHN T. FARIS

"Those Islands which to me were Paradise"—MARK TWAIN

ILLUSTRATED

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
1929

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FIRST EDITION

PREFACE

WHAT an unforgettable approach there is to the Paradise of the Pacific! Out the Golden Gate, past the frowning cliffs which greeted the white-winged clipper ships, the dingy whalers, and the crazy craft that carried gold-hungry adventurers; then for a day or two over waters that swell and surge with the restlessness of the sea close to the Western coast; into the gracious trade winds that blow up from the southeast; on to the summer seas of wondrous blue and under skies whose rivalling blue is sculptured with endless marvels of clouds that climb and float and pile up one on the other in breath-taking glory and grandeur; chased by the sunrise that promises one more semitropical day on a turquoise sea from which flying fish leap to meet the birds as they swoop in graceful curves down to the water; into the sunset where the marvels of daytime clouds are transformed into rainbow hues by magic artistry, only to become dark with mystery when the swift twilight makes ready for stars that burn in a boundless sky and a moon that makes the waters glow and sparkle with iridescent, phosphorescent light.

Then comes the Paradise of the Pacific, consisting of eight islands, which the residents affectionately call "Hawaii Nei"—all Hawaii. These have been called "An Inn of Nature's Own Planning on the Great Highway of Nations." Though they contain little more than

six thousand square miles in all, the longer a visitor wanders there, the more the feeling persists that he is in the midst of a boundless territory; there is no sense of isolation. "Once I thought I was coming to Land's End," was the declaration of a man who had transferred his allegiance from the mainland to the Islands. "But the longer I stay here the more I am sure that I am in the heart of everything!"

The unusual opportunity of those who are learning to know this Paradise of the Pacific is evident from the heartfelt words of Samuel Chapman Armstrong. When he was an old man he looked back on his boyhood days in the Islands and said: "The beauty and grandeur of Hawaiian scenery is a noble teacher. . . . It will make you better men and women if you will let it. Get all of it you can. Your special gaieties, parties, and things are of no account whatever compared with the ministry of mountain and sea. Listen to them, approach and live with them all you can. Hear and heed the great silent teachers about you."

Legend and geology give accounts in great contrast of the origin of this abode of beauty. A popular *mele* tells of a great bird which laid an egg on the ocean. This was hatched by warm winds, and the Hawaiian group came into being. Another legend tells of a great continent in the Pacific, of which Samoa, Fiji, and New Zealand were highlands. A great flood submerged the lowlands surrounding them. Thus the Hawaiian Islands were born. The latter legend is given credence by H. A. Pilsbry, who, after a study of shells, decided that there were successive subsidences of the land, and as a result the islands of the group were found in Eocene, Pliocene, and Pleistocene times!

But where did the people come from? That is a romantic story of centuries long gone, when a company of Aryans from India who had mingled with the Polynesians of the South Seas were driven to sea in war canoes so large that they could hold from fifty to one hundred people. In such boats the owners thought nothing of making voyages of one thousand or even two thousand miles. So they sailed—"during five changes of the moon," legend says—until they came to the Hawaiian group. This was about the Sixth Century. They were left to themselves until about the time of William the Conqueror, when another migration came from the South Seas. The newcomers were received with scant courtesy by the old-timers, but at last the men who felt they were the salt of the earth were compelled to live side by side with those who, according to the legend, came singing:

"Here is Hawaii, the island, the man. . . .
The scattered islands are in a row,
Placed evenly from east to west,
Spread evenly is the land in a row. . . .
My chief will reside in Hawaii.
Life, life, O buoyant life!
Live shall the chief and the priest,
Live shall the seer and the slave,
Dwell in Hawaii and be at rest,
And attain to old age on Kauai."

Historical *meles* tell of seventy-four generations of kings and chiefs who ruled in succession. The last of these was Kamehameha, who succeeded in conquering the Islands, five hundred years after the failure of the first attempt of the kind. The man who succeeded has been called "The Napoleon of the Pacific." Of him Jarves, the historian of the Islands, has said:

"Without the worst traits of his prototype, he possessed, according to the situation he occupied, equal military skill, as vigorous an intellect, and as keen a judgment as his illustrious contemporary; a like force of character in bending wills to his own, and a similar ingenuity in bending circumstances to his designs."

The last king in the succession from Kamehameha the Great was Kalakaua. In his cabinet was William A. Armstrong, the son of a missionary whose brief characterization of the place won by the government of the Islands is worthy of remembrance. He spoke of Hawaii thus: "The solitary community of that boundless region of Oceanica, that presented all the functions of a complete government and was in good and regular standing with the family of nations!"

Yet these people of the mid-Pacific might so easily have developed in an entirely different manner. In 1822 Humboldt, after speaking at some length of their surprising progress, wrote: "Perhaps this people will one day be as formidable on the Great Ocean as the privateers and pirates of the Bermuda and Bahama Islands and Barbary who are dreaded on the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean."

The century and more of history between the unification of the Islands under Kamehameha and the assumption of authority by the United States is full of diplomatic plots and counterplots. Many times it was thought that Great Britain cast envious eyes at the group. Evidently there was justification for this thought, for in 1794 Kamehameha made a formal declaration of submission to Great Britain. A few years later a letter was sent to George III which included the petition: "We, as subjects of his most sacred Majesty,

wish to have a seal and arms sent from Britain, so as there may be no molestation to our ships or vessels." In 1843 the Islands were ceded to Great Britain, but in the same year their independent sovereignty was recognized once more, in consequence of the friendly attitude of the United States and France, and the fair-mindedness of the government of Great Britain.

At one time Russia had designs on the group, and in 1849 a French warship demanded satisfaction at Honolulu for a number of unsatisfactory conditions, including, it is said, the existing high duty on French brandy.

The coming of the Islands under the flag of the United States was not sought, but was the working out of manifest destiny. In 1842 President Tyler, in his message to Congress, declared: "The government seeks . . . no peculiar advantages, no exclusive control, over the Hawaiian government, but is content with their independent existence, and anxiously wishes for its security and prosperity." More than fifty years passed before the repeated petitions of a government established after the overthrow of the last of the royal line succeeded in winning recognition from the United States.

Since the day in 1898 when the Stars and Stripes supplanted the flag of Hawaii—a combination of the Union Jack of Great Britain and the red, white, and blue of the United States—the advance of the Islands has been marked. This advance is especially notable in the field of education. Not only in the more popular centres, but in the remoter districts as well, the provisions for the mental needs of the people are remarkable. Visitors to colleges and public schools in Honolulu are amazed at what they see and hear from the startling mixture

of races. But however the varied pupils may differ in their ability to lay hold of the studies in the curriculum, they are of one mind in their attitude to the United States, of which they are glad to know that they are a part. Librarian Taylor of the Territorial Archives says that when he visits the schools as a speaker he finds that the boys and girls know more about the history of the United States than about that of their own homeland. Of course they can tell about George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. But they respond eagerly when they are asked about John C. Calhoun or Daniel Webster. How many people in schools on the mainland will be anything but apathetic when these names are mentioned?

And this is the land which a New York exporting firm thought a part of Latin America! Their letter to a customer in Honolulu was written in Spanish!

The school children are taught to use the public library. A visitor to the library at Honolulu or at Hilo is surprised to see how many Chinese and Japanese children enter the doors. Little folks take books who can with difficulty reach up to the desk. Often the books they take out seem beyond their years.

The traveller among the outlying plantations notes with interest the procession of boys and girls which passes to and from the schools. Here are Chinese, there Japanese; here are Filipinos, there Hawaiians. What incomplete costumes adorn them! Usually the boys have a shirt, and a pair of trousers cast off by father or brother which extend halfway from the knee to the ankles. It is almost vain to look for a garment longer or shorter! Usually no shoes are worn. But on special occasions, as on closing day, they borrow shoes from

father or brother. Often, then, a little boy may be seen wearing great brogans, without stockings. If rain falls, the precious shoes are taken off and carried, to be put on at school. If the feet begin to hurt during school hours, the shoes are taken off. At any rate they are removed when school is dismissed. Then the boys and girls may be seen passing along the dusty way with shoes slung over their shoulders.

These children are proficient in their use of the English tongue. But how much more musical are the sounds made as children use the Hawaiian language! The "dearth of consonants and overplus of vowels give to the spoken language such openness, fluidity, and richness!" There are five vowels, as in English, but there are only seven consonants: h, k, l, m, n, p, w. Each vowel makes a syllable; there are no diphthongs. And the syllable is always closed by a vowel. Never are two consonants sounded without a vowel sound between. Thus but seventy-six syllables are possible in this language of childhood. Dr. Emerson says of it: "It is as if one should find the toys and playthings of children, with but slight modification, doing duty in the hands of mature men as the instruments for accomplishing the serious tasks of life."

One admirer of the language wondered at the frequent use of the syllable *ka*, especially in proper names. Then the recurrence of *na* at the beginning of many words also puzzled him. Why was this? To his surprise he found no explanation in any book on the Islands. But he learned that the answer was so simple that no one had thought of emphasizing the fact: *ka* is simply the word *the*, for use with singular nouns. The plural form is *na*.

The author of *The Paradise of the Pacific* makes grateful acknowledgment to the many friends without whose aid the book could not have been written. Among those who have been most helpful are George T. Armitage of the Hawaii Tourist Bureau; A. I. Borckland, of the United States Geological Survey; R. R. Tinkham, Superintendent of Lighthouses; Albert P. Taylor, Librarian of the Archives of Hawaii; J. T. G. Stokes, of the Bishop Museum; R. M. Wilson, Assistant to Dr. T. A. Jaggar, of the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory; Richard T. Evans, Superintendent of the Hawaii National Park; Bert D. Chilson, Miss Margaret Newman, and Rev. W. J. Thompson, of Hilo; Rev. Henry K. Sanborn and Paul Sanborn, companions in travel; and Major T. K. P. Stilwell, Fort Shafter, Honolulu.

JOHN T. FARIS.

Philadelphia, March, 1929.

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THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

I

ENTERING "THE LAND OF ABUNDANT CALM"

"WHAT is the most beautiful city you have seen in the course of your journey around the world?"

The question was asked of a large group of tourists who were completing the leisurely globe-girdling voyage.

They thought of Rio de Janeiro, with its magnificent harbour, its spacious streets and squares and stately buildings, and its Sugar Loaf Rock rising twelve hundred feet above the waters of the bay; they recalled Capetown, where the huge gray walls of Table Mountain make a background that lingers in the memory; Edinburgh, where the castle perched high upon the rock looks down on inimitable Princes Street; and Yokohama, with glorious snow-crowned Fujiyama peeping out of the clouds beyond. They were not willing to give the palm to any of these, nor yet to Melbourne, Calcutta, or San Francisco.

"I vote for Honolulu!" said so many of the company that the award of beauty among cities was given to the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, the group which shares with Alaska the status of a territory of the United States.

The verdict may be questioned by some who learn of it. But it is almost a safe conclusion that those who

disagree are partial to other cities only because they have not seen Honolulu!

Possibly some of the glamour of the chief city of the Paradise of the Pacific is due to the fact that its beauty appears suddenly on the vision of those who have travelled over hundreds of leagues of the Pacific. For even when many days of azure seas follow the nights beneath skies brilliant with stars that glow with semi-tropic splendour, there is welcome for the mountain-girt gardens that spring from the ocean so unexpectedly even to those who know they are at hand. Then what must have been the delight of James Cook and George Vancouver when their venture into the almost unknown Pacific led them to the islands that Captain Cook named in honour of Lord Sandwich!

It is not easy to realize that only one hundred and fifty years have gone by since the hardy navigator who named the Islands made his landfall among people who were still in the Stone Age—a people who knew nothing of iron, whose weapons of war as well as their implements of peace came from the forest and from the quarry, who lived in contented simplicity amid a lavish profusion of nature's gifts, subjects of chiefs whose semi-barbaric splendour was made possible by a system of taboo—or *kapu*, according to the more liquid Hawaiian pronunciation—that puts to shame the insistent *verboten* declaration of a more modern European state.

There wasn't even any Honolulu in Captain Cook's day—that is, there was nothing on the site of the metropolis of the island of Oahu but a wretched cluster of grass huts which their owners called Kou. Yet even

this insignificant settlement had won fame in Hawaiian legend as the scene of Princess Pele-ula's ill-advised falling in love with Prince Lohiau, whom Hiiaka was guiding to her sister Pele, the fire goddess. When the scheming princess invited Lohiau to take part in a daring game that she might win from him the forfeit of a kiss, Hiiaka saw to it that every time the enamoured princess attempted to roll the half of a coconut shell across the floor so as to hit the piece of wood at the feet of Lohiau a little mishap turned it aside and so made impossible the forfeit that would have been so unfair to Pele, who waited expectantly for her lover to come to her in Halemaumau, the fire pit of the volcano Kilauea.

When, at length, Kou gave place to Honolulu, the languorous atmosphere of the place did not change, for more and more as the years pass it is a favourite resort of lovers who look forward to marriage as well as a resort for those who feel that this is the fitting place for the beginning of life together. Even its name suggests languor, for it was taken from the home of a chief not far away up the Nuuanu Valley. "A pleasant slope of restful land," or, even more literally, "a district of abundant calm!"—this is the meaning of the name Honolulu.

And it is!

Those are fortunate who approach Honolulu early in the morning, for then the fascinations of the Pacific Paradise have their best opportunity to impress the visitor. If he comes from the east, his before-breakfast visit to the deck shows him, far over to the left, the

island of Molokai lifting its dark mass from the water. On the right is disclosed the whole eastern end of Oahu, from Mokumanu—the little rocky isle that clings close to the larger island much as a child keeps close to his mother—to Mokapuu Point, with its lighthouse. And then those rugged extinct volcanoes, Koko Crater, Koko Head, and Diamond Head. All these seem so bare and unadorned that the eye turns with pleasure to the flying fish, leaping from the water and seeking it once more after many yards, even rods. Or the vision may be a Japanese fishing boat, with its daring navigator whose eyes are so intent on the work that they seem unconscious of the approach of the ship. Those little sampans look so frail for voyages that sometimes extend to three hundred miles and four or five days; but the stolid fishermen think nothing of such an absence from their snug anchorage.

When Diamond Head is rounded neither flying fish nor fishing boats can keep the eyes from the land. For now the bare volcanic rock gives way to the green shores of Waikiki, the bay curved so fascinatingly, and beyond it the city, bowered in blooming trees, stretching up through green valleys to the rocky highlands.

And those, too, are fortunate who steal at night and from the west upon the city of abundant calm. How the lights twinkle, all the way from Pearl Harbour on the left to the city in its centre, with the attractive Aloha Tower as its focal point, and the hotels and cottages of Waikiki on the right! The slopes of the hills, outlined in glowing electricity, seem like a miniature San Francisco. Back into the valleys these lights push their way,

IN THE PEARL LOCHS REGION, ISLAND OF OAHU

showing not only the extent of the city, but also the possibilities of future development when residences are crowded up to new boulevards that will conquer the hills and give the people a taste of life where breezes blow even more pleasantly than on the lowlands. There they can look off to the wonder of beach and bay and ocean, and the ships that bring, in numbers that are increasing so rapidly, visitors who, though they come questioning the supremacy of Honolulu, the beautiful, must soon join the insistent clamour declaring the pre-eminence of the chief city of the Hawaiian Islands.

The first visitor to the harbour of Honolulu, Captain Brown, of the English ship *Butterworth*, was delighted with the fair haven within its natural coral reef breakwater, in which there was an opening amply sufficient for the entry of his ship. He realized that this was a good location for its harbour, for he found it on the sheltered or leeward side of Oahu, the third island in size in the group. Before long many American and British vessels followed, on errands of exploration and treaty making. But soon whaling vessels were the chief visitors. What a sight that harbour must have presented when scores of white-winged ships rode at anchor there, 2,089 miles from San Francisco!

One of the early visitors to the harbour came on a sad errand. Late in 1823 King Liholilo and Queen Kamamalu sailed for England on an English whaleship, in the hope that there they might learn many things helpful to their country. Within a few weeks after their arrival both died of measles, and their bodies were sent home in state on the British frigate *Blonde*, of which

Lord Byron, cousin of the poet, was in command. In May, 1825, Honolulu Harbour was entered. Then what a wailing there was from the people who had watched their sovereigns depart so happily!

One of the ship's company was Andrew Bloxam, who had been sent out as a naturalist. From him we have a record of the appearance of the village whose houses clustered about the harbour. His picture should be studied by those who see the beautiful city of to-day:

"Honolulu is . . . built on a low plain at the foot of lofty, abrupt hills intersected with numerous deep valleys running across the island. The town has five or six well-built houses, mostly inhabited by American merchants, the rest are common native-built huts. . . . It is getting quite a civilized place. The streets are formed without order or regularity. Some of the huts are surrounded by low fences of wooden stakes; they have no windows."

Two years earlier, when some of the first missionaries reached Honolulu, they had an adventure with the queen who died in England. They were surprised to see a stone quay. On this they would have landed, if horrified bystanders had not called out that word which they were so soon to hear on all sides, "*Kapu!*" The quay was reserved for the royal family; ordinary people must not desecrate it. So the visitors waited until Queen Kamamalu learned of their arrival. One of these visitors told of the coming of the queen to the beach:

"A fine-looking young female, in a European dress of pink satin, with a wreath of yellow feathers on her head,

made her appearance. She expressed her regret that the quay was *kapu;* and politely requested us to row to a spot on the beach near the town, to which she pointed, and where she would meet us."

The passage of twelve years brought little improvement to the village by the quay which was forbidden to all but royal feet. A visitor of 1835 said that there was hardly a green tree or shrub within the limits of the town. But there was no lack of less attractive objects: "On the western flank, a small creek came down the valley called the Nuuanu, furnishing muddy water for bathing places for a multitude of natives with their pigs, ducks, and dogs."

To-day this Nuuanu Stream is, in its upper reaches, a thing of beauty. But in the early days of Honolulu it was a cause of anxiety to the king and his ministers. The bathing of natives and animals helped to stir up the débris brought down from the heights back of the little city, and the harbour was becoming too shallow for the vessels that sought its waters. So in 1840 King Kamehameha III asked Lieutenant Wilkes, of the United States exploring expedition, to study the harbour with a view to correcting the untoward conditions. The king was informed that much of the difficulty could be obviated by the construction of a wall on the reef, near its inner edge, for this would intercept a great part of the débris and so save the harbour.

When the American officer turned his attention from the harbour to the settlement he was not favourably impressed. The first attempt at laying out streets had been made but three years before, and the results were

not much in evidence. "There is no great beauty in the location of the town," he said, "nor any taste displayed in the plan. The roads, or streets, are entirely destitute of trees, and the natives and foreign residents seem to have no inclination to plant them." The lack seemed strange in view of the beauty that surrounded the explorer when he followed the Nuuanu Stream toward its source. How the trees and the undergrowth delighted him! He declared that the contrast was like passing from the torrid to the temperate zone.

That was yesterday. To-day the beauty of Nuuanu has come into the town, and Honolulu is spoken of as "a city hidden beneath a canopy of waving green trees that are so large and dense that only the tallest buildings and spires can be seen above the tree tops."

But even in the early days the natives brought the beauty of the forests with them into the dingy town. Gaily they decked themselves with garlands of leaves and flowers. Kings and chiefs wore *leis* of rare feathers, while their subjects turned to objects more commonplace—and more beautiful. To-day their descendants cling to the beautiful custom. Both men and women like to wear festoons of flowers on their hats. And this is not a mere holiday observance; often workmen are seen with the flowers that tell of their delight in things beautiful, while sometimes the animals are decked thus on holidays. A famous traveller of two generations ago noted this survival: "They have discarded many things, but cannot abandon that graceful taste and appreciation of Nature which led them to deck themselves—both sexes occasionally—with per-

fumed and many-coloured blossoms formed in elegant wreaths."

To-day the best opportunity to see the wreaths is when vessels are arriving or departing. Then passengers are decked by their friends with garlands of flowers, beads, seeds, nuts, and green leaves. But the wreath used most frequently—they call these garlands *leis*—is fashioned skilfully of coloured tissue paper. For hours before the sailing or expected arrival of steamers the streets for some distance from the docks are lined with picturesque vendors of the garlands, most of them Hawaiians who know not only how to make the *leis* but also how to wear them gracefully. When the passengers step from the gangplank, one, two, three, and even a dozen or more variegated *leis* are dropped about the neck, until frequently they look like a perambulating rainbow. Fortunate are those who, among their garlands, count one made of the fragrant flowers of the maile. So also when friends depart: proudly they board the ship with their happy burden which they will wear until they are passing Diamond Head; there they must consign to the waters the gifts that voice so delightfully the *aloha* greetings of friends and relatives.

What a gloriously convenient word that *aloha* is! It means almost anything its user desires. It tells of friendship and love, of greeting and farewell and good wishes, and a dozen other variations of good will. It serves the purpose of the lover; it meets the needs of the friend and the acquaintance; it even fills the requirements of the delightful Hawaiian courier who

knows so well how to show strangers about the Islands. "Thank you for your *aloha!*" was the recognition given by one of these guides when an appreciative passenger had sent him a gift.

Sometimes the ships themselves receive the gay decorations. Frequently the inauguration of a passenger line, or the conclusion of the maiden voyage of a new liner, wins from the exuberant people of Honolulu a tribute of great *leis* thrown over the smokestack and the bowsprit.

If this had been the custom in the early days of the harbour, there would have been many ships so decorated. First came the vessels which carried to the Orient cargoes of the fragrant sandalwood, while these were followed by the whalers which, for many years, brought prosperity to Honolulu. Then came the regular liners, beginning with the inauguration of the first monthly steamer service to San Francisco in 1865.

The time is not far distant when one thousand vessels will enter the harbour in a year, for, in addition to the splendid service between island ports, and the steamships from the Pacific Coast to Honolulu, so many trans-pacific lines make this a port of call that the harbour of Honolulu has been compared to "the hub of a great commercial wheel," the spokes being represented by the steamship routes to the various ports of countries bordering on the Pacific.

Yet those who would visit the Islands found, until recently, that the accommodations were not equal to the demand. Now, however, there is room for all. Often those who sought a stateroom were told that they must

wait a week, a month, or even more. And visitors to the offices of the inter-island lines have learned to receive philosophically the statement that they must be content with a mattress on the deck. This necessity is not a hardship, however, for the inter-island trips require but a few hours, and the tropic nights are genial. Of course this may be avoided, and the best the steamships have to offer secured by the exercise of the forethought required in seeking transatlantic passage.

Of course the passenger ships have not sufficient accommodations for the freight carried to and from the Islands, and vessels of regular freight lines, supplemented by tramp steamers, take part in the traffic that has been growing since the day when a writer in the *Sandwich Island News* ventured to prophesy. On November 25, 1847, he wrote:

"Were a stranger from the United States or Europe to be suddenly placed upon one of the many lookouts in our little village of Honolulu, at this time, he would undoubtedly consider it to be a commercial city of the first rank. The harbour is almost filled with shipping, and the streets are fairly alive with seamen, 'ashore on liberty.' There are close on to fifty sail of ships now at anchor, nearly all whalemen. We wish that but a tithe of them were merchantmen, and here after the coffee, the sugar, and other productions which the kingdom should so abundantly produce for the benefit of our neighbours in California, Oregon, both parts of the west coast of America. But as this is amongst the things that are to be, we must wait patiently, and hope for that time when in every valley on every island shall

be found the neat cottage and the well-tilled field of the industrious farmer."

That prophet wanted a monopoly of such forecasts. For when a rival editor spoke of Honolulu as "the centre of civilization and business operations on the Pacific," the reply was made in the columns of the *News:* "We were not aware that the production of potatoes and cabbage on these islands had increased so much as to make this the centre of business operations in the Pacific."

Another wail was sounded by the same man when he voiced the fear that the occupancy and settlement of California would diminish the commercial importance enjoyed by the Islands.

But even then the day of bigger things was dawning. In 1848 the editor who spoke so slightingly of the business of the Islands told of the shipment of sixty tons of sugar and other merchandise, products of the Islands, within a month. The ships that entered the harbour continued to load with sugar, in spite of the temporary fear, in 1858, that rice cultivation would make sugar take a back seat. "Everybody and his wife are into rice; sugar is nowhere!" was the cry.

The production of sugar increased slowly at first, then more rapidly. In 1864, 4,649 tons were shipped, in spite of the unfavourable customs law of the United States. But when Congress, in 1876, ratified the Reciprocity Treaty, which permitted the entry of Hawaiian sugar free of duty, the last barrier to larger production was removed. Then began the development which enabled a proud historian to say:

"It is sugar which has been the cause of Hawaii's commercial prosperity, which has attracted the vast majority of her foreign population, which has made her merchants millionaires."

More millionaires have been made by the pineapple, which did not begin to be a real item in the cargoes of the ships that sailed from Honolulu Harbour until 1880.

But look at the Hawaiian pineapple to-day!

II

WAIKIKI WANDERINGS

WHILE there is a famous section of Honolulu known as Waikiki, the title of this chapter must not be interpreted as referring simply to the famous beach and its surroundings, but to all that part of the city which is up Waikiki way. For the people of Honolulu have a delightful method of giving locations. Not for them are the prosaic terms north, south, east, and west. Instead, they say "on the Waikiki side," for all that section on the right hand of the pedestrian who goes from the harbour up Fort Street. Everything on the left is "on the Ewa side." If a stranger asks how to go to the home of a fortunate resident in Nuuanu Valley or on Makiki Street, he will tell him to go *mauka*, meaning "toward the mountains." When he points an inquirer to the harbour, he is apt to use the word *makai*, "toward the sea." When a man climbs to the Pali, at the summit of Nuuanu Valley, *makai* tells of the country both before him and behind him, for in either direction he is facing toward the sea. When his back is turned toward Honolulu, he is looking down on windward Oahu, and as he turns toward the city he is gazing in the direction of leeward Oahu. Thus "windward" and "leeward" are on every island further indications of direction.

This most picturesque method of direction giving is a recognized part of city life. A real estate dealer tells in the morning paper of a great bargain, "just Ewa of the Cunha property." A reporter speaks of a new building to be erected "on the *mauka*-Ewa corner" of a square. The architect of a new public building explains what may be seen "at the Waikiki end" of the structure. When the steamer landed at Honolulu, and there was difficulty in adjusting the gangplank, a deck hand called to those who were directing the movements of the engines, "Two feet Waikiki!" "Now just six inches Ewa!"

Of course Waikiki and Ewa apply only to Oahu; other islands must fix on descriptive places of their own. But all use *mauka* and *makai*, for "toward the mountains" and "toward the sea" are phrases of universal application when both mountains and sea are so conspicuous on each of the islands. So the territory's superintendent of forestry, when writing of the island of Hawaii, spoke of "the *makai* boundary of the Puna Forest Reserve." Again he talked of "the *makai* side of the trail."

The visitor who turns Waikiki-ward from Fort Street is amazed at the public structures all about him. He might have been prepared by the sight of the lofty Aloha Tower at the city's gateway and the massive piers on the Ewa side of Fort Street. But he pauses in surprise and delight before solid bank buildings, stately business structures, beautiful clubs, and substantial hotels that would do credit to any city of a million population. He rejoices, too, that those who have fashioned these evidences of the city's prosperity and taste

have not forgotten beauty as they seek for utility; wide-spreading trees and luxuriant flowers are everywhere. In most other places people reserve such things for their homes.

A surprise still greater awaits him when, after a short walk, he comes to Palace Square, the civic centre of which Honolulu is so proud. On his right is the Federal Building, with its arcade, always open, where the seeker for mail at the General Delivery, as well as the holder of a box, has only to step under the sheltering roof, where he can transact his business without entering a door, or having to pause to shut it after him. "Please close the door!" is a sign unknown in Honolulu, for closed doors are as unnecessary as chimneys on the attractive bungalows which line the streets.

How buried these bungalows are in flowers that to the visitor are rare indeed, though so often the owner looks on them with barely concealed tolerance!

"Do you suppose I might pick that lily which is falling forward over the wall?" a tourist from the States asked a Honolulu citizen. "And I wonder if I might ask for just one bloom from that luxuriant bunch by the garage."

The reply was a tolerant laugh. "Sure, you can have not only one lily, but a hundred, if you like. But you'll have to hurry, for this morning I overheard the owner of that house give instructions to his gardener to uproot all the lilies. As for the flowers by the garage, they are pests that must be rooted out. You say they are hothouse flowers with you? Well, here they are noxious weeds!"

The architect of the Federal Building must have been a man who delights in flowers, for the structure would not look out of place in a garden. The same thing might be said of the adjoining structures; one of them is the new Territorial Building, where many of the officers of the Islands have their work here in the chief city, Honolulu, a city which, by the way, has been described by a resident as one of the world's remarkable municipalities. "Due to a freak in the location of some of the islands which are officially attached to the group," this man says, "the limits of the city and county of Honolulu extend one thousand and five hundred miles to the northwest to little Midway Island, an important cable station almost halfway between Honolulu and Yokohama, while to the southwest the city extends its limits to little Palmyra, one thousand miles distant across an empty ocean. The mayor of Honolulu therefore becomes chief executive of the most extensive municipality in the world."

Neighbour to the Territorial Building is the poetically named House of Heavenly Chiefs. Now that the monarchy has yielded to the territorial organization, this building is the headquarters of the Hawaiian Judiciary. Fortunately, however, it retains in the minds of the people the name that is so reminiscent of other days.

These buildings look across an esplanade so wide that its two roadways are separated by a bit of green, while there is ample room for the open street-railway cars which are as popular in January as in July, not only among the residents of the city but also among the tour-

ists who find delight in watching both the racial contrasts shown by their fellow passengers and in looking at the fascinating tropical vegetation of the buildings that seem such a fitting part of the landscape.

Incidentally it should be said that Honolulu's railway is remarkable for the continuance of the five-cent fare, even when the ride is ten miles long, and also for the unusual courtesy of conductors and motormen. Once the author asked a busy conductor for the name of a valley crossed by the car. Not only was the question answered, but the man paused for an instant whenever he passed the seat of the inquirer, long enough to supplement, most interestingly, the response already made. Before the ride was done a lecture on the city had been given which was far better than any such information from a professional guide. And when words of appreciation were spoken, the conductor replied:

"You must excuse me, sir, but I can't stop when I have a chance to talk about our city."

The car line leads directly past the beautiful inclosure of Iolani Palace, where kings and queens resided until a generation ago, though now the governor of the territory and some of his associates have their offices in the spacious, harmonious structure which cannot be compared to any other public building in existence.

Though the large grounds of the palace are protected by a high iron fence, the gates stand invitingly open, and each day men and women enter and enjoy themselves under the trees, while children play on all sides, for no *kapu* signs tell them to keep off the grass. How they enjoy the greensward, the flowers, and the trees!

So many of these trees are remarkable. But one of them stands out above the others—the old banyan tree in the rear of the palace, whose generous shade could shelter easily hundreds of people. It would be difficult to estimate the years since that tree began its growth, though it is an easy matter to picture the children of the royal households, as well as their fathers and mothers, lounging under its green roof, or watching the curious drooping branches, vinelike both in appearance and ways, as they reached down toward the soil, where the rootlike tendrils at the end of each grasp hungrily at the ground, and so make ready to add still other extensions of the auxiliary trunks.

The day of royal visitors has gone forever, and the ground-seeking branches of the tree on which they gazed are doomed to disappointment. For when they are ready for the cool soil, they find their way intercepted by the inhospitable surface of the driveway which circles about the tree and says "Nay" to all banyan-tree tendrils.

Another of the specially attractive spots in the palace inclosure is the circular hedge of hibiscus blooms that marks the site of the burial place of the king and queen who died in London in 1824 and were brought back in state on the *Blonde*, as well as of many others of the royal family. After resting for years in the palace grounds, the caskets were removed to the final resting place of the royal family, far up the Nuuanu Valley. This spot is held in special honour by the Hawaiians, not only because it was a burial place, but also because the tomb was, during six long months, the sole witness

to the purpose to keep alive Hawaiian traditions that were threatened when the British flag flew over Honolulu. This was in 1843. To this quiet place Dr. Judd, with the knowledge of the king, went every night to work on the royal records. A ship's lantern gave him light during the nights of the Islands' darkness. And at the close of the trying period of faithful waiting the ship's lantern became a radiant beam that brought joy to the faces of all who saw it—for Hawaii lived once more!

The present palace was completed eleven years before the drama of 1893 which ended the kingdom. Its predecessors of early days were described by a whaler in 1840. He told of a grass hut standing within an inclosed place behind the town. This was like the huts of the Hawaiians, except that it was larger and had glazed windows. The ridge of the roof and the sides were adorned with dried ferns. In the same inclosure, but near at hand, was the royal lodge, described as "a wooden house, raised to the height of a single story, and painted yellow." Its architecture was said to be "perfectly European." Yet it had "a diminutive, toylike appearance" that hardly was in keeping with its claim to be a palace.

A visitor several years later gave an account of the palace that succeeded the grass house. He said that the building occupied by the king was built of coral blocks and was of one story on a basement. There was a sloping roof and a high lookout was built on top. Inside, the building was divided by a large hall through the centre. On the left were two rooms, for public purposes,

while on the right was the great throne room. The king lived in the native house near by, for he felt easier when observing the customs of his people.

When the present palace followed more temporary structures there was much criticism because of the great expense involved. Indeed the cost, though little more than a third of a million dollars, did seem extravagant at the time. To-day, however, the building is thoroughly in keeping with the substantial character of other public structures, and is a monument to the careful, conscientious work done by builders nearly sixty years ago. The broad, hospitable entrance, the wide central halls connected by a generous stairway, and the spacious apartments seem to tell eloquently of the kings and queens and their advisers, many of whom are pictured in the portrait gallery on the walls.

And what a royal-looking set were these potentates of Hawaii's yesterday! The natives of the Islands are a stalwart race, but their kings were even more commanding in appearance than their subjects. As a rule the men were tall and brawny and the women were plump and comely; some of them were so portly that they were not able to take part in the sports that were popular among those of privileged blood in the palace and the homes of the chiefs.

Both men and women were fond of riding spirited horses. In the days when whalers crowded the harbour the men from the ships liked to go to the village of Honolulu on Saturday afternoons, to see the king and his courtiers return from their holiday ride. "The king's party were mounted on spirited horses," one observer

wrote, while "the queen and the women were usually dressed in bright-coloured silks or satins, with equally striking and varicoloured riding *paus*, their hats trimmed with flowers and large wreaths of the sweet-smelling maile, and often with their horses' necks decked with the same fragrant vine." These riders occupied the whole width of the street, while after them came a secondary procession of young chiefs with their ladies, of whom the younger used side saddles, though those who were older preferred to ride the man's saddle.

Sometimes the fortunate visitors of to-day see on a holiday or in a pageant such a procession of *pau* riders —the name given to the Hawaiian women who appear in the national costume of flowing skirts worn by those who ride astride. Such a sight makes it easy to picture the palace grounds and the neighbouring streets as they were when Hawaiian knighthood was in flower.

This royal splendour was maintained by means of a tax which, although by no means heavy, caused the people to groan by reason of what they thought a burden. A visitor in 1823 told of going to the palace where he saw the queen "seated on a sofa at the middle of a long table covered with a superb cloth, having a writing desk open before her, and a native secretary at each end of the table, recording the names and taxes of the inhabitants of a district who were paying tribute. These were entering in single file, and, passing along the table on the side opposite the queen, they deposited their dollar before her and left the house at another door. Every twenty or thirty of them were preceded and

followed by a couple of the king's bodyguard, armed with muskets and in a kind of uniform."

Seventeen years later, the tax had not been increased, for in 1840 the impost was "a dollar annually for each adult, and a less sum in proportion to the youth of the subject. Age was determined by stature, and the latter by a graduated staff borne by the collector."

Perhaps this Hawaiian custom gave to a street-railway system in an Eastern city in the United States the hint to determine the age of the children of passengers, and their liability to pay full fare, by comparing their height with a standard fixed at a convenient place in the car!

Those who would reconstruct life in the predecessor of Iolani Palace have only to read the vivid boyhood recollections of Samuel Chapman Armstrong, who told of "the high chiefs with their fat wives, majestic creatures, towering above the common people and foreigners." Again this son of a missionary wrote: "I remember the royal soirées at the palace, where the gorgeous uniforms and noble bearing of the chiefs threw foreign diplomats and naval officers into the shade. We mission children would join the throng . . . where the chiefs stalked majestically around in their regimentals—greater men than they make in these days—and soldiers stood around in imposing array holding old flintlock muskets as harmless as popguns, while the band played; royal first families paraded from room to room, the embodiment of serene dignity. We boys did not dare to go inside, but looked in at the awful cere-

mony of presentation and wondered why people didn't sometimes fall down dead in awe of the royal presence."

In the royal portrait gallery on the walls of Iolani Palace are likenesses of some of those who attended these high functions. All these portraits are interesting, but more interesting still is the picture of Rear Admiral Richard Thomas of the British Navy. And the reason for the interest in the picture is not found altogether in the features of the officer but, in great measure, in the inscription attached to the frame. And in this inscription the most notable thing is not what is said but what is left unsaid—or, rather, what has been erased. Fortunately the erasure has not been so complete that it is impossible to see hints of a story which reflects great credit on the ability of the Hawaiian to forget bitterness, as well as on the fairness of Great Britain.

The original inscription told how Admiral Thomas, who was in command of the British fleet in the Pacific, on July 31, 1843, "restored the independence of the Kingdom of Hawaii, *by Command of the British Government,* after the same had been taken away by Captain Lord George Paulet, on February 18, 1842, *and claimed by him as a British Possession.*"

The clauses in italics were erased many years ago when the spirit and fairness of Great Britain were understood. The story of the seizure and the restoration is told elsewhere in this volume. And the gratitude of the Hawaiians to Admiral Thomas is given lasting expression in beautiful Thomas Square, where those who lounge under great trees and rejoice in the perfume of

fragrant flowers are told of the man who was Great Britain's agent in righting a wrong done by a servant of that country, without authority and without approval.

Soon after the restoration of the independence of the kingdom, as related in the inscription, the self-consciousness of the rulers found expression in the coat-of-arms which may be seen on the ceiling of the veranda of Iolani Palace. An old description of this coat-of-arms says:

"The coat-of-arms is divided into quarters: the first and fourth quarters of the shield contain eight stripes of the Hawaiian flag, red, white, and blue. The eight stripes of the flag represented the eight inhabited islands of the Hawaiian group. The second and third quarters upon the yellow background of the coat-of-arms are charged with white balls. This was an ancient emblem of the country, called *puloulou*, and they were placed at the right and left of the gateway, or door, of the king's house to indicate protection, or a place of refuge, to which persons might flee from danger and be safe.

"The triangular flag at the fess point was an ancient flag of the Hawaiian chiefs which was raised at sea above the sails of their canoes, and, the sail at that time being of a peculiar construction, it presented a very beautiful appearance. It was also placed in a leaning position across two spears in front of the king's houses, to indicate both taboo and protection. The name of the flag was 'Puela,' and the name of the cross on which it lies, 'Alia.' Both the balls and the

flags had on some occasions a religious significance, but their appropriateness to a coat-of-arms results from the above characteristics.

"At the sides are the supporters, clad in ancient feather cloaks and helmets, supposed to have been twin brothers, great warriors. The background represents a mantle, or military cloak, of royalty. At the sides are the supporters, the one on the right holding a *kahili* or feather staff, while the one on the left holds a spear in his right hand, a sign of protection. The crown is ornamented with taro leaves."

Dr. Albert Pierce Taylor, librarian of the Archives of Hawaii, calls attention to the fact that the tale of the coat-of-arms "is a part of the colourful history of Hawaii in the monarchical period, an era when the little independent nation, using diplomacy as its fighting implement, kept at bay the schemes of foreign governments and maintained its integrity down through the decades. But always, of course, the United States government was in the background, keeping a watchful eye over the kingdom, ever ready to leap forward and protest the aggressions of foreign governments. Daniel Webster, we know, metaphorically pointed his finger at foreign governments and warned them to keep out of Hawaii, which they did."

It is of interest to note that during the years when the United States was keeping a watchful eye on possible encroachments of other nations in Hawaii there were not lacking those who prophesied the event that came to pass in 1898, though all fair-minded observers agree that the United States was not in the attitude of

waiting for the delectable islands to fall into her possession.

In 1854, for instance, the author of *Sandwich Island Notes* wrote:

"If the present condition of affairs augurs anything, there cannot but be a good prospect that the Islands will soon form an integral part of the United States."

Then in 1880 Isabella Bird Bishop, the world traveller, said:

"Things are preparing for change, and I think that the Americans will be wise in their generation if they let them repose for many years to come. Lunalilo has a broken constitution, and probably will not live long. Kalakaua will probably succeed him, and 'after him the deluge,' unless he chooses a suitable successor, for there are no more chiefs with preëminent claims to the throne. . . . Annexation, or peaceful absorption, is the 'manifest destiny' of the Islands."

The mention of Kalakaua by the prophet proved a real forecast, but the beginning of the end of the monarchy through him did not come exactly as she anticipated. In 1881 the king and his party made an ambitious tour around the world, while Princess Liliuokalani acted as regent. This first journey of the kind ever made by a king attracted much attention, especially in Japan, China, and Europe. Kalakaua returned with his mind made up to have a coronation ceremony similar to those of which he had learned in other countries; this in spite of the fact that he had been on the throne since 1874. Though such a coronation had been arranged for by the legislature in 1880, this had been postponed. But

for the trip aboard and contact with royal families elsewhere it is doubtful if the plan for the coronation would have been revived. But on his return Kalakaua told his admirers that he felt the carrying out of the programme, on a scale most elaborate for Hawaii, would serve a double purpose. What a wonderful means this would be to focus on the Islands the interest of the world! And how proud of their king the natives would be! A third reason was in the background of his own mind, even if this was not given expression: he was not born to the purple, but thus his dynasty would become so firmly fixed on the throne that its future could not be questioned.

While Kalakaua's advisers in the cabinet were lukewarm toward the project, it had not been difficult to persuade the native legislature to appropriate $75,000 for expenses. Success brought as penalty the resignation of the members of the cabinet.

The day chosen, February 12, 1883, was the ninth anniversary of the choice of Kalakaua as ruler. Before the steps of Iolani Palace, which had been completed soon after Kalakaua's return, a pavilion was erected for the ceremony, with an amphitheatre near by for the spectators. This amphitheatre may be seen by the visitor to the palace grounds, for after the ceremony it was removed to the right of the palace steps, where it is convenient for the famous Royal Hawaiian Band—an organization of marvellous character, dating from the days of the kings, which plays frequently for those who gather at appointed times in the palace grounds.

How little Kalakaua dreamed that on the very spot hallowed for him by his coronation, and but fifteen years later, the sovereignty of Hawaii would be transferred to the United States! There the Hawaiian flag was lowered and the Stars and Stripes took its place.

But to return to the coronation. On the pavilion before the palace, with the royal family, were representatives from other nations, who looked on at the interesting ritual. This was, in fact, reminiscent of the ceremonies incident to the induction of chiefs of Hawaii into their position of privilege, and of customs on similar occasions in European countries. In like manner the regalia was a mixture of European-made crown, sword, and sceptre, and the insignia of Hawaiian chiefs, including, of course, the feather cloak of Kamehameha I, which is treasured to-day in Honolulu's Bishop Museum.

This wonderful feather cloak is represented on the heroic statue of Kamehameha I, the founder of the kingdom. The statue was unveiled two days later, where it stands to-day, in the plaza before the Judiciary Building, or Aiiolani Hale. Visitors to Hawaii are told of a devoted old Hawaiian who was accustomed, on the day celebrated as Kamehameha's birthday, to stand before the statue in adoring wonder, and in momentary expectation of seeing the king come to life in fulfilment of a prophecy made concerning him.

In spite of their earnest welcome to Christianity, many of the Hawaiians persist in the belief that the royal family was superhuman. Probably the survival of this belief is due, in part at least, to the teaching of

Kalakaua, who announced, following his inauguration, that he was descended from the gods. Of course his purpose was to bind his people closer to him.

A visit to the statue of Kamehameha is an all-important part of the celebration of Kamehameha Day. Fortunate are the visitors on June 11 who see the parade of the Hawaiian men and women of the Order of Kamehameha in their colourful lodge regalia pause before the statue, as they march along King Street before the palace, to decorate it with flower *leis*, and then pass within the palace grounds where they are reviewed from the steps of the palace. The parade is headed by the Royal Hawaiian Band, which plays the national anthem, "Hawaii Ponoi," though sometimes the programme is varied by the addition of some such martial tune as "Marching Through Georgia!" For these people are good Americans now, and they are always glad to show their loyalty to their country.

What colours the marchers wear! Men in red caps and yellow caps; young women with green skirts, yellow stockings, yellow waists covered by red Zouave jackets, and green caps with yellow borders; older women with still other striking variations and combinations of black, red, yellow, green, white, and scarlet! These paraders take seats in reserved sections of benches arranged before the bandstand, while visitors and other Hawaiians gather around them to listen to the music and the orations which are characteristic of this celebration of the holiday which is peculiarly Hawaiian.

In the evening the people gather once more before a platform built out from the steps of the palace, where

they listen to the wistful, compelling music of native choral singers and watch the chaste dances provided in honour of the day that has been celebrated since 1868, when a descendant of the first Kamehameha began the observance. Those spectators delight in the things they see and hear, and their faces glow as they honour the royal family before the residence built for the last of their kings.

Many of those who take such earnest part in the exercises of Kamehameha Day delight to go to a comparatively new building in the palace grounds, where the historical archives are housed. And what treasures of the early days of the Islands are to be found there! Among these treasures there is a box which contains the records of the British Commission of 1843 whose findings led to the restoration of sovereignty to the Islands. Near at hand is the box in which the crown of Kalakaua came from England. The crown is there also, but in a sadly incomplete condition. During the revolution of 1893 looting soldiers played craps for jewels which they had removed from the crown. Some of these have been recovered, while the place of others has been taken by synthetic jewels.

The original treaties made with France and England and the United States are preserved carefully with their burden of seals. Special cases were prepared for them. Of special interest are the scrapbooks in which the chefs kept the menus of ordinary dinners and of state functions. Then there are treasures of original correspondence, dating back nearly a century.

The opportunity presented in the Archives Building

is unique. Where else is it possible to study such intimate relics of a kingdom that flourished and then passed away?

On leaving the Archives Building the visitor is confronted by the noble Kawaiahao church, across King Street, a sturdy structure of impressive simplicity with its clock tower that looks like a bit of transplanted New England. The church has stood there for nearly ninety years; at least it was begun in 1836, when some of the high chiefs agreed on plans for the edifice. When subscriptions were taken Kamehameha III paid three thousand dollars at once. This money was used to buy lumber, glass, nails, et cetera, in the United States. An early historian tells further facts concerning the building which the visitor will find are worth keeping in mind as he stands before the broad steps or enters the great portals:

"The estimated number of stones required were apportioned out to the several chiefs who called on their tenants, according to the custom of the time, to assemble, cut the stones on the reefs, and draw them to the spot. In this way, hundreds of men were employed for days in succession. Some of the stones were drawn by ox and horse teams, but they were mostly drawn on carts by hand, some forty or fifty men often dragging one. Large kilns of lime were prepared and burned, the sand being brought from the beach."

A most interesting fact about the building to be kept in mind by those who survey the walls of coral blocks is that these are a vivid record of one of the most important developments in the story of changing social

THE FORMER ROYAL PALACE, HONOLULU

Now the headquarters of the Territorial Government

customs. In 1838, when the power of the chiefs was limited, it was possible no longer for them to demand that so much work be done by the natives. But the work did not stop. The people were vitally interested in the progress of the building, and they laboured voluntarily for its completion under the direction of the native governor of Oahu. The native masons who did the work refused to take pay; the only artisans who received wages were the foreign carpenters. Though much money was expended in this way, the church was completed without debt within four years after the laying of the first stone.

What great congregations gathered within these walls! Samuel Chapman Armstrong has told how, when he stood outside a Negro church in the South, he got precisely the effect of a Hawaiian congregation. Instantly he was transported three thousand miles away "to the great Kawaiahao church, where Father used to preach to two thousand five hundred people, who swarmed in on foot and horseback from shore and valley and mountain for many miles around. Outside it was like an encampment; inside it was a sea of dusky faces. On one side was the king's pew, with scarlet hangings; the royal family always distinguished themselves by coming in very late, with the loudest of squeaky shoes. The more the shoes squeaked, the better were the wearers pleased. Often a man, after walking noisily in, would sit down and pass his shoes through the window for his wife to wear in, thus doubling the family glory. Non-musical shoes were hardly salable!"

To-day the building looks much the same as when it

was first opened, except that it is in the midst of grounds far better kept than of old. Yet the house has been entirely reconstructed. And it is a notable fact that the portion of the work built by voluntary labour has stood the test of time, while it has been necessary to replace the woodwork which was the most expensive part of the building. For when, in 1926, preparation was made to repair the edifice, it was found that the pews, the floor, the pillars, and the galleries had been honeycombed by the destructive termite ants. Everything on the interior has been renewed, though efforts have been made to rebuild the royal pew of woodwork from the old building. Concrete has replaced wood in many other instances, in accordance with the recommendation of the authorities who, after vain search in the Orient to discover enemies of the termite for importation, are teaching that the surest way to circumvent the pest is to use material that it cannot enter.

Several thousand Hawaiians gathered in the renewed church on June 12, 1927, for the reopening. And they were a joyous company as they took part in the four-hour ceremonial under the leadership of their pastor, an eloquent man of mixed Hawaiian and Chinese blood. The singing and the speaking were in the musical native language. And after the service the worshippers stood in the aisles to read the wall tablets to kings and queens and commoners commemorated in this Westminster Abbey of the Hawaiian Islands, or went without to study the inscription on the corner stone which tells of Hiram Bingham, a native of Bennington, Vermont, born on October 30, 1789, who preached the first

sermon ever delivered in Honolulu, on April 25, 1820. The inscription tells also how "here he taught confiding kings, queens, and chiefs, faced dangers and bore calumny from abroad, aided in reducing the language to writing, translated much of the Bible, composed books, hymns, and tunes; baptized a thousand converts, planted a church, planned the edifice, and on June 8, 1839, laid the corner stone, beneath which was placed a Hawaiian Bible, first printed May 10, 1839."

The dedication of the church was the occasion for the revival of the old Hawaiian custom of a huge picnic, or *luau*, as it is called. From distant places on Oahu, as well as from some of the other islands, visitors came to attend the services of the week. And meals were prepared for them on a lot next to the church and served in a shed. Men, women, and children rejoiced in time-honoured Hawaiian dishes. Of course there was plenty of poi, the thick chocolate-coloured mixture that is the delight of all the islanders as well as of many who have come from the mainland—though a writer for a Honolulu daily paper, who evidently is not fond of the dish, says that "in appearance it is reminiscent of nothing so much as paperhanger's paste." Other delicacies served were *laulau*, or pork; beef and salmon roasted with sweet potatoes between red-hot stones on the ground; chicken cooked with coconut; fish served raw in *ti* leaves; a peculiar but popular variety of small shellfish from the sea; lima, an edible seaweed that becomes a dish very attractive to some people by reason of its delectable flavour; and rock salt pounded into roasted kukui nuts.

The *luau* is a survival of the old care-free days of the islanders, and no visitor to Hawaii can count his stay complete until he has attended such a feast. Perhaps it would be as well to say "one such feast," for, usually, one experience is sufficient. "But even then it is better to go to a *luau* given especially for visitors," a solicitous resident of Hawaii said to a guest. "Then you will have an excuse for a plate, as well as a knife and a spoon, and your fish will be cooked." At the real *luau* the food is served in calabashes of koa wood. But if you do not find pleasure in Chinese chop suey, it is hardly worth your while to go to a *luau*. The impossible mixture of food served by the Oriental is a hint of what is waiting for you at the *luau*. Be sure to sample the delectable drink made of coconut milk, and do not let a rebellious stomach drive you away before you gather with other guests on the *lanai* (balcony) to listen to the appealing native music and to see the graceful, chaste edition of the *hula* that is danced by little girls in their picturesque costumes."

Within a few rods of those who feasted on the Kawaiahao grounds is the tomb of the only member of the royal family of Hawaii, near the inclosure of Iolani Palace. Lunalilo, who died in 1874, was buried so close to the statue of Kamehameha the Great that visitors who have looked on the brilliant representation of the wonderful feather cloak of that monarch can pass easily to the resting place of the first king to be chosen by the people—a king whose burial was made noteworthy by the deposit with the body of another of the royal feather cloaks. There were some who murmured because

the rare garment was to disappear forever, but Kaiaina, the father of Lunalilo, silenced the objectors by saying, "He is the last of our race; it belongs to him." But while he took away one treasure, he left a greater: by his will he provided for the care of needy old Hawaiians in the well-endowed home that bears his name.

There is a story to be remembered by those who stand before the tomb of Lunalilo ka Moi, or Lunalilo the king. Before Lunalilo died he asked that he be buried by himself; he did not wish to rest in a tomb with other members of the royal family. In spite of his request, he was buried in the royal mausoleum in the grounds of Iolani Palace, while a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in his honour.

The plea of Lunalilo echoed in the mind and heart of his father, who at last made himself go to the new king.

"I have built a tomb for Lunalilo," he said. "Let the body be removed there; I want for him a second burial and a second royal salute."

"You can have the second funeral," was the reply, "but it is impossible to repeat the salute."

"We must make the best of it," the father agreed sadly. But he mourned as he thought of the unfitting silence that would characterize the funeral.

But there was no silence. For when the procession was at the tomb rain began to fall, and thunder pealed. The story is told that there were twenty-one loud peals, no less and no more! So Lunalilo was duly honoured.

There are yet further discoveries in this most interesting section of old Honolulu. Within a few rods of Kawaiahao, in the direction of Waikiki, is the first wooden

house in the Islands. This house might well be in a New England village, or on a farm where generations of the same family have lived. In fact, it is a New England house, for in 1821 the timbers, which had been cut out in New England, according to designs made there, were unloaded from the sailing vessel which brought them to Honolulu.

Those who enter the simple portal of the old house like to remember its story. For a time the missionaries feared that they could not build the house, for first they must secure the king's consent. This he was unwilling to give; he declared that foreigners could not be permitted to build a house suitable for the king's dwelling-place. Yet the building of the house seemed so important that the missionaries resolved to stake all on one effort to overcome the royal reluctance. This attempt, too, might have been a failure, but the spokesman of those who made the request had an inspiration. "Unless we build the house," the king was told, "the women of the household will suffer much, not only in comfort but in health, from the necessity of living on the ground in the native house available for their occupancy."

"Is that true?" was the comment of the king. "Then build!" he added. "The women who are doing so much for my people must be protected."

No one was more interested than the king and members of his household in the progress of the little white house behind the church. They watched the hauling of the timber to the lot and the erection of the frame. When all was ready for the occupants the king indicated

his purpose to visit the structure. With him were many of his nobles. But the two most interesting visitors were Kaumualii, the tributary king of Kauai, the island that so long successfully resisted all the efforts of the conquering Kamehameha, and the powerful Kaahumanu, associate of Kamehameha II in the government of the Islands. The story of what happened between them that night is too interesting not to be true. At any rate, the narrative which follows was copied in the building of the Archives of Hawaii, within sight of the historic white house, and on the ground passed over by the royal couple—according to the story—on the return journey from the house opening to the quarters of the king. And here is the story:

"It was a memorable night to two personages of the royal party. It is a custom in the nation that women, and girls even, assume leading place in proposing marriage. Kaahumanu and Kaumualii, while walking to the mission house, touched for the first time on a tender subject. Again they attended to it while reclining beneath the shade of that wooden structure. While returning home over the plain they conferred upon it still more freely. That night they reclined side by side on a low platform eight feet square, consisting of between twenty and thirty beautiful mats of the finest texture. There a black *kapa* (native cloth) was spread over them. The significance of it was, it pronounced the royal pair to be husband and wife. An important political union was likewise promptly effected, connecting the windward and leeward islands under one crown."

With this interesting narrative should be remembered another, more trustworthy, which tells of the introduction soon afterward of Christian marriage. Thomas Hopu, one of the early converts among the Hawaiians, stood high in the councils of the king. Once, while in Maui, in the king's retinue, he saw a young girl of eighteen to whom his heart went out at once. He persuaded her to go with him to Honolulu. Immediately he arrived he took her to the white cottage of the mission, near the church, and asked Mrs. Thurston to give her special training. The missionary's wife asked an explanation of his interest in the comely girl. "As the Almighty has excited in my heart much strong yearnings for her, I think it is his will that I marry her," he replied. So, at the end of a year of instruction for the dutiful bride, the young people were married in Kawaiahao church, the bride going there from the house where she had been in training. Among those who watched the ceremony with curious eyes were the king and many of the chiefs of Oahu. It is related that, while the groom wore black, the bride was in white, and had on her head a trimmed straw bonnet. It is said that she was the first native woman to wear such a covering. From that day the position of woman in Hawaii began to improve, and marriage according to the church custom grew in favour.

The tablet on the front wall of the historic old house tells more of its story:

"These premises are hallowed by the lives of many who unselfishly devoted their efforts to the people of

the Islands. This building was the centre of missionary activity from 1821 to 1850, and it is preserved by the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society."

Between the house and Kawaiahao another historic building claims attention—that of the first printing office on the Islands. On the *lanai* is a bookbinder's press which was in use from 1835 for many years. While this building was not erected until 1823, when the coral blocks were plastered with mud, there was on the site a grass hut where, in 1822, the printing industry in the Islands had its beginning. On January 7th of that year it is related that King Liholilo "pulled" the first printed sheet from the press.

Not many squares distant from the Kawaiahao centre, where the old printing office stands, another of Hawaii's beautiful churches has had place since 1850. This Central Union Church attracts the attention of the visitor by reason of the unusual beauty of its surroundings and of its construction. "The church in a garden," it has been called. In its eight acres of land there is ample opportunity for the growth of rare flowers and stately trees. The present building, though modern, is as beautiful as an old structure. Like Kawaiahao, its graceful tower speaks eloquently of New England, for its architect was from the country of John Harvard and Governor Winthrop. Fortunately, however, he spent enough time on the Islands to learn how to adapt the structure to Hawaiian needs; the church he built may be opened to the balmy breezes. French doors in the sides make easy its conversion into

a vast open-air *lanai*, where those who attend the service may enjoy the soft air laden with the perfume of flowers that grow in lavish profusion on all sides.

This profusion of flowers leads present-day visitors to agree most heartily with Mark Twain, who, in his *Roughing It*, said, "The farther I travelled into the town, the better I liked it." That is the feeling of those who go to Thomas Square, where the rare semitropical plants and trees are in fascinating profusion; who rejoice in the beauty of the hibiscus hedges with their brilliant blossoms, canary-coloured in the morning but turning reddish in the evening, thus marking the maturity and readiness for death of the flowers that give to September the name "hibiscus month"; who stand in amazement before the royal poinciana, with its brilliant red blossoms, and the trees resplendent as if with garlands of flowers, which the Honolulans call the "golden shower" and the "pink shower."

To many people the gem of the flowers of the city is the night-blooming cereus, the cactus plant that becomes a thing of beauty indescribable as the nights of June and July bring to perfection the great creamy-white, lily-like blooms, a foot or more in diameter. Under ordinary circumstances a pot with a single blooming plant would be a treasure. What, then, is the delight of those who come to the wall of Punahou College, where the flowers play hide-and-seek with the green leaves and seem to flirt with the passers-by!

This flower child of a single night is descended from the plant brought to Honolulu from Mazatlan in 1831 by Charles Brewer. On the voyage the cactus seemed to

be dead, but its owner tended it with such care that when he reached Honolulu he was able to take ashore the plant that blossomed later and brought delight to all who saw it. Those fortunate visitors who have stood spellbound before the glory of its successors will appreciate the enthusiasm of Margaret Kirby Morgan, the Honolulu poet, who has addressed the wonder flower in words that glow:

I stand before thy chalice, angel-white,
And view God's marvel in thy purity—
Gold-lined within—I gaze in ecstasy!
The moon, that fair and lovely Queen of Night,
Looks on entranced from Heaven's magic height,
Full proud of thee, her grand monopoly;
The sun knows not in part such rhapsody!
And God Himself seems near with thee in sight,
Pure flower of Paradise unstained on earth!
What time I've spent along the toilsome trail
In far-off foreign lands; endured what dearth
Of thirst unquenched—the weary pilgrim's tale—
And here to-night I feel my great unworth,
For is this not, dear Lord, Thy Holy Grail?

Another of the flowers that make Honolulu streets one great garden is that of the shrub called naupaka. Sometimes the flower is white, again it is blue or yellow. But always it has a split corolla which tells—to those who have patience to learn the stories of the flowers—the legend of two lovers. These young people loved each other so ardently that one day when they quarrelled they thought they were bitter enemies. As a symbol of their broken vows, the girl tore a naupaka flower through the corolla. When she handed this to the young man who, only a little while before, had seemed to her

the finest man living, it meant, "I love you no more." At the same time she gave him to understand that she would forgive him if he should bring to her a perfect naupaka, with corolla unbroken. Of course she thought he could not do this, yet, with feminine inconsistency, she hoped he would succeed. The story of the search tells of long excursions into valleys, up the mountains, and along the shores of island after island. But nowhere could he find the perfect flower he sought. At last he died, disappointed, but still loving the girl.

"So to-day a maiden knows better than to ask for a naupaka flower that is without the disfiguring tear," say those who tell the legend.

Perhaps there is no perfect naupaka flower in the Islands, but everywhere there are perfect trees—like the great bignonia tree on School Street, the date palm in Moanalua Gardens, the Cuban palm in the grounds of St. Louis's College, the fan palm in the grounds of a prominent hotel, the blue palm on Wyllie Street, the palmyra palm in Kapiolani Park, to say nothing of ivory nut palms, cabbage palms, red palms, palmetto palms, oil palms, feathery coco palms, and so many other varieties that surprise people who think that a palm tree is a palm tree and nothing more. Honolulu certainly had surprises in store for the young woman who, as her steamer approached the city, looked on the barren, precipitous sides of Koko Head and Diamond Head and said: "I thought that I was to see nothing but palm trees as soon as I sighted the first of these Islands." In fact, there are some seventy species of the palm in Honolulu, though not more than two or

three are natives of the Islands. One of these natives is the coconut palm.

Yet it would be just as much a mistake to think that palm trees are the chief tree offering of Honolulu. Look at the algaroba trees on the campus of Punahou College; the umbrella tree or Indian almond in the grounds of Iolani Palace; the Chinese banyan tree in Thomas Square; the great banyan of Waikiki, with the red figs which, in India, have kept many alive in time of famine; the perfect monkey-pod tree which casts its monstrous reflection in the waters at Moanalua Gardens. But why extend the list? It is enough to say that those who would enumerate the tree and plant growths of Honolulu and its environs are setting for themselves a task that may well be compared with that given to her lover by the maiden who tore the naupaka's corolla.

An opportunity to revel in the beauty of trees and flowers is afforded by the drive down King Street toward Waikiki. Even the rare pauses made necessary by traffic conditions are pleasing because there is on all sides so much of beauty. A stop at a prosaic gas-filling station is welcome not only by reason of the glowing gardens all about, but because, when the passenger lifts lingering eyes from his immediate surroundings, he sees above him rugged Round Top, sometimes shrouded in flying mist, again with summit clear and distinct, pointing to the sky of Honolulu blue. (What if Honolulu blue is not a generally accepted colour? Those who have been privileged to see the sky above Honolulu know what is meant.)

Let no visitor plan to reach Waikiki in a measured

number of minutes! There are too many things that attract the eye and drag the feet into unplanned paths and luring byways—as, for instance, the Government Nursery, where the study of tropical trees is made easy, or residence streets like Makiki, where suburban villas have their setting in grounds that ramble delightfully up, up, ever up toward the mountains. By the way, Makiki Street and Makiki Heights call attention to one of the inconsistencies of Hawaiian pronunciation that puzzle the stranger. Why should the accent on Makiki be on the second syllable, while it is wrong to accent Waikiki except on the last syllable?

The way to Waikiki continues from King Street down Kalakaua Avenue, the attractive street named for the last king of Hawaii, whose diagonal course crosses the canal constructed to drain the marshland that once marred the satisfaction of residents of Waikiki. Now, however, the swamp has been turned into magnificent sites for more homes in their tropical bowers, and by Alawai, a canal that is itself a decided asset in the list of the city's attractions. For this canal is no sluggish, narrow ditch, but a broad waterway bordered by beauty spots like the Territorial Fair Grounds. When the proposed public park on its *mauka* bank becomes a reality, the famous beach at Waikiki will have a rival a short distance inland. Possibly this will be the location chosen for the native village which Honolulu talks of building, where grass huts and native industries like hat making, rug plaiting, and poi manufacture will show the visitor something of the manner of life of the native people of a century ago.

Fortunately it is not necessary to wait for the contemplated Hawaiian village in order to see what the native grass houses were like. One of the few originals left in the Islands is treasured not a great distance from the canal, up in Manoa Valley, on the parklike grounds where the Salvation Army maintains its Waioli tea rooms and invites the guest to examine the museum of historical relics and native art, such as mats, rugs, baskets, calabashes, and tapa cloth. Of these the most appealing is the grass house, for this is not only a relic of primitive days but it is one of America's notable literary shrines. Within its walls—or outside the door of this semitropical shelter—Robert Louis Stevenson produced classics that have won him lasting fame. "This is where a man named Stevens lived!" a guide once told a stranger. Naturally the man did not recognize this description of the author. "Stevens? Stevens? Who was Stevens?" "Why, he wrote a book!" was the silencing reply.

It was 1889 when the author of *Kidnapped* and *The Master of Ballantrae* paused in Honolulu for six months before making his second trip to the South Seas, which led him to Samoa, where he spent his last fruitful years.

"We are here in the Suburb of Honolulu in a rambling house or set of houses in a great garden," he wrote, "a crazy, dirty cottage used for the arts . . . another crazy cottage where Fanny and I live." These cottages were on the estate of the young Princess Kaiulani, who was a great friend of the Stevensons, as was King Kalakaua, "a gentleman of a courtly order and much tinctured with letters," in the words of the literary

sojourner. Then he added: "He is very polite; I may possibly ask him for the position of palace doorkeeper."

Again Stevenson wrote: "We live here, in the more than semicivilized capital of the Hawaiian group, oppressed with civilization. . . . It would surprise you if you came out from Honolulu and crossed the long wooden causeway along the beach, and came out on the road through Kapiolani Park, and seeing a gate in the palings, with a tub of goldfish by the wayside, entered casually in. The buildings stand in three groups by the edge of the beach, where an angry little spitfire sea continually spurts and thrashes, with impotent irascibility, the big seas breaking further out upon the reef."

As in all his conversation and letters, those relating to his Honolulu life showed the great Scotsman a victim of moods that changed as much as the waters that rush in on Waikiki Beach. Sometimes he told of his hatred of the sea; again he spoke of the fascination of the sea. Once he said he would go once more to the South Seas; in another letter he told of his purpose to return to England, where he would take to his bed. To England he did not go, but he went to Samoa, and he never came back.

In one letter he told of the extraordinary health he enjoyed and of the variety of interests he found in the Islands. And in another, written in April, 1889, he told of his difficulties with *The Master of Ballantrae:* "I am quite worked out, and the cursed end of *The Master* hangs over me like the arms of the gallows, but it is always darkest before dawn, and no doubt the

clouds will soon rise. *The Master* will be a pretty novel, or I am the more deceived."

Not far from the site occupied by the Stevenson hut where *The Wrong Box* was finished, as well as *The Master of Ballantrae*, another author had his bungalow home—Jack London, who, in 1907, lived and wrote on the grounds of the Halekulani Hotel. Sometimes a favoured guest had the privilege of occupying during his stay the London house with its breezy *lanai* looking out upon the restless waters of the alluring bay.

Every year more people are following in the footsteps of Stevenson and London as they, too, secure furnished cottages near the beach. Housekeeping there is easy, and so delightful. For sixty, seventy-five, or one hundred dollars a month it is possible to have a residence sufficiently substantial, with modern conveniences, in the midst of enough of a garden to grow jasmine and hibiscus, bougainvillæa and ginger, with possibly a papaya tree from which a delicious melon may be gathered for breakfast, a banana tree bearing its upside-down cluster of yellow fruit, or a fig tree yielding rich store for all the family.

And think of the joy of going daily to the matchless beach where, though it may be no gently sloping sand on which the waters pound, there is a bewitching cove, with palm trees in the background, breakers on the coral reefs in the near foreground, and the blue waste of the mysterious Pacific farther out; with sky of matchless, marvellous blue overhead, and the shadowing bulk of Diamond Head on the left.

So much for the sight of beauty. For the luxurious feel

of beauty it is necessary only to enter the caressing waters of the bay, then to bathe, to dive, to ride the surf board, or to cleave the seas in the narrow outrigger canoe. Do these things, and you, too, will agree that in all the world there is no beach like Waikiki.

The coconut groves that are such a notable feature at Waikiki are relics of the early days when the beach was a favourite resort of kings and chiefs and their friends. In these groves, which must be several hundred years old, they held their court, and from them they went to the water where they vied one with another in swimming, surf riding, and sporting in the single canoe and the double canoe. Until a few years ago the last survival of the huts used by the kings was shown by the side of the driveway from Kalakaua Avenue through the coconut grove to the beach. This grass house, which was built for the summer home of Kamehameha II, was the favourite retreat of the king when he had grown too uneasy by reason of the weight of the crown. Lama House, as it was called, because it was decorated with lama wool within, while outside were the leaves of the pandanus tree, is now one of the treasures of the Queen Emma Museum in Nuuanu Valley. The rambling stream that emptied into the bay near the coconut grove likewise has disappeared from the picture; this was covered from sight by the canal that has redeemed the marshland back of the beach.

From the ancient days when glimpses of purling stream and picturesque grass huts were enjoyed by those who stood among the coconut trees—so legend tells—the waters of Waikiki were visited by a strange red

canoe. A red sail and a red pennon at the masthead were fit accompaniments of the occupant of the canoe, who was dressed in the feather wreath and cape and the ivory clasp which told of noble birth. "Take me to the king of Oahu!" he said, when, his canoe on the beach, he stepped ashore. "Who are you?" he was asked. "The king of Hawaii is my father!" he replied haughtily. But those who looked after the honour of the king and of his nobility refused to receive him until he proved his royal descent. So the Committee of Nobility was summoned, and he proceeded to show in an unmistakable manner that he was a member of the Aha Alii, a name given to the society of the chiefs of the Islands. For, whatever the Islands may have lacked in the niceties of civilization, they had their Heralds' College. And woe betide the man whose pretensions were unmasked by the jealous guardians of special privilege!

From the time when the first white visitors came to Waikiki, June 1, 1786, the bay became a favourite anchorage, because it gave ample protection against the trade winds. These early navigators came in the ships *King George* and *Queen Charlotte*, and the attempt was made to fasten the name Queen Charlotte's Bay on the unoffending body of water which appeared on rounding Diamond Head. This promontory they called Point Rose. There they saw "a vast number of double canoes" coming to them out of Waikiki (or "Whyteetee," as they called it; the letters "k" and "t" frequently make an affectionate interchange in the soft speech of the South Seas, though the written language of Hawaii—a product of the labour of early missionaries—does not

recognize "t." This is fortunate, for the Hawaiian spelling is better, even as the native name, Waikiki, is vastly superior to that given to the bay by the early navigators).

A vivid picture of Waikiki life when the royal dwellers were in their glory there was given by a traveller who wrote in 1823 of a visit made to the chiefs, at their invitation, in company with the queen, who had brought the invitation:

"The queen, in a dress of white cambric, rode in a light wagon, drawn by a troop of natives, who hurried it along with great rapidity, and was followed by a train of attendants, one with a spit-box, one with an umbrella, some with fans of coconut leaf, etc. Among the rest, one bore two feathered staffs, six or eight feet in length, with handles of ivory and tortoiseshell; these were carried as badges of rank. We ourselves made the excursion on foot; first over the large open plain to the east, which is entirely without trees, and then through successive groves of coconuts and plantations of bananas. We found the chiefs encamped in slight bamboo bowers, under a grove of coconuts by the seaside, by the bay of Waikiki.

"The party consisted of Keopuolani, the queen dowager, and mother of the present king; and Prince Kauikeaouli, her son, a lad of nine or ten years of age; the Princess Nahienaena, his sister two years younger; Kaahumanu, the favourite queen of Kamehameha, and her present husband, Kaumualii, king of Kauai and Niihau; his son Kealiahomu, and Kalaimoku, or Mr. Pitt, as he is usually called, prime minister both to the

former and present king, with two or three hundred of their favourite attendants and followers. The chiefs were all under one *lanai*, or rude bower, the floor being spread with several thicknesses of mats, on which some were seated, *à la turc*, others lounging, and some lying down, with their heads resting on round pillows of silk velvet damask and morocco. Behind, or near each one, a servant sat or kneeled, fanning his master or mistress with a fan made of the leaves of the coconut, and holding in the other a small round bowl of dark polished wood filled with the leaves of an aromatic vine for a spittoon. Another servant sat or stood near each chief with a *kahili*, or feathered staff, which he continually waved, to keep off the flies. They were all dressed in European costume, and each had a small spelling book and slate on his mat with him. . . . The servants, and most of the common people, were all in the native dress. That of the men consists of a *malo* or girdle, eight inches or a foot in width, and nine or ten feet long, twisted around the loins; and a *kihei*, or mantle, usually about six feet square. This article was worn by tying two corners of the same side together, and then passing the head and one of the arms through the opening thus made, leaving one arm and shoulder bare, with the knot resting on the top of the other, and the folds of the *kihei* hanging down to the knee, both before and behind. The draping thus formed is graceful, and not unlike the toga of the Romans. The female dress consists of a *pau*, a roll of cloth several yards in length and one in width, worn in the manner of a petticoat by wrapping it around the figure from the hips to the knees, and of a

kihei also, usually of a larger size than that of the men, and worn as a long shawl over both shoulders, or over one only. The full costume of *malo* or *pau* and *kihei* form a becoming, and, in some degree, modest dress; but the *kihei* is seldom used except in the cool of the mornings and the evenings, and, as generally seen, without it the exposure in both sexes is disgusting."

The spot thus chosen by kings and chiefs for their court, their home, and their recreation has been ratified by the modern hotel builder, who has placed on the beach a succession of modern hotels that have helped to make the Islands and their hospitality famous. Concerning one of these the famous traveller of two generations gone wrote in 1880:

"This is the perfection of a hotel. Hospitality seems to take possession of and appropriate one as soon as he enters the never-closed door, which is on the lower veranda. Everywhere only pleasant objects meet the eye. One can sit all day on the back veranda, watching the play of light and colour on the mountains, and the deep blue azure of the Nuuanu Valley, where showers, sunshine, and rainbows make perpetual variety. The grand dining room is delicious. . . . Piles of bananas, guavas, limes, and oranges decorate the table at each meal. . . . The hotel was lately built by government at a cost of $120,000, a sum which forms a considerable part of that token of an advanced civilization, a National Debt. The minister whose scheme it was seems to be severely censured on account of it, but undoubtedly it brings strangers and their money into the kingdom who would have avoided it had they been obliged, as

formerly, to cast themselves on the hospitality of the residents."

Then follows a statement which present-day readers may believe or not, as they choose: "The charges are $15 a week, or $3 a day, but such a kindly open-handed hospitality prevails that I am not conscious that I am paying anything!"

The latest in the succession of hotels is a marvel of beauty and completeness. Among the resort hotels of Europe and America it has few equals. In its setting amid the coconut palms, close to the spot where Kamehameha landed when he reached Oahu in the course of his triumphant progress through the Islands, it is commanding from land, from sea, and from air. Who can forget the outlook from dining room or roof or *lanais* attached to the sea-front suites! There is a vision of fairyland, a composition of land and water and sky unequalled. And when the guest goes within he finds marvels everywhere, but none, perhaps, more notable than the two mural paintings of royal size, one depicting surf riding on the beach, the other showing the Landing of Captain Cook.

But the tale of wonders within easy reach of those who make Waikiki a centre for island saunterings is not completed with the beach and its immediate surroundings. Immediately at hand is Kapiolani Park, where an ample polo field lures the visitor who has or can secure a pony. There are also tennis courts, a well-populated zoo, free public baths, War Memorial Natatorium, and trees, wonderful trees. Yes, there is more, for those who come by automobile and for those who come by the

more democratic street car which brings them from the heart of the city. Great crowds come by both means of travel on evenings when the Royal Hawaiian Band is scheduled to play in the band stand.

To many the greatest sight the park affords is the aquarium, with its specimens of native fish in their gorgeous colours and unexpected shapes. Think of the finest home aquarium you ever saw and multiply it a thousand, ten thousand, times. The result will still come short of the reality. There is but one thing to do to keep peace in the family: go to Kapiolani Park and visit the aquarium!

Public reservations of quite a different character are close to Kapiolani Park and the aquarium. Near the centre of Honolulu is Fort de Russy, while farther east is Fort Ruger, both important places in the programme of defence in the key island of the group at the Crossroads of the Pacific.

"Fort Ruger is built upon the rear slopes of Diamond Head," says Albert Pierce Taylor, "where are powerful mortar batteries with a range of several miles. This fort occupies a unique site. The batteries are upon the outer slope of the crater. A tunnel leads into the crater, which is large enough to house a good-sized town, in which reservoirs could be built and where garden truck for the fort could easily be grown. In the summit-lip of the crater overlooking the sea the engineers hollowed out galleries which have been finished with concrete so that all have the interior appearance of a four-story house. Slits for windows open out upon the seaside of the crater and from these galleries the officers have an

uninterrupted command of the ocean. The fire control for the batteries of Fort Ruger, Fort de Russy, Fort Armstrong, and Fort Kamehameha, is probably located in these galleries."

Fort Ruger is on the scenic highway two hundred feet above the Pacific, around Diamond Head, the strange extinct crater that is thought of whenever Honolulu is mentioned. From this rugged relic of age-old volcanic activity the approach of steamers was signalled before the days of the radio by a semaphore telegraph system. Thus even at Diamond Head the leisurely methods that gave satisfaction when life was more sedate have yielded to the rush of later days.

Another contrast is presented by the Diamond Head Light, the automatic signal which helps the navigator without the aid of a keeper, in fact with no attention other than that given by an inspector at the semi-annual period of filling the tank. This structure is not very far from the site of a rude building on which the natives of little more than a century ago depended in vain for help—the *heiau*, or temple, a structure without a roof, whose walls were of loose lava gathered from the shoulders of Diamond Head.

It is natural that those who visit the black headland of the *heiau* and lighthouse should say, "Yes, I see the shape of a diamond; don't you?" Yet the name did not come from some fancied resemblance, but merely from the fact that some of the first sailors who visited Oahu, while wandering over the lava deposits near the old crater, discovered small crystals which they thought were diamonds. Such crystals may be found to-day,

both here and elsewhere in the Islands. But they are no longer thought of as precious stones.

Those who tell of the wonders of Diamond Head tell other stories about it that seem as apocryphal as that of the sailors' diamonds. For instance, there is the scientific conjecture of Dr. Sereno E. Bishop that its 13,000,000,000 cubic feet were raised 12,000 feet and then dropped into its present position, all within two hours. He thought twice before saying two hours instead of one hour!

Problems like that did not trouble the privileged chiefs who used to slide down hill on the slopes of Diamond Head. Though they had never seen snow, they had the idea of a sled that would go like the wind. On the Ewa side of the eminence they had their people dig a trench. This was continued for a long distance on the Waikiki plain, until the slide was half a mile long. In this dry grass was laid. Then each chief prostrated himself on a sled made to run on a single runner, eleven feet long. How they must have whizzed down the mountain side and far out on the plain! A sample of the sleds they used may be seen in Honolulu's Bishop Museum, while there are still traces of the slide on the slope of Diamond Head.

To the east of Diamond Head above beautiful Maunalua Bay, where the seas pound eternally on the rocks, is the great Wailupe Wireless Station, while a little beyond is Koko Head, another extinct crater, which some of those who approach Oahu from the east in their impatience mistake for Diamond Head. Here, too, is a wireless station of great power, on a headland that

affords, on a clear day, a view over the waters to the precipice of Molokai and even the lofty summit of Haleakala on Maui. And near at hand is a cave in the lava, where curious prehistoric writing appears on the walls. No scientist has been able to decipher the hieroglyphics.

Those who can do so should go beyond Koko Head, even if the road is interrupted for a few miles. The trail may be rough, but the scenery is superb. And near Koko Crater, in the midst of a difficult but altogether glorious way over the lava that once came down from Koko, is the blowhole. There the sea, restless after rushing in through a crevice in the lava, escapes in tumult from an opening, leaping, spouting, foaming, high in air.

Beyond the blowhole is Makapuu Point, with its lighthouse, and back to the south is Hanauma Bay. So when the fascinated eye is taken from the geyser of the sea there is rarest beauty wherever it turns.

Several years ago a scientist, on his return from this Koko Head region, spread consternation in Oahu by reporting that he had found there an insignificant venomous spider. In most places such an announcement would have attracted little attention. But it has always been the boast in the Hawaiian Islands that there is nothing venomous there—no snakes, no scorpions. So there was relief when the scientist who made known his discovery near Koko Head announced that he felt sure he could exterminate the spider.

Thus the Hawaiian can still boast of beauty and brag of freedom from pests.

III

ON THE EWA SIDE OF HONOLULU

HONOLULU'S harbour master has unusual quarters. Follow him to the top of the stately Aloha Tower that greets the visitor as he enters the harbour and see if this is not the case. But the visit should last more than a moment, that there may be real opportunity to enjoy the view of the harbour, then of the city as it reaches off to the mountains, then to the right toward Waikiki and Diamond Head, and finally to the left, toward Moanalua Gardens and Fort Shafter on the Ewa side of Honolulu. Some of the notable business and hotel buildings likewise are sought for the outlook they offer, but the Aloha Tower should not be neglected for any of them.

Yet not even the tower and high buildings of Honolulu are able always to satisfy those who look from them. This was learned by a company of eager men and women who spent on a hotel roof the early hours of a day in late June, 1927, thinking that they would secure a view of the fliers from San Francisco, who were due that morning minutes in advance of the thousands of other watchers on the flying field at Schofield Barracks. Eagerly they turned their eyes toward the east, where a dozen army planes were circling about that they

might give early welcome to Maitland and his companion Hegenberger. Among them was a newspaper reporter who hoped thus for a beat of a moment or two in sending to the mainland the flash that would announce another conquest of the Pacific by daring navigators of the air.

But as eyes were intent on the heavens to the eastward the watchers were startled by the sirens which were to sound only when the airplane from San Francisco reached the flying field. How was it possible, from a point of vantage like this, to miss the machine for which they had been looking so diligently? The question was answered an hour later by the weary fliers themselves. They had reached Oahu, had flown over Honolulu long before daylight, and then had gone ninety miles to the northwest to the island of Kauai. There they had spent an hour or two in time-consuming circles, before the coming of daylight made possible a return to Oahu, where the signals from the flying field were unmistakable. Thus they approached their destination from the northwest, instead of from the east, to the surprise of the few remaining gazers at the barracks. Most of those who had spent long hours in waiting there had gone away disappointed.

Disappointment like that may be the lot of those who gaze into the sky above Honolulu for fliers, but there can be no disappointment for those who look for the beauty of the heavens, the glory of the sea, and the tropical luxuriance of flowers and trees.

The view from the tower is but the beginning of surprises. For when the climber, having descended, steps

out from the building he finds that he has seen but one unit of a series of modern docks that can give pointers to any seaport.

"How can a city like Honolulu have need for that long block of sturdy structures?" asked a member of the faculty of the University of California whose vacation had led him to Hawaii. "Now if they were in San Francisco, New York, or Philadelphia I could understand. But before long will not the people of Honolulu feel that they have an elephant on their hands?"

But Honolulu has not overreached herself in planning for the necessities of those who load goods destined for the remainder of the United States or for the Orient, or discharge the cargoes brought from the mainland or from China and Japan. The needs of two classes of steamers are considered—those that carry the United States flag, which have a monopoly of trade between island ports as well as between the Islands and the mainland; and those under a foreign flag which are limited to commerce to or from Honolulu and ports in foreign lands. The needs of all these are so great that even the new docks must soon be supplemented.

The land entrance to the docks is on the Ewa side of Fort Street, a thoroughfare once crooked but now straight, and still narrow, whose name is reminiscent of the old fort which stood near the site of Aloha Tower. This fort was begun in 1816, by reason of the fear of Russian aggression. Kalanimoku (Kamehameha III) finished the structure in 1817, and immediately equipped it with men and guns. For forty years this was the centre of a sort of military life, as well as of exhibitions of prow-

ess and celebrations of national moment. Here kings and their henchmen delighted to gather, to witness, for instance, an exhibition of throwing the lance, a sport in which the Hawaiians were adepts. At an early day nearly every man knew how to use the implement, but later on few in addition to the soldiers could handle the pole of hibiscus wood. This was, usually, from seven to nine feet long—a difficult weapon either to use or to evade.

In the exhibitions in the fort it was the custom for a soldier to take his stand at perhaps twenty paces from three or four of his comrades. Their business was to hit him with the lance; his concern was to evade them. What spirited lunges were made by the lance throwers, and with what skill—it seemed almost uncanny—their living target escaped the thrusts by dodging, stooping, and twisting his body first to one side, then to the other! At the beginning the contest would be very orderly, but before long excitement would grow and all the soldiers would rush into the fray without much regard to the rules of the game.

A visitor to Honolulu in 1847 told of seeing a holiday inspection and drill of the troops in the fort. His sense of humour led him to write:

"Those who have seen what is called in the United States 'The Fantasticals,' 'Col. Pluck's Regiment,' or 'The Bloody First' have seen something like their parade, saving and excepting this was 'a leetle better by more'n considerable.' . . . If the native rulers must have their soldiers . . . they should . . . procure some suitable person to drill them into something like the appearance

of soldiers, not forgetting to recruit a few tailors and shoemakers."

The fort had its days of sadness as well as of hilarity. The saddest event in its forty years was on February 25, 1843, when, in accordance with the mistaken demands of a British admiral and of the British consular resident in the city, the sovereignty of the Islands was transferred to Great Britain. Overlooking the fort was the house of the governor of Oahu. In this the king and his chiefs were assembled. From the veranda they could see on the parade ground their own Hawaiian troops, as well as the British troops which had come from the royal frigate. When the moment for the transfer came the king rose slowly and walked with downcast head to the front of the veranda. Then he said mournfully, "The life of the land has gone. I have hope that the life of the land will be restored when my conduct is justified." As if the words were the expected signal, the Hawaiian flag and the Union Jack exchanged places. Immediately the British troops marched out of the fort, bound for the ship. As they went their band played, with irony that must have caused agony to the king and his patriotic people, "Isle of Beauty, fare thee well." On their way they passed the adobe house which, on July 31, 1843, was occupied by Admiral Thomas when he came to Honolulu to undo the hasty act of that February day.

Then came the service of thanksgiving for a country restored, and the adoption of the famous motto, which was the outgrowth of Kalanimoku's lament: "*Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono*"—"The life of the land is preserved by righteousness."

MONKEYPOD TREE

Moanalua Gardens, Honolulu

Fourteen years longer the fort stood where to-day ships dock; in 1857 it was destroyed by order of the king, since there was no longer need for it.

In the days of the fort Honolulu was a city of Hawaiians, but to-day the streets, especially those near the water front, and for some distance to the north, are filled with foreigners. What a strange medley of races there is! The traffic officer, on his raised platform, under an umbrella, is apt to be a native, but many of those who receive signals from him, or who go by in the street cars, are Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Portuguese, or Porto Ricans. The statement that nothing like the mixture of races in Honolulu can be found anywhere else in the world is apt to be questioned, until the visitor has watched the bright-faced school children waiting for a car on the street corner, has ridden with them as they go to their studies or to their homes, has touched elbows with the passers-by on the street, or has stepped into the shops where the business acumen of some of these foreigners is so apparent.

The extent of the foreign-born population of Honolulu calls for a study of census statistics. In 1920, when the city was not nearly so large as it is to-day, there were, according to the United States authorities, 8,459 Hawaiians; 5,970 Caucasian-Hawaiians; 3,102 Asiatic-Hawaiians; 9,978 Portuguese; 841 Porto Ricans; 636 Spanish; 12,670 other Caucasians; 13,483 Chinese; 24,522 Japanese; 1,319 Koreans, and 2,113 Filipinos. No wonder Dr. Harry A. Garfield, son of America's second martyred president, spoke of Hawaii as "the crucible on the table of the international chemistry shop."

An early morning walk along King Street gives fascinating glimpses of strange countries and ways, together with suggestions of life familiar on the mainland. There may not be many varieties of birds on the Islands, but many representatives of the few species are singing so joyously that the hearer forgets his anxieties. The perfume of the flowers and the blossoming trees adds to the morning's pleasure, while the beams from the early sun as it peeps over the hills give a soft light that is in full harmony with the birds and the flowers. From time to time, and unexpectedly, the rain falls even while the sun shines. It is quite possible, before visiting Honolulu, to make sport of the Hawaiian description of these showers as "liquid sunshine," but when they have been seen and felt it is an easy matter to understand why no one pays any heed to them. Some people may carry umbrellas, in case a heavier downpour comes, but during the average shower no one thinks of seeking protection; all saunter along as if they found the shower a delight. And they do! Why not, when such showers bring rainbows, and rainbows are extremely beautiful in Hawaii?

While on the subject of showers, let it be added that there are, of course, seasons when heavier rains may be expected. Perhaps from twelve to twenty inches may fall during the year. Yet seldom are there more than two or three inches in any month. March, June, August, October, and December are apt to have more precipitation, though from year to year there is little variation as to the time for real downpours. But the report of the weather man shows a mere trace of rain during

many months. It is difficult to believe his figures, because sunshine is so constant.

And temperature! Think of a place where the cooling winds from the north and the northeast are blowing almost constantly nearly ten months in the year! And the average monthly temperature has the habit of ranging between 72 degrees and 79 degrees, with an annual average of 76 degrees! The range of temperature during the day is apt to be only ten or twelve degrees, and the annual range usually is between 60 degrees and 80 degrees! The Weather Bureau's effective description of dreamy semitropical days is given in the phrase "an oceanic trade-wind climate."

While the Weather Bureau accounts in most scientific fashion for Honolulu's delightful climate, the Hawaiians insist on a more poetic explanation. They say that there was a time when the sun did not shine in Hawaii, for the king of Tahiti had shut that luminary in a cave. The entrance to the cave was closed with blocks of lava. Then, lest some unauthorized visitor from Hawaii should enter and release the sun, a bird was put on guard at the entrance. "Come and give warning if anyone approaches our cave!" the guard was charged. The people of Hawaii suffered much because there was no sunlight, so they prayed to one of their gods for relief. Their cries troubled him so much that one day he decided that if he would have peace he must look into the case and set free the sun. The account of his journey to Tahiti is full of beauty. From island to island of the Hawaiian group he passed, but he was so great that the water reached only

to his ankles. When he took the long jaunt to Tahiti the sea rose to his knees. At length he reached the cave. It was night, and the guardian bird was asleep. Before the alarm could be sounded, the bird was strangled. Then the great lava blocks were removed. "The god seized the sun, and hurled him into the air with such force that he went high, high up into the heavens. Never since has any enemy of the sunshine been able to reach him. Not even the rain can obscure him long; usually he manages to conquer the rain by the marvel of liquid sunshine."

Our morning walk must not be interrupted longer even by such a pleasant subject as the weather of Honolulu. So let us pass through the shops of the foreign quarter where are signs like "Kwong yuen Hing Co.," "Yap Kui," and "Little Cherry Blossom." On the street and in the shops Japanese and Chinese mix without prejudice, in seeming unconsciousness of the fact that there was ever anything but friendliness between their countries. Usually they prefer the American manner of building, but frequently there is an indefinable something about a place of business that gives the flavour of the Orient.

Here and there before these shops—usually on a doorstep in a side street—squat Hawaiian women making *leis* for sale at the steamer which is to dock within an hour. With deft fingers they make their wreaths of roses or of torn paper. Sometimes the task is interrupted while a worker stops to fill her pipe, but the perfume of the roses cannot be killed by the fumes of her tobacco.

If the morning walk is taken in May, at the time of the Japanese Kite Day, interruptions of another charac-

ter may be expected. Then not only the boys, but their fathers and mothers as well, are everywhere flying kites that are fearfully and wonderfully made—gigantic air dragons vie with great butterflies as they mount up, up, up into the heavens. And just as colourful are the decorations of the Japanese Boy Festival, when gigantic paper carp, with flaunting tails, piercing eyes, and wide-open mouths are strung before Japanese homes. There is one fish for each boy of the household, and the fish range in size according to the ages of the boys. Thus the parents seek to pass on to their heirs the spirit of the fish that refuse to be deterred by any obstacle. According to the desire of the father for ambition and energy for his boys is the size of the string of fish before the door.

Where, at the time of the festival, these lines of make-believe fish obscure the cross streets, on other days the eye wanders farther afield, on the left looking down to the blue waters of the harbour, and on the right rejoicing in the rugged green heights so close to the city, with white villas peeping from the trees on the slope, and rocky summits lost in the low-lying clouds or bathed in such a downpour as is seen at a distance by the people of Honolulu far oftener than it is experienced.

Then come the world-famous markets. Almost everywhere there is a fascination about the place where produce is sold, but this is especially true in Honolulu, where there are fruits temptingly displayed as well as clusters of all sorts of fish, fowl, and other dainties. At least the Chinese would call dainties the titbits cut from the pig roasted whole, deliciously browned, from

which the merchant cuts a section of side meat, or of leg, as this is desired.

And such fish as are offered with perfect unconcern by the dealers! Have they been robbing some aquarium where gigantic goldfish swim? And where did these great red creatures of the deep come from? Surely it is a crime to think of destroying such gorgeous creatures only to satisfy appetite! Those who are accustomed to a market where but four or five species of fish are offered for inspection should let their eyes rove over the dozens of varieties in any of the three markets that border the street, one succeeding another. Butterfly fishes and barracuda are there; cavallas, squirrel fish, eels, sharks, and sailfish, swordfish, kawakawa, opakapapa, uluala, uku, and aka. Then, too, there are the monster tuna. Turtles may be bought for soup, or delicious bits to be fried as steak.

"What was that wonderful meat we had for lunch?" a passenger in a tourist car which had stopped at a roadside inn asked the woman by her side. "I never have tasted anything so delicious! At first I thought it was fish; then I decided it must be some variety of fowl with which I am as yet unacquainted. What do you suppose it was?"

"You mean the turtle?" was the disconcerting reply. "That was the only dish to-day that could be thought of as meat."

"What! Turtle!" The inquirer was shocked. "I did not think I should ever be guilty of eating turtle! How dare they foist such dishes on an innocent public!"

But even the most decided opponent of turtle steak

is apt to become eloquent in his appreciation of this dainty, as of other Hawaiian dishes. Thus, too, many of those who at first look at poi only with loathing are apt to become eager visitors to the shop of the native maker of the indescribable dish that is all-important to the Hawaiians, either here in the market or in the many corners of the city where the sign "poi for sale" is sure to bring plenty of custom.

Close to the market is a butcher shop where more foreign delicacies are exposed for sale, and down by the door are curious round blocks cut from a hardwood tree. When the proprietor of the shop is asked about these goods which seem so at variance with his other stock, he explains: "Chop block; put on legs; cut meat. Cheap! Four dollar!" The keen Celestial, stimulated by the high price of chopping blocks, has found a way to cut down expenses; not only has he gone to the forest for his own meat blocks, but he has brought in some for sale to other merchants. Is it strange that the Oriental merchant in Honolulu manages to survive in spite of much competition?

Down an alley from the butcher shop a modest structure poked away in a corner advertises, "American theatre: adults, 10 cents; children, 5 cents." There the children flock to see the screened picture of world wonder, entirely unconscious of the fact that they themselves are part of a picture of wonder.

Here is a fruit store. "May I have a banana?" the smiling proprietor is asked. The customer gives an apologetic look at the five cents he offers. "How much you want?" the man says, as he glances doubtfully at

the proffered coin. "Can you give me one banana for five cents?" he is asked. "You want five cents' of banana?" he inquires. Why is so much fuss made about a small purchase? The answer comes when the fruit-store man lifts from the wall a cluster of perhaps a dozen of the golden fruit. This he places in the hands of the man who has yielded his five cents!

When passing a Japanese barber shop the purchaser thinks of slipping his bothersome branch of bananas within the door, but the sharp-eyed young woman at the chair next the street looks at him so hard that he does not venture to lay down his parcel. He has no better success when, a few minutes later, he comes to a company of Japanese children at play. To a little girl who is carrying a smaller child, while she holds another by the hand, the bananas are offered in vain. Why should she disturb herself about anything so plentiful as bananas? She prefers, infinitely, to be left with the baby sisters and the rag doll in a gray kimono like her own. As she turns away from her tempter, her mother shuffles up in her straw sandals, and takes the child away to breakfast.

Now the street railway crosses by a little bridge the Nuuanu Stream, which comes down from the hills and flows into the bay only a few hundred feet farther on. At the entrance to the bridge is a "No trespassing" sign which bears a warning in four languages. That sign has passed its days of usefulness, for a foot pathway has been built on the inside of the tracks. Evidently too many ignored the warning against trespassing and the keeper

of the highway decided to make trespassing less dangerous.

From the little bridge the course of the stream may be followed to the place where it enters the harbour. There a little fishing place is made for the Japanese sampans and motor boats when they come in after their expeditions after the fish that make the markets so colourful. These Japanese in their picturesque boats are far more venturesome than the Hawaiians who did most of the fishing until about 1900; they were content with taking the very ordinary species of the finny tribe to be found in shallow water. A favourite ground for their business is French Frigate Shoal, which is several hundred miles to the northwest. Frequently a week passes before they return to their shelter at the mouth of Nuuanu Stream.

The sampans at anchor and the dwellings of their owners near by on the streets largely given over to the uses of the foreigner make a bit of Honolulu look like a section of Tokyo; in fact, the visitor finds difficulty in realizing that he is not thousands of miles away in the Orient. Buddhist temples, Young Men's Buddhist Associations, and Japanese schools assist the illusion.

Across the Nuuanu Stream is notorious but picturesque little Aala Park, with its playground for the children and its kiosk where the Royal Hawaiian Band sometimes comes to play. How the people in this crowded section must rejoice as they look out on the long stretches of the green hills that call to a scramble!

On the side of the park across from Nuuanu Stream

a series of picturesque barracks contain all sorts of shops and lodging houses. But the place that attracts most attention has the sign "Tattooing Shop." Below this sign are photographs of a dozen men with many designs all over their bodies from the waist up. Evidently the American eagle is a popular emblem, for it appears frequently. One man had on his back the picture of the Rock of Ages; a list of prices for special designs is calculated to tempt those who might feel that tattooing is a sign of manhood. A mermaid in India ink costs $2.25, a shield is $1.50, a sailor with flag, leaning on an anchor, is $2.50, while a soldier with the flag and cannon is $3.50. A fox is but $1.00, and a humble donkey costs $1.25. There is provision for the man who throws away his money recklessly; an ambitious eagle with wings outstretched is priced at $15.00! Of course the tattooer is not ready to speak of patrons of his art as men who throw away money; he insists that they are really investing when they patronize him. If we are to believe him, what a savings bank the man tattooed from heat to foot carries about with him!

The tattooing shop is in the second story. Downstairs a mission hall with a Japanese poster before it runs a counter attraction. Surely this is a good place for such an institution, on the byway of Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans, and the native boarding houses where sailors, idlers, and bootleggers throng.

Near at hand is the station from which the toylike narrow-gauge trains of the Oahu Railway make their exit toward the northern part of the island. The passenger revenue of the road is by no means small, but the

freight receipts are an item much greater. Most of the freight is sugar cane, raw sugar, and pineapples. During the season the storage tracks beyond the station are filled with cars piled high with boxes full of the gigantic pineapples waiting to be taken to the world's greatest pineapple cannery. There as many cans of pineapple are put up in half an hour as were the product of the first cannery on the Islands in an entire season, and the whole process is spread out before the visitor so entrancingly that, after seeing it, he wants to eat more of the luscious fruit. The machines that pare the fruit, take out the core, then slice it, and so make it ready for the endless conveyors that take it to those who fill the cans, seem as human and intelligent as the workers themselves. Fortunate are the visitors in the summer months who have the opportunity of seeing this wonder.

And to think that the pineapple industry is so young! Little more than forty years have passed since the present variety of pineapple was introduced into the Islands; it is much less since the first exportation of the canned fruit, and less than thirty years since the beginning of the largest company which, to-day, is responsible for more than one third of the product. The first cannery in operation succeeded in packing 1,893 cans in twelve months, on a capital of $20,000. Now as much can be done in a single hour! In 1917 the number of cans packed on the Islands was 2,600,000; in 1920, 6,000,000; in 1925, nearly 9,000,000. And the pack is still growing!

The cannery is notable for more than its product. Those who are employed there are treated like human beings; abundant provision is made for their health and

comfort. There is an emergency hospital with nurses, while trained nurses are at the call of employees who wish for attention in their homes. More trained workers are in charge of the day nursery where mothers may leave their children while they are at work. In the cafeterias abundant food is ready for the two thousand patrons who can take their places at one time at the tables. The cost ranges from five to thirty cents. And think of the nourishing, appetizing menu, including rice and meat stew, offered at the five-cent counters!

The visitor is gratified by further revelations of the wisdom of those who oversee the factory. There are dressing rooms and shower baths, rest rooms, a recreation field, a playground, and a pension system.

And this is only one of the fifteen canneries in the Islands!

Study of such an industry as pineapple canning, and reflection that this is but one of many rapidly developing industries, goes a long way to explain the phenomenal growth of Honolulu, which has more than doubled since 1910, until now it has a population much in excess of one hundred thousand.

From the pineapple cannery there is a delightful ride to the famous Bishop Museum. On the way a number of notable buildings are passed, including the Kaumakapili church, where the Hawaiians gather in force.

The Bishop Museum is on the campus of the Kamehameha Schools, and was founded— as were the schools —in honour of Mrs. Charles R. Bishop (Princess Bernice Pauahi, a direct descendant of Kamehameha I), who had declined the honour of succession urged upon her

by Kamehameha V on his deathbed. The Museum contains a most complete collection of relics and records of life in all Polynesia, gathered during the last thirty years. The doors may be entered freely by those who wish to study these, to read in the library, or to consult the results of research conducted by the staff of the institution.

Perhaps the greatest treasure in the Bishop Museum is the war cloak of Kamehameha which is so precious that it is locked in a substantial case and is brought to light only on two specified days each month, when visitors flock to the hall to see the exhibition. A few of the visitors are Hawaiians who never seem to weary of gazing on the relic which tells so eloquently of the glories of the kingdom that has vanished.

"The million-dollar cloak," this treasure has been called. For if the time and money spent in gathering the feathers and making the cloak could be estimated, the cost would have been a million dollars, at the least.

Kings, princes, and chiefs of high rank alone were privileged to wear such a rich and gaudy product which is the result of years of search for feathers. For many years recognized members of the royal household were the hunters who gave their entire working time to the gathering of the birds that yielded the tufts of yellow feathers—one under each wing—from which the lighter portion of the robe was made. These hunters would approach a tree where the birds chose to roost. After smearing the branches with a sticky substance, the hunters would wait for the birds to alight. In an instant they would be so fast to the perch that it was a simple

matter for the hunter to lay hold of a bird long enough to remove the tuft of bright feathers. When this was done the bird would be released that it might grow more feathers of the desired kind.

The feathers were so small, and the birds became so scarce—especially after the earlier rule against killing them ceased to be enforced—that fifty years were necessary for the gathering of material for a single war cloak. When the feathers were ready they were placed on fibre cloth made in the Islands.

Years ago, when the making of these royal feather capes was in its prime, there were many beautiful birds in the Islands. The Mamo, the Oo, and the Iwii were, successively, the chosen prey of the hunter. At length, however, the three species were extinct, and the making of feather cloaks languished.

Fortunately a few specimens of the Hawaiian handwork by which the nation sought to honour its chiefs when they went to war may be seen by travellers. In addition to the Bishop Museum specimen, which cost a century of effort, there is in the National Museum at Washington a garment quite similar. This was given by Kamehameha to Commodore Aulick of the United States Navy. A third garment—like the first, this is in the Bishop Museum—was the property of Liholiho, the son and successor of Kamehameha I. When that king was in England he gave it to the captain of the ship on which he had been carried abroad. From the captain it descended through many generations, and the last owner sent it back to Hawaii as a gift to the people.

Beyond the Bishop Museum with its feather robes are

the spacious grounds and substantial buildings of Fort Shafter, the headquarters of the Hawaiian Department of the United States Army. And a short distance beyond the army post at Moanalua Gardens, the public playground where trees and flowers grow as if they liked the climate of Honolulu. Among the trees of the garden perhaps the most significant and beautiful is the great monkey-pod tree, the samang which closes its leaves at night. Visitors are told that this specimen casts a shade that is one hundred and fifty feet across. Not only is the tree a thing of beauty, but its reflection in the water close to the roots adds to the desirability of the original.

Perhaps Mark Twain had seen the samang when he wrote home of "trees that cast a shadow like a thunder cloud, and were able to stand alone without being tied to a green pole."

This garden of the trees received its name, so legend tells, in consequence of an adventure of an old Hawaiian who entered one of the springs of the region because he believed the story that this was connected by a tunnel with Diamond Head. After facing many difficulties he reached the Waikiki end of the island, then returned. And when he was about to emerge from the spring he met a beautiful maiden whom he called Moanalua!

IV

TRADE WINDS AND RAINBOWS

"I HAVE but a day in Honolulu. What should I see first?" A visitor whose steamer paused in the harbour only a few hours asked the question anxiously.

"Go up the Nuuanu Valley to the Pali," was the answer.

"I have a week to spend here. How am I to see the island to the best advantage?" a more fortunate visitor asked.

"On the first day go up the Nuuanu Valley to the Pali," he was told. "On the fourth day repeat the trip. Just before you take passage for home, go there a third time. Between these visits see all you can of the other attractions. But whatever you do, see the Pali."

"Why should I go there so often?" the natural objection was voiced. "Is there not danger of overdoing one sight when there are so many others that are equally compelling?"

"You can't overdo the Pali!" says the man from Honolulu. "As well talk of overdoing Mont Blanc, or the Lake of Geneva, or the Grand Canyon of the Colorado as of getting too much of Honolulu's Pali. See it once, and you will wish to go back. See it twice, and you will dream of the experience, and will wake from your dream with feverish eagerness to repeat one of the outstanding

experiences of your life. See it three times, and you will not be satisfied until you have returned to Honolulu and have gone to the favoured spot as soon as you can possibly get there from the steamer!"

An indication of the impression made on visitors by the Pali was the vote of the Travel Club—the name taken by a company of passengers on the Canadian Pacific steamer *Empress of Scotland.* After completing their trip around the world, they voted on the finest sights that had greeted them during their many weeks of travel. "What is the most beautiful view you have seen?" they were asked. With one accord the palm was given to the Nuuanu Pali. (Incidentally let it be said that Honolulu was named the most beautiful city, while the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Waikiki Beach was awarded the supremacy as the most beautiful hotel. Thus Honolulu received three firsts out of thirteen awards!)

The approach to the Pali up the Nuuanu Valley is a fitting preparation for the wonder that beckons on the heights. In 1869, when the suburban homes had not crept far out along the Nuuanu Stream, a visitor spoke of the region as "one of the finest specimens of fertility in the Islands, where the soil is often very poor." He said, further, that the valley illustrates the fact that "the regions of fertility lie at the bases of the mountains, and in the valleys where abrasion and disintegration [of the lava formation from which the soil in the Islands comes] has proceeded for untold years, and rich deposits of vegetable mould have accumulated."

To-day the valley is a fairyland, with its beautiful

homes, each in a bower of flowers that reach up like trees, and trees that are festooned with flowers. Think of the palms, the lehua trees, the breadfruit trees, the pink shower trees, the golden shower trees, the Australian ironwood trees, the eucalyptus trees, the hau trees of the jungle! "How could you get through it?" the Hawaiians used to ask concerning these hau thickets. It needs but one look at the tangled roots, growing above ground, on which the trees are set as on stilts, to appreciate the despairing question.

As the parklike road winds upward it passes houses that are remarkable not only for their beauty but for their lack of chimneys. Why should there be chimneys when no fires are needed in Honolulu's wonderful climate? It is true that the climate changes while the valley is ascended; it becomes delightfully cooler as approach is made to the spot where the trade wind leaves his calling card. But the coolness never calls for a fire.

By the side of the road is the Royal Cemetery, with its Tomb of the Kings, in which are buried twenty-nine members of the Kamehameha family. Close by is the Bishop residence, a home of royal magnificence befitting a princess, surrounded by delirious beauty—beauty of royal palms and mango trees, of radiant foliage and brilliant bloom.

More beauty clusters about the Queen Emma Home, where the owner delighted to live in summer. There a grass hut tells of primitive days, while the gallery of portraits of all the members of the royal family attracts visitors as well as Hawaiians, whose loyalty to the

United States is none the less because they look reverently and with a bit of regret for the past on the representations of those who were powerful in the days of independent glory. The spacious grounds about the house are the favourite places for the pageants which tell of the history of the Islands. Many of those who take part in these pageants are descendants of kings and chiefs and other leaders of the days that have vanished.

Farther up the valley is one of the most notable golf courses in the world. The Oahu Golf and Country Club's eighteen-hole course is not only a poem for the player; it is also a vision splendid for those who find more delight in seeking for Nature's marvels than in hunting for golf balls lost in the grassy swales of acres of rare loveliness. Look at these acres from the ground and they are compelling. Look at them from an airplane that wings its way over the field and they are overpowering. And this is but one of eight golf courses within the city and county of Honolulu!

This is the region where Kahama, queen of Kamehameha III, had her summer home. There was spread, in July, 1843, the great *luau* which celebrated the restoration of the Islands to native rule. Provision was made that day for 12,000 guests; of those expected more than 10,000 responded to the call. They were led to the spot by the royal party, the militia, and hundreds of horsemen, who rode four abreast. All were dressed alike, in great palm-leaf hats and Spanish ponchos. That day there were provided "271 hogs, 482 large calabashes of poi, 662 chickens, 3 whole oxen, 2 barrels of salt pork,

10 barrels of biscuit, 3,125 salt fish, 12 barrels of ham and cabbage, 4 barrels of onions, 80 bunches of bananas, 55 pineapples, 10 barrels of potatoes, 53 ducks, 82 turkeys, 2,245 coconuts, 4,000 heads of taro, 180 squid, etc."

And what a field day followed—games and hula dancing, and music of drum and calabash!

Climbing again. See those clouds that hover over the mountains, casting shadows on the grassy slopes. Look at the stream as it tumbles along in its haste to reach the valley. See, yonder, on the right, the gleaming waterfall that tumbles, in a thin line of silver, down the cliff.

And now the traveller is ready for the view that will burst on him as he comes to the summit.

"Close your eyes," the man from Honolulu says. "Do not open them until I tell you. . . . Now!"

Then what a revelation there is! The observer stands on a rocky plateau but a few rods wide. On one side rises almost perpendicularly a precipice 2,700 feet high—a great rocky pinnacle. On the other side the sheer precipice points upward 3,100 feet. A step forward would plunge the awed beholder down, 1,214 feet, to the fertile land below that stretches away for some miles to the waters of the Pacific, where coral may be seen gleaming below the surface. What a vision there is of fertile Koo-lau—its rich fields of pineapple, its bananas and rice and green garden produce! Here and there the darker green of trees bearing flowers and fruits contrasts with the various lighter shades of the growing crops. It is not difficult to join with a whaleman who, in 1840, said after he had been shown this capital vision:

"It demands no extraordinary love of the picturesque to be delighted with the scene the eminence commands. Nature has here unfolded a spectacle too beautiful and perfect to permit the exercise of caprice."

Now look back, down the glorious Nuuanu Valley, past the Country Club, the clustering trees, the homes of hundreds who have sought the coolness and beauty of the road to the Pali, on to Honolulu, the harbour beyond and, once again, the Pacific, at the beginning of its long sweep of thousands of miles without a landfall!

Fascinated, the eye returns to the precipice, to right, to left, below—that is, if the furious wind permits the visitor to stand in the gap long enough to look his fill. For the wind, as if jealous of anyone who stands in its chosen course, whistles through, often with power sufficient to lift a man from his feet. Very likely here is given to many a visitor his first real experience of what wind that makes no pretension to be a hurricane can do when in sportive mood. "Cool terrace" is a name given to this elevated plateau because of the trade wind which seeks this outlet from windward Oahu to Honolulu.

This mighty wind led an early traveller, who had climbed to the Pali to see the sunrise, to say in amazement:

"When we reached the top, the trade winds were just beginning their daily rush under the rolling cloud masses that seemed almost within reach, the island panorama opened before us, and, ere we descended into the garden of the blest, stretching away at our feet for miles on either side, kind Nature allowed us one of the scenic effects which none but the earliest of travellers may see."

In 1840, Lieutenant Wilkes, the United States explorer, had his experience:

"On reaching the Pali, beware of losing not only your hat, but yourself; for when the trade wind is blowing strong, it is impossible to stand with safety. The trade wind rushes through, between the two high peaks, with violence, while their tops condense the clouds, whose waters are descending constantly in small silver rills, that leap from rock to rock on all sides, unite in the middle of the valley, and form a large brook, which is again distributed by the natives, to give fertility and luxuriance to part of the plain below."

On one of these cliffs—that on the right of those who stand with back to Honolulu—a tablet is fixed which tells of a battle fought in the neighbourhood in 1795 in a jungle of algaroba, kukui, and monkey-pod trees. The intensely interesting story of this battle and the events leading up to it, as told many years ago by Jarves in his *History of Hawaii*, and by Fornander, should be in the minds of those who stand on the spot. This was the decisive battle that enabled Kamehameha I to unite under his direction the Islands—with the exception of Kauai, which had always been under the rule of petty chiefs.

Many of the petty chiefs and the kings of other islands had combined to check Kamehameha's progress to supremacy over all of them, as Jarves's story relates:

"Kaeo, king of Kauai, and Kahekili, king of Maui and Oahu, united their forces at the latter island, and sailed with a large number of canoes for Hawaii to give battle to Kamehameha. The naval force of Kame-

hameha included the island-built schooner *Britannic*, armed with three brass cannon taken from Captain Metcalf's vessel, *Fair American*. He met the invaders in an engagement off Kohala, Hawaii, and destroyed or dispersed the combined fleet. The vanquished chiefs fled and escaped to Maui.

"Kahekili, worn down with age and misfortune, foreseeing the ultimate triumph of his foe, pleaded for a truce. Replying to a message from Kamehameha, he said: 'Wait till the black *kapa* covers me, and my kingdom shall be yours.' His death occurred shortly afterward.

"His kinsman, Kaeo [of Kauai], unmindful of their common enemy, laid claim to his dominion, in defiance of the rights of his nephew, Kalanikupule. The latter, with the assistance of Captain Brown of the English ship *Butterworth*, and his crew, not only repelled him but threatened his own island [Hawaii]. This was in 1794. Kamehameha, supported in his ambitious dream by the last words of Kahekili, set out with all his forces, which were said to have amounted to 16,000 men, to subjugate the neighbouring islands. John Young, Isaac Davis, and a few other foreigners, expert in the use of firearms, accompanied him; Maui, Lanai, and Molokai were quickly subdued. Oahu, where Kalanikupule, heir of Kahekili, had retired, was his next aim.

"The strength of Kamehameha's army of invasion has never been definitely stated by historians. That it was not only unprecedentedly large, but also organized and armed according to all the latest instructions of Vancouver to Kamehameha, may be taken for granted.

In the month of February, 1795, Kamehameha left Hawaii with a fleet of canoes which, when it arrived at Lahaina, Maui, is said to have occupied the beach from Launiapoko to Mala. Refreshments being the only object of stopping at Lahaina, the town was plundered, after which the fleet proceeded down the channel, and came to anchor at Kaunakakai, Molokai.

"For some time previous to this great enterprise a coolness, that at any moment might become an open rupture, had been growing between Kaiana and Kamehameha, and his chiefs and supporters. The latter were offended at the airs of superiority which Kaiana gave himself on the strength of his foreign voyages and foreign knowledge, and they were jealous lest his influence with Kamehameha should overshadow their own. Kamehameha, on his part, deeply distrusted the loyalty of Kaiana, whose ambition he measured with his own, but who had hitherto been too circumspect to give an open cause to fasten a quarrel upon him and precipitate his ruin. Kaiana, on the other hand, had been painfully aware that for some time his influence was waning in the council of Kamehameha, and that his conduct was watched with no friendly eyes. His proud spirit chafed at his owning fealty and allegiance to Kamehameha, whom he looked upon as no greater chief than himself, a cadet of the younger branch of the house of Keawe, whom the fortune of Mokuohai's successful battle and the, for the time, unexampled constancy of the great Kona chief had placed at the head of affairs on Hawaii. Still, when the summons was issued for the invasion of Oahu, Kaiana appeared at the rendezvous with his

AT THE PALI, NEAR HONOLULU

contingent of canoes, of warriors, and arms, as numerous and as well equipped as those of any other island chief. If he meditated defection or treason, that was not the time to show it. He knew full well that it might have delayed the expedition, but it would have ensured his utter and complete ruin to attempt to fight single-handed Kamehameha and the combined forces of the rest of Hawaii. And so Kaiana sailed with the rest of the fleet to Lahaina and Molokai.

"What additional or later provocations Kaiana may have given to Kamehameha are not known, but after the arrival of the fleet off Molokai, at the very first council of war or of state that Kamehameha held with his chiefs to discuss and arrange the details of the plan of the campaign against Oahu, it is certain that Kaiana was not invited to attend.

"To a man like Kaiana this omission was not only a slight that might be explained or forgiven, but an actual omen of danger that must be attended to and met or averted. He felt certain that his own death was as much a subject of discussion as the invasion of Oahu. Restless and annoyed, he left his quarters and went to Kalamaula, where the council was held. Calling at the house occupied by Namahana, the mother-in-law of Kamehameha, and wife of Kalaimoku, Kaiana was invited in. After the usual salutations he said:

"'I called out of affection for you all to see how you are after the voyage, and as I was coming along I find the chiefs are holding a council, and was considerably astonished that they should do so without informing me of it.' Namahana replied, 'They are discussing some

secret matters.' But Kaiana knew the men and their temper too well, and knew that the only secret matter for their deliberation to which he could not be a party would be a question affecting his own fate.

"From his interview with Kamehameha and with Kalaimoku, it was now clear enough to Kaiana that his ruin and death had been determined upon, and when he returned to his own quarters he informed his brother of the state of affairs, telling him that if he remained with Kamehameha they would be killed secretly and suddenly; but if they joined the forces of Kalanikupule, the son of their brother Kahekili, they might perish in battle, but if so, they would die like men and chiefs, with their faces to the foe, and with numbers to accompany them in death.

"Whatever may have been the resolution of the council affecting Kaiana, the execution was apparently deferred, and the invading fleet left Molokai in the same order and high spirits as it had arrived.

"Kaiana's resolution, however, had been taken, and his plans formed. When that portion of the fleet which carried the wives and daughters of Kamehameha and the principal chiefs was ready to start, Kaiana went to the canoe where his wife Kekupuohi was sitting, and, bidding her a tender farewell, told her of his intention to join Kalanikupule. She expressed some astonishment, but said she preferred to follow her chief, Kamehameha, and that then, in case of unforeseen events, both their interests might be best subserved.

"It has never been stated if the whole or what portion of Kaiana's contingent followed in his defection.

The number must have been considerable, however, including his own and his brother's immediate friends and retainers. Neither has it been stated whether the passage across the channel was made in the night or in the daytime. Certain it is, that during the passage Kaiana and his adherents separated from the main fleet and landed on the Koolau side of Oahu, whence crossing the mountains, they came to Kalanikupule.

"In the meantime Kamehameha landed his fleet and disembarked his army on Oahu, extending from Haialae to Waikiki. Consuming but a day in arranging and organizing, he marched up the Nuuanu Valley, where Kalanikupule had posted his force, from Puiwa upwards. The hostile forces met at Laini and Puiwa (on the right-hand side of the valley) and for a while the battle was hotly contested.

"The position of the Oahu army was on the steep side of the hill, about three miles in the rear of the town of Honolulu. A stone wall protected them in front, and the steepness of the ground availed them against an assault. Believing themselves secure, they defied their enemies with insulting gestures and bravadoes. A field piece, which Young had brought to bear upon them, knocked the stones about their feet and disordered their ranks so that they broke and fled. The most fatal result was the death of Kaiana, who was killed by a fall. His loss spread consternation among his troops and rendered the victory comparatively easy.

"The forces of Kamehameha charged. In the onslaught many of the Oahuans were slain, and the rest were pursued with great slaughter until they were driven to the

end of the valley, which terminates in a precipice of nearly perpendicular height, forming a bold and narrow gorge between two great mountains. A few made their escape; some were driven headlong over its brink, and tumbled, mangled and lifeless corpses, on the rocks and trees beneath; others fought with desperation, and met a heroic death.

"Kalanikupule escaped in the jungle, and for several months led a precarious life on the mountain range that separates Koolau from Ewa, until finally he was captured in the upper portion of Waipio, in the Ewa district, killed and brought to Kamehameha, and sacrificed to the war-god, Kukailimoku."

From the day of the battle at the Pali—this place has been called "the leap of the mullet," because of the four hundred or more who fell headlong over the precipice—Kamehameha's right to rule the Islands was asserted with might.

The precipice which that fatal day in 1795 made so notable in the history of the Islands was guarded by two idols, known as the deities of the pass. Natives who were about to begin the precarious passage of the trail leading to the lowlands were accustomed to pause before the representations of these deities long enough to hang about their hideous bodies garlands of flowers, or to show their eagerness for protection by the gift of a piece of cloth or possibly merely a green bough. Frequently those about to descend met before the deities others who had just completed the ascent; these, too, paused, to make offerings of thanksgiving.

In her pleasing booklet, *The Kamehameha Highway*,

Rena Raphaelson tells a legend of the guardian of the pass—to-day a rock at the side of the road, but once a man:

"He was a man—a priest of the lizard god, a special deity in the pass. His was the task of exacting fees from the daring souls who scaled the cliffs or ventured the valley of haunted haus.

"For a long time he served, and neither the gods nor the priests complained of the number of dogs or of bowls of poi.

"Only once did a traveller pass without paying her fee. That was the day when a woman danced on the top of the peak.

"The dancing woman came from Heeia, a town on the plain. Her body was fair, and she knew she could dance. Her mind was keen.

"She planned to go to Waikiki. For the king she cooked a dog and some poi, and she made enough for the valley priests. But for the young priest of the lizard god she cooked nothing at all. She resolved to dance.

"Up the Pali cliff she came, marching on ahead of her men. She scaled the ridge above the pass; she climbed to the very topmost peak. And there, on the spot where her form could be seen in the pool that glistened at the guardian's feet, she danced.

"She danced like mad on the top of the peak and her reflection danced like mad in the pool below.

"Soon from the mind of the guardian priest every thought but of love had fled. He gazed in the pool.

"At last the men had reached the pass. They went stealthily on to the forest of haus. The dancing ceased.

"With a start, the dreamer awoke from his trance He recalled the trail.

"But already the gods had turned him to stone. And here he stands, to this very day, a victim of love and the wrath of a god, while down below, covered with leaves, is the fateful pool."

Thirty years after the battle in the Pali, Andrew Bloxam watched the parade of men and women who, unlike the dancer, paid their toll to the lizard god. Fascinated by the sight, he wrote:

"The path led down this steep and dangerous but beautiful precipice amongst innumerable trees and bushes thriving in every crevice of the rocks. In one spot an almost perpendicular descent of thirty feet down small projecting ledges of the rock, worn smooth by the bare feet of the natives, obliged us to give our guns and other things we had with us to the natives to pass them down, while we pulled off our shoes and stockings to prevent our slipping, as one false step might be fatal.

"The pass is called the Parri by the natives, a word signifying steep cliff or precipice, and is the only road across this portion of the island, as the cliff extends a distance of five miles on each side of the pass in a semicircular form, and being as perpendicular almost as a wall, and upon a general average, three hundred feet in altitude, it presents one of the grandest features of Nature that can be imagined.

"It was wonderful to see with what ease the natives even with heaviest loads would ascend the dangerous pass, while we were obliged to use both hands and feet with greatest care."

Rude improvements in the method of negotiating the dangerous passage were made within a few years. In 1840 Lieutenant Wilkes spoke of steps cut in the rock and an iron rail for the use of those who passed to or from the village of Kaneohe. Even then the road was becoming practicable for foot passengers. "There is a tolerable horse-path three fourths of the way," he wrote; "the remainder would be considered impracticable for horses by those unaccustomed to their performances in a mountainous country." In fact, he urged the horse as a safe means of descent: "However frightful the road may appear, I would recommend all those who attempt it to keep to the horse's back, and trust to his getting there over the steep knolls and through the miry places."

Five years later came the opening of the public road down the cliff. On June 27th King Kamehameha III, in company with his prime minister, Keoni Ana, the native name of John Young, rode down to the plain, then up to the height.

Seventeen years more passed before the road was made practicable for the carriages of those who passed up the straggling Fid Street, as the Nuuanu Valley highway was known for many years. It has been suggested that this name was given because of the disreputable rum shops and sailors' boarding houses which bordered the road for some distance from the town.

Public-spirited citizens in 1876 made up their minds that something must be done to beautify and improve the highway from Honolulu down the precipice. With the proceeds of a small subscription, more modern road

construction was begun. And the development did not cease until the completion of the automobile highway which winds in hairpin turns and double hairpin turns, curves and reverse curves, along the sides of precipices guarded well by retaining walls. These few miles of a difficult passage, made safe and easy, rank with the world's wonderful bits of mountain highway.

Honolulu might well be satisfied with one such glorious approach to its windward mountains as is afforded by the Pali drive. But this city of boundless profusion has a second road superlative that winds up the valleys, balances itself on the edge of precipices, and shows the way to towering mountain walls and fertile valleys, the fairy city amid its varied greenery, and the blue ocean where the waves break on the sand, sparkling in the semitropical sunlight. This Mount Tantalus Drive may be approached from beautiful Makiki Street, up a valley that may be compared to Nuuanu but with splendours all its own, then along a Titan way built of lava rock from the cliff to which it clings. The ascent of Round Top leads to a point which gives a dreamlike vista of Waikiki Beach, of Diamond Head, and Punch Bowl. The strange formations of these extinct craters cannot be appreciated until they are seen from aloft.

That deep valley on the left is Makiki. What is distinctive about this popular site for the residences of those who seek country delights? Ask those who live there; each has a different story. Only when these are put together is there an adequate tale of Makiki's attractions. The list given will vary, of course, with the interests of the individual. The business man will tell

of ease of access to the office, and of the joy of leaving the city in the evening for his little estate; his wife, who delights in flowers, will tell you how easily they grow in soil that seems to be made for them; but the scientist finds it necessary to explain the peculiar quality in the soil that promotes the rich growth—the bed of black volcanic sand at the base of Mount Tantalus. Probably this came from Tantalus, as well as from Punchbowl, when these volcanoes were active. The bed, twenty-five feet thick, gives almost inexhaustible supplies both to the builder and to those who seek for fertilizers.

The road leads on triumphantly to the outlook on Manoa Valley, with the pleasing background of the University of Hawaii, where more than one thousand students are enrolled. The new fireproof library building may be distinguished from the height. Then look at the residences in the lower slopes, and at the fields of taro, bananas, and more prosaic vegetables.

The earlier view of Diamond Head seemed so illuminating that nothing more could be desired, but the second lookout tells still more of the remarkable construction of this reminiscence of island building—an elongated cone with the top gone; on one side the eroded channel leading from the rim to the valley, while on the other side the rim is broken away. Once that crater might have been a good site for a lake, if the water could have been led to it, but not now; the water would tumble out as from a bowl with one side removed.

How satisfyingly this triumph of engineering, the Mount Tantalus Road, winds back and forth on ridges

between deep valleys! There are scores of places where it is worth while to pause and take a long look. Here the pedestrian has the advantage of the passenger in an automobile; he can stop at will and gaze as long as his time permits. "This is my fifth walk up here," a man by the roadside said to a traveller. "I have less than a week in Honolulu, but I have been so fascinated by what is given here in such abundance that I find myself taking the walk every day." Thus he imitated some residents of Honolulu who never weary of the ascent into the clouds on the slope of Mount Tantalus, which rises three thousand feet above the plain, and the tantalizing glimpses of Paradise far down.

See that natural bridge on the ridge looking down to Diamond Head on the left! See Makiki on the right. Look at Honolulu! You have seen it before? Not as you can see it from here! Now let the eyes rove on to Pearl Harbour, the great naval reservation and then to Ewa, the country of Schofield Barracks, and the Waianae Range beyond, where the island's highest peaks raise their black heads!

But the gaze returns ever to Manoa Valley, down below—the largest of the many valleys that reach down from Kona-hui-nei, the height to which the early Hawaiian residents of the region looked up with awe and wonder. Round Top, Mount Olympus, and Mount Tantalus also help to form the boundary. In 1840, when one of the rare travellers came to Honolulu, these natives spoke so eloquently of their enchanted valley that he suffered himself to be led there. He, too, became enthusiastic, as his words show:

"The view of this valley, as commanded from the surrounding hills, is at all times impressive, but some of the effects produced upon the landscape by the lights and shades caused by the capricious atmosphere of a mountainous region are often such as to elicit from the observer an expression of rapture. It is impossible to convey an idea of the scenic features displayed, when a cloud passes its shadow slowly across the vale, obscuring, but for a moment, the brightness of a meridian sun; or when a local shower spans the plains with a gaudy rainbow; or when a strong mist directs upon the lowlands and veils them in obscurity, until, again raised by the breeze, it rolls over the hills, gradually unfolding the beauty of the lands beneath and restoring them to their former brightness."

Yes, this is the Valley of the Rainbows. The always poetic Hawaiian seeks to explain the title by a fanciful tale. This is the story of the marriage of Akaaka, the mountainous spur that projects above the head of the valley, to the promontory Nalehuaakaaka, close by, as told by Kalakaua, the last king of the Islands, who was a man of remarkable literary attainments.

The young mountain couple were made glad by the birth of a boy and a girl, Kahaukau, or Manoa Wind, and Kauahuahine, or Manoa Rain.

These children were brought up separately by a chief and a chiefess, brother and sister, relatives of the father, Akaaka. When they were old enough they married, in ignorance of the fact that they were brother and sister. And after a time Manoa Wind and Manoa Rain became the parents of Kahaolapuna, the Rainbow.

Kahaolapuna grew very beautiful. She lived in a house with servants who kept careful guard over her. There she was surrounded with a rosy glow that made her dwelling remarkable.

Many chiefs tried to visit her, to see her beauty. But she was betrothed to Kauhi, a young chief of Kailua. He also was more than human.

From far and near came many to see her beauty. Among the would-be beholders were two inferior chiefs. They put flower *leis* about their necks and bragged that she had put them there. This they told at Waikiki, where Kahaolapuna went to bathe. They claimed that they knew her well.

Kauhi was at Waikiki, and he heard the story. He was angry as he thought that the maiden whom he had never seen had favoured his rivals.

One morning he left Waikiki and went to the home of the girl. She was about to go to bathe. From descriptions she recognized the man and asked him in. But he would not go into the house.

"You come out," he said to her.

He meant to kill her, but when he saw her, awed by her beauty, he said to her:

"After you bathe let us go for a walk in the wood."

As she bathed Kauhi nerved himself for the deed he meditated. But when he saw her she was so beautiful that he lost his nerve. So he turned his back on her, that he might not see her face.

"Are you angry?" she asked. "What have I done?"

He tried to put her at ease and led her on. Finally he seized her.

"You are beautiful!" he said to her. "But you have been false, and you must die!"

She tried to defend herself when he told her the charges against her, but he struck her with a cone of hala nuts, and killed her. Then he buried her and stalked down the valley toward Waikiki.

When he was gone an owl dug up the body and restored her to life. Soon she overtook Kauhi and sang a lament for his deed.

Looking around, he said, "Follow me!" So they went together to the ridge that separates the valleys of Manoa and Nuuanu. At the summit she asked him why he was so cruel. But his only answer was a blow. Again he buried her.

Once more the owl god dug her up and restored her to life. As before she followed Kauhi and upbraided him. He made no answer to her, but took her across Nuuanu Valley to the ridge of Waolani. Again he killed her and buried her. A third time the owl uncovered her body and restored her to life.

Once again she overtook her lover and pleaded for forgiveness. But he would not listen. At the head of Kalihi Valley he killed her the fourth time.

One more chance was given him. Restored, the girl followed to Pohakea, on the Ewa slope of the Kaala mountains. There he buried her under the roots of a large koa tree. When the owl tried to restore her to life his claws became entangled in the roots and he had to give up. Then he followed Kauhi to Waikiki.

The successive deeds of darkness had been seen by a green bird which had followed all the way, from the

beginning. When she saw that the owl had given up, the bird went to Kaha's parents and told them of the tragedy. They made ready to go for the body.

In the mountains, Mahana, a chief on his way from Waianae, learned from the spirit of the girl all that had occurred. He went to the koa tree and found the body, which was yet warm. Wrapping the girl in his *kihei*, or shoulder scarf, he covered her with maile ferns and ginger, and took her to his home at Kaimoiliili. There he asked his brother to restore her to life.

After a time the brother succeeded in his efforts on her behalf, but she was very weak.

While she was gaining her strength, Mahana was her constant companion. She was happy; she was always with him. With him she bathed on the beach. At night she went with him to spear fish. One night he proposed to her.

"I am betrothed to Kauhi," was her reply. "While he lives I can marry no other."

So Mahana resolved to kill Kauhi. After learning the chants the girl had sung to her murderous lover on the long journey to her successive deaths, he sought Kauhi. To him he sang the first of Kaha's chants.

"Where did you hear that?" asked Kauhi suspiciously.

"From Kaha, who is at my home on a visit," was the reply.

"You lie!" Kauhi taunted him.

They fought, but friends separated them. Again they fought. Angered, Kauhi said:

"I killed her. The girl in your house is an impostor.

Bring her here. If you are right, you may kill me. If I am right, I shall kill you."

Accordingly, they arranged for a trial before judges.

However, the murderer feared that the spirit of the girl might deceive him. So he spread *ape* leaves on the ground where the test was to be made.

"If she is of flesh, her weight will bend the leaves," he thought. "If she is a spirit, the leaves will be unbent."

The girl learned of the proposed test. With her were the spirit sisters of her new lover, who asked her to tear the leaves for some distance about her, lest they be discovered.

At Waikiki the test showed Kauhi that the girl was human. He had lost his wager!

The king, who was a spectator, asked an explanation. Kauhi owned up. He told of the boasts of the chiefs who had spoken of the favours of Kaha.

The king sent for the boasters. They confessed their lie. Then the king put to death the three men—the murderous lover and the boasters.

Kauhi's retainers, disgusted with him, promised allegiance to Kaha. Their lands and fishing rights became a part of Mahana's patrimony.

And, to complete the happiness of all, the king gave the blooming girl to Mahana, to be his wife.

The two boasters were changed into two peaks in the mountains back of Nuuanu Valley.

Kauhi, the faithless lover, became a shark. Kaha was warned to avoid the sea lest the shark devour her. For two years she was wary. But one day she went to the beach to see the bathing and the surf riding. Tempted

by the water, she borrowed a surf board and went beyond the reef. There Kauhi, the shark, seized her, and killed her.

Her spirit went to her mother and told what had happened. The mother took others with her to the beach. But pursuit of the shark was vain. The body could not be recovered, so restoration to life was impossible.

The sorrowing parents gave up their human form and returned to Manoa Valley. There, as Manoa Wind and Manoa Rain, they are always present. And the rainbows gather where they show themselves, and they may be seen in all their beauty almost any morning or evening.

In the Valley of the Rainbows the flowers are so beautiful and so fragrant that for this fact also the Hawaiians had to find an explanation. They said that here in the valley the Goddess of the Glittering Capes held court. She made her garden and built her bathing pool at the foot of the Manoa mountains. In her garden she delighted to wander with her retinue of mermaids and brownies. As she passed by she touched the plants with her magician's wand and compelled them to beauty as she looked on them with her glorious eyes.

Those who walk in amazement among the trees and the flowers of this enchanted garden feel like believing the story. They find ferns growing luxuriantly by the trail, and they look admiringly at the forests of vine-grown lehua trees, some of them comparatively small, but many others from three to five feet in diameter, and even one hundred feet high. Near by is the wiliwili tree, or the coral tree, so named because of the thorns which

are like armour on the trunk and limbs. The light wood of this tree was popular with the ancient Hawaiians as they made their outrigger canoes; nowhere could they find such good material for the float log, or for the floats of their fish nets.

For variety, see the jungles of hau trees, whose stilt-like roots are entangled in a most discouraging fashion. More beautiful are the koa trees, the Hawaiian mahogany, of which the natives delighted to make canoes. Sometimes in the island of Hawaii these trees are so tall that it is possible to hollow out a log seventy feet long. The story is that when Kamehameha the Great was preparing for the conquest of the Islands he had built for him here a great fleet of koa canoes.

Another useful and beautiful tree is the kukui, from whose oily nuts the Hawaiians made torches and candles and waterproofed their tapa cloth. Sometimes warriors used the oil to anoint their bodies, that they might evade their enemies. Then the juice of the nut covering is useful in tattooing. Yet the silver-green foliage gives no hint to the beholder of the oily riches hidden by the tree.

And what of orchids? The visitor expects them, but he is apt to be disappointed. The vegetation of the valley seems to promise them, yet but three varieties of the air plant have been found in the Islands, and these are most modest in appearance. It has been suggested by botanists that perhaps the continental area of which Hawaii was a part subsided before the possibility of orchid migration from the South Seas.

Flowering trees and shrubs have had neighbours more

useful if less showy. For Manoa Valley is the original home in the Islands of both coffee and sugar-cane industries. Coffee was introduced in 1825 by Lord Byron, Commander of H.M.S. *Blonde*. The first plants came from Brazil. Success here was so great that soon coffee, as well as cane, found its way to other islands.

Another fact of interest to many visitors to Manoa and Mount Tantalus is that here are some of the forest reserves which insure the continuity and the purity of Honolulu's water supply. Much of the territory included in them—probably two thirds—is private property, but the public-spirited owners are coöperating with the government in caring for them, that the island's water resources may be conserved. And the progressive government is not satisfied with past achievements; recently seven thousand eight hundred acres were added to the Honolulu watershed reserves. Special attention has been paid Kalihi and Waikiki forests.

Those who care for the forests say that one of the dangers threatening them is the encroachment of the stag-horn fern. While the thick mat of this aggressive vegetation is useful in checking excessive run off of the water, it is hurtful in that it prevents natural reproduction of the helpful lehua tree, as well as of other native woods. Then in dry weather the fern proves a serious fire menace. But this handicap, like others, is being overcome.

The twelve unbelievably glorious miles of the Tantalus loop include some of these forest reserves. From them the way leads by rugged cañons and wooded valleys,

past groves of eucalyptus trees whose fragrant, penetrating odour lingers long in the memory, on to Punchbowl, the symmetrical crater that almost seems to overshadow the hotels and shops of Honolulu.

Here was maintained for many years a battery of fifteen six-pounders which were used in firing royal salutes. The guns were supposed to be of use in intimidating possible enemies. Yet they pointed in the air! Samuel Chapman Armstrong, whose boyhood was spent in the Islands, insisted that the garrison might have been captured most easily at any time. Since the garrison slept all night, "a half-dozen resolute midnight cats might have scared them into instantaneous surrender!"

In 1861 three guns from Punchbowl came tumbling down the precipice, to the amazement of the Hawaiians. They were to be sent away as old iron. Their usefulness was past.

Sometimes the precipitous sides made a sliding place for more spectacular missiles than rusty guns. On festive occasions the boys—and men with the hearts of boys—were accustomed to roll lighted tar barrels down to the plain below!

There are gnarled old trees on Punchbowl. These, it is said, date from early days. Their owner had a curious name. His given name was Titus, in honour of Titus Coan, the missionary. And his second name was The-King-Planting-Trees-Upon-Punchbowl-in-the-Month-of April! It doesn't make good sense, you say? But why should it?

That the spectacular view of the city from Punchbowl may be enjoyed in comfort, the boys and girls of the

Honolulu Schools and Playgrounds have built a huge circular seat of lava rock and cement. Around the circle are markers which point to various spots of note not only on Oahu and the other islands of the group, but also to Tokyo, and San Francisco, and Australia.

At a short distance from the circular seat is the pulpit from which, on Easter, a speaker conducts the early morning service for the thousands who clamber to the site where, in the days of long ago, fire burst forth from the bowels of the earth.

V

ALONG OAHU'S KAMEHAMEHA HIGHWAY

ONCE upon a time—and not so long ago, either—the luxurious mode of travel on Oahu, the way adopted by members of the royal family, was "on a large sofa, mounted on an immense platform composed of long poles crossing each other in such a manner that fifty men at once could lift and trot off with the royal load." At least this is the vivid description given by a visitor less than one hundred years ago.

Yet even then there were daring dreams of transportation made easy for those who were not of royal blood. In 1840 Lieutenant Wilkes declared his belief in the practicability of a road fit for a wheeled vehicle entirely around the island. But it is safe to say he did not dream of any such road as is to-day available for drivers of automobiles. And he expressed his disbelief in the possibility of any road around other islands in the group.

How that lieutenant would be amazed if he could see the fulfilment of his prophecy on Oahu! Practically the entire island is now accessible by means of the highway named in honour of its first great king, Kamehameha. Easy grades, surfaces nearly perfect, staunch and beautiful bridges, and surpassing engineering achievements make the highway memorable. Then to think that a highway like this passes through scenes

of such varied loveliness and stupendous grandeur, over plains, into the mountains, along the winding seashore! There are one hundred and ninety-two miles of coast on this island with its less than six hundred square miles! And much of the coast is accessible to those who follow the Kamehameha trail, either in cars of their own, or in the automobiles placed at the service of visitors, who are asked to pay but five dollars for a trip of ninety-seven miles!

The first stage of the Kamehameha tour is up Nuuanu Valley, to the Pali, as already described, then down those breath-taking hairpin turns to the plain that leads to the windward coast.

When the car reaches the beginning of the plain it is well to pause for a few moments, long enough to look up at the towering pinnacles and precipices which a scientist has spoken of as the result of the activity of two craters—"a volcanic doublet whose adjacent sides by lava flows and by erosion have been united in the plain of Wahiawa, but whose forms—as in the Pali—have been so eroded that it is impossible to tell the extent of the craters."

Another scientist has contented himself with the statement that here there is a vast laboratory in volcanology, while Dr. Sereno E. Bishop ventures to give majestic figures as a partial result of his studies on Oahu. He declares that this whole Koolau Range emerged as a volcanic mountain 700,000 years ago, while the Waianae Range, on the leeward side of the island, is a round million years old, and the fires were extinguished 300,000 years later. By the side of these mountains, the craters

in the vicinity of the Pali are mere youths, ranging in age from 75,000 to 200,000 years. Diamond Head is but 15,000 years old, Kaimuki boasts 12,000 years, Tantalus is a youth of 7,000 years, while Koko hangs its head for shame because it can look back a mere 5,000 years. Of course it should be said that other authorities think that these figures are altogether too moderate.

On the mountain ranges, close to the Nuuanu Pali, were the sites of early heathen temples. There priests and worshippers looked down on the tremendous erosion on the windward side caused by the torrential rains of which Hiiaka spoke so picturesquely in the *mele* that describes her journey after Prince Lohiau for her sister Pele:

> 'Twas in Koolau I met the rain;
> It comes with lifting and tossing of dust,
> Advancing in columns, dashing along.
> The rain, it sighs in the forest;
> The rain, it beats and whelms like the surf;
> It smites, it smites now the land.
> Pasting the earth from the stamping rain;
> Full run the streams, a smarting flood;
> The mountain walls leap with the rain.
> See the water chafing its bounds like a dog,
> A raging dog, gnawing its way to pass out.

In the days when Hiiaka sang, the fragrant sandalwood grew plentifully on the mountains. Though this has disappeared, there are everywhere great clumps of the green kukui, while the lobelia grows luxuriantly, even to the summit. A strange thing about this plant is that it cannot be discovered on the leeward side of the ridge. Then there is the pioi vine, still plentiful as far

up as one thousand feet, of which Hawaiians tell one of their highly imaginative tales. Once a queen and her people, who lived on the island Ulukea, ate the light yellow berries of the pioi which followed the yellow-green flower; they thought of other fruits and vegetables as rank poison, until a chieftain from one of the Hawaiian Islands visited Ulukea and astonished the natives by eating taro, potatoes, and bananas. When the queen and her people saw that no harm came to him, they made careful ventures, and as a result their diet was greatly enlarged.

In the passage from the ridge to sea level many specimens of the hau tree are observed, now alone, again in groves, but always—in early spring and summer—resplendent with yellow blooms. The botanist says that these flowers last but one day, from sunrise to sunset. "Probably few trees in the world," we are told, "produce such a vast number of blooms in a single season."

Another mountain tree, the ohia lehua, has been celebrated in island legend and song. Why this made such an appeal to the poetical Hawaiians can be understood by those who have seen its luxuriant blossoms and can imagine the olokele coming to them for honey. This bird of scarlet plumage harmonizes well with the flowers.

There are flowers still on the mountain trees, but few of the many species of brilliant, sweet-voiced birds that once added to Oahu's character as a paradise are now to be found. Everywhere is the shrill-voiced mynah bird, an importation from India. But where is the moho? Cats that ran wild long ago are responsible for its extinction. And what of the mamo and the oo? These, too,

have gone, but the agent was the seeker of feathers for royal robes. Once the nene, the Hawaiian goose, was everywhere, but the mongoose—another importation—finished not only the pest it was imported to destroy, but also the goose it was not expected to touch. In fact, it is said, "Oahu can boast of a greater percentage of extinct birds than any other like area in the world," while of the species once known in the Islands, at least twenty are now no longer in existence, or at least may be said to be bordering on extinction.

But it is time to turn the back on Koolau's heights and their tales of the past, and look ahead to the bold, rocky coast, with its bays and indentations, sheltered, usually, by reefs and headlands. Honolulu has the one natural harbour on the island where seagoing vessels may enter, but other bays—some of them with stretches of smooth, bright sand—show where harbours might have been made in case of necessity.

Several miles down the engineering highway triumph from the Pali the road forks at Waimanalo Junction. The left-hand turn leads to the route around the island, but first the brief but eminently satisfying route to the right should be taken, for this leads toward some of the finest of the island's coast scenery. This road is a good preface to the scramble to the blowhole near Koko Crater, which has perhaps been seen already by those who have come to it by Diamond Head and a hike over the rocks. After a visit to the lava cave, with its curious petroglyphs, rude drawings on the rough rocks which scientists have tried in vain to read, a longer pilgrimage should be made to Haupo, the curious old Hawaiian

village between Makapuu Point and Waimanalo. Here a reservation of about one hundred acres has been set apart by the territorial government as a public park. It seems strange that such a historical landmark could exist so long within a short distance of Honolulu without being discovered until 1921, when George Mellen found it and described his discovery. Stranger still is the fact that no one can tell of the people who lived within the lava walls of the houses, built anywhere from two to seven centuries in the past.

The Hawaiians of no one can tell how many generations ago left no relics that give hints of their life; there are no telltale kitchen middens, or back-door waste heaps, like those in which anthropologists have found remains in the villages of other peoples. There is no pottery, for the ancient people of the island had none. Nothing was found but a bit of blue stone which must have been used as a sinker for a throw-net with which Hawaiians sought the fish in the water hard by.

Some of the houses led into caves, which were used as part of the living quarters. These caves, the discoverer of the village said, were not cut out of the rock; they are lava bubbles, or tubes through which the molten stuff once flowed.

Close to the cemetery of the abandoned town passes a section of the old road which led from the village to Kailua Beach, a few miles away. This road is twelve or fourteen feet wide, is paved with flagstones, and is walled on both sides with rock to a height of two feet. Fortunately the bit of road within the village, when found, was as good as it was when the ancient Hawaiians

passed over it; the fact that no highway had been built to the site of the village—it was accessible only to those who sought it on foot—explains the fine state of preservation of the relic. Now that a highway has been constructed, dependence for further preservation will be on reverence for government property.

The enthusiastic discoverer of the village, when pleading for its future, waxed eloquent. He said:

"There is not on the island another spot comparable to this in scenic and romantic value. There is not a human habitation, not a mark of civilization's rude hand anywhere upon it. Walled in by a towering *pali* that curves to meet the sea at Makapuu Point on one side and the boundary of the Waimanalo Pocket on the other, the isolation is absolute. The only modern structure visible is the lighthouse, clinging like a white ant to the rock of Makapuu. But that serves somehow to accentuate the solitude. Lighthouses are lonely things, anyway. The pipe line supplying the lighthouse with water traverses the village, and is laid on top of the ground directly in the centre of the old highway. The government engineer can hardly be blamed for utilizing this nice, smooth path already prepared."

Some time after the discovery was made, the lighthouse keeper on Makapuu Point said that he had talked with an old Hawaiian who recalled that the town, when called Kaupo, was an important landing place for canoes from the windward islands. In spite of the fact that robbers infested the trails leading to the village on the site of Honolulu, many cargoes were brought to the village destined for the other side of the Koolau Mountains.

But the day came when Kamehameha the Great circumvented the robbers, blocking both outlets by land, and cutting off the village by water, using for this purpose a blockade of canoes spread fanwise from Makapuu Point to the promontory at the upper end of Waimanalo Bay.

It is easy to pick flaws in that story. "But why do so?" asked one who commented on it. "The discoverer of the ancient ruin wanted a story, and eventually he found a man who gave him one." What more could he ask?

Concerning Makapuu Point a tale is told that, in all probability, is more worthy of belief. According to tradition, the first vessel manned by foreigners to visit the Islands anchored here. Those who came on the ship were spoken of as "white, with bright, shining eyes."

Near this point which tradition claims for her own, and near the lower limit of Waimanalo Bay, is the strange bit of rock called Rabbit Island, because of the little animals that flock there by hundreds. From the island it is four miles to the upper limit of the bay—four miles made notable by rugged cliffs and a picturesque beach where in days of long ago the Hawaiians were accustomed to flock for a *hukilau*, as their seine fishing was called. Beyond its bounding cliffs, the Waimanalo Sugar Plantation makes green the country where rain never falls, and the Waimanalo Sugar Mill completes the picture of industry, at the base of Mount Olympus, and with Olomana's height rising beyond.

Kailua Bay lies beyond Waimanalo. This splendid bit of water with its fine rolling beach is not willing to

let its neighbour toward the end of the island surpass it in legend; so visitors there are told of days when the men of near-by Kualoa persisted in fishing in Kailua Bay. But the Kailua Bay fishermen rebelled; they said there were not enough fish for both. Conflict followed, and Kailua's proprietors were successful. But the generous victors decided that, after all, there were fish enough for both, and a compact was made that each party should fish in the preserves of the other!

As travellers bowl swiftly along the highway to the left from Waimanalo Junction, which overlooks beautiful Kailua Bay, the guide tells with unction the story of two ardent young men and their race to win the favour of an attractive young woman. They timed the race when the object of their affections would be approaching a pool by the sea, prepared to take her morning bath. The race was begun according to plan, but when the young woman saw the racers she rushed toward a group of men and women who were standing near by, looking on at the contest. Just as she reached the group whose protection she sought, the leader in the race caught her and kissed her. Then, in triumph, he uncovered her face—and learned, to his deep disgust, that he had kissed a withered old hag, while the girl had made good her escape!

The picturesque village of Kaneohe, close to the bay of the same name, is surrounded by fields of rice which is raised by the natives just as in 1858, when it was first cultivated on Oahu. The flooded fields with their raised pathways on which the workers pass to and fro, and the water buffalo, lumbering across the green or rolling in

delectable mud like great hogs, make a memorable picture. Then there are the fields of taro, used for poi making, and the groves where coconut palms are near neighbours of monkey-pod trees, while slender ash trees are not ashamed to be in close contact with the corklike wiliwili, whose springtime blossoms—radiant yellow and orange and scarlet—seem to gain brilliance from its winter rest. For this is one of the few trees on Oahu to shed its leaves in the fall.

Kaneohe, both village and bay, are named for Kana, who died here and became a part of the soil. Spurned by a woman who refused to love him, he died of a broken heart, after he had stretched out his gigantic length along the roadside. For two miles ridges and valleys tell where were his eyes, his nose, his mouth, his hands, his knees.

Much ingenuity may be required to see the features of Kana, but it is not the least bit difficult to recognize the dainty glory of the coral rocks that come so close to the surface of the first bit of Kaneohe Bay. Glass-bottomed boats make easy the study of this garden of the sea fashioned by the tiny creature of which Jarves wrote:

"The busy little zoöphyte, by its minute industry, sets that bound to the ocean which Canute in his power was unable to do. Over its barriers and through its vegetable-like forms—trees and shrubs, blossoms and flowers, rich in every hue that gives beauty to the land—the rushing waves come free only by giving toll to these water bees. They have not to seek their food, but they make the everlasting waters bring it to their door, and

pour over them, in their struggle to reach the shore, a glad symphony of power and praise."

Near neighbour to the coral garden is the old fish pond, a royal preserve where kings and their favourites took toll of the fishing food gathered from the sea. There, behind the sturdy dam, the mullet may still be caught. Certainly this method of securing fish is easy. But who would choose such tame sport when the open water so near at hand teems with tuna, bonito, albacore, ulua, and swordfish. It is easy to credit the statenent made by the United States Fish Commission that there are 902 distinct species of fish in the water about the Islands!

Now see that point jutting out into the blue depths of Kaneohe! Here—so legend says—was the place of sighing and weeping, as well as the abode of gladness. For here the dead came to be judged according to the deeds performed in life. Was the verdict of the examiner favourable? Then the fortunate dead could go to their eternal dwelling place above the point, where nothing but joy awaited them. But what when the inexorable sentence told of a life of self-gratification? Nothing was left for them but a plunge into the sea on the dark side of the point! There are those who suggest that the naval wireless station, on the shore close by, gives voice to some who once leaped into the sea at this point.

More memories—and these not so mythical—cluster about the waters of Kaneohe. Once upon a time chiefs and kings brought their horses to the hard sands to determine which was the better animal. And on the waters hardy Hawaiians raced in their outrigger canoes

—as to-day their yachtsmen successors from Honolulu pit their boats against each other.

Wanderers by the bay shore are attracted by the orange-red fruit of the lauhala trees which grow so plentifully here. These flowers were valued by those who made their homes in the neighbourhood not only because of their beauty and their adaptability for making *leis*, but by reason of the edible nut which is the base of the fruit. Yet, not satisfied with ministering to the people's sense of beauty and gratifying their stomachs, it provided furnishings for their homes and an essential article of apparel. From its leaves mats were woven and fans and hats were fashioned.

Vegetation becomes even more colourful, because of the guava and papaya trees, the wild coffee plant, the vivid red kaimana, and, most of all, the exquisite night-blooming cereus. Everywhere are patches of the striking little sensitive plant, whose leaves curl up at the slightest touch of the hand or the softest breath blown on them by the passer-by.

Unfortunately the vegetation of the region is fighting a losing battle with the Japanese beetle which, alas! is becoming too well known on the mainland. But the watchful government authorities are not content to let the devastation go on. Some time ago a commission was sent to Hongkong and Formosa, with instructions to bring back insects which would prey on the beetle. After an adventurous tour of investigation they discovered a fly and a wasp, brought specimens to the Islands, and turned them loose. In Formosa the beetles have been checked by the aid of these insects. Will the result

be the same on the Islands, or will the sequel tell of a pest let loose more destructive than the beetle? Sometimes this is the result of such preventive activity. Fortunately for the welfare of the race, investigators are not led to yield their battles merely because of setbacks and failures which their optimism tells them are but temporary.

But the voluble guide is not content to let his auditors spend too much time in speculation. "See those stones over in the bay?" is his prompting. "Long ago men came from Tahiti to these waters in their canoes. These they left on the shore. In the course of time the canoes became great stones. The Hawaiians revered these stones; they were taboo. So long as no one thought of molesting them, prosperity smiled on all who lived near. But when the sad day came when the builders of the road, refusing to be warned, persisted in their plan to break up the stones, sorrow began to be their lot. 'We told you so!' the Hawaiians said to the men of the road. They were too late—the canoes were gone, and disaster took their place. You see the remnants of the canoes? Nobody dares touch them. Who knows what evil they might suffer?"

More tales of destruction cluster about the curious island whose shape has given to it its popular name, "The Chinaman's Hat," though its more dignified appellation is Mokolii. When Hiiaka was making her legendary journey, she was opposed at this point by the dragon Mokolii. In some mysterious manner she managed to overcome the beast. His offensive body she cut into bits which she strewed along the shore and

in the water. See the rocks? These prove the tale, for they are authentic bits of the great dragon. See Mokolii Island? This is the dragon's tail, made permanent in stone which welcomes no vegetation other than the coconut palm trees that thrust their fronds toward the mainland.

"You like better the story I tell you now," said the interpreter of the journey. "A man of Kaneohe loved a beautiful maiden. Then he went away over the water, off there to the southwest, until he came to Molokai. Long she waited for him, but he came not. Had he forgotten her? The answer came in a way she did not think of. The vision of her loveliness came to him in a dream. He longed to go to her, but he could not do so. He could not even send her a message. In his despair he plucked some fragrant flowers from trees that blossomed by Molokai's northern shore, then threw them in the water. Now comes the part you will say is wonderful; we people of Hawaii know it would be an easy thing to happen. The blossoms reached the shore of Kaneohe just in time to be seen by the longing maiden as she went down to take her daily bath in the sea. As she reached to pick the first blossoms from the water she saw another, another, another! They reached far away across the sea. They beckoned her. And, fearing nothing, she stepped on the trail of blossoms and was borne straight to the arms of the lover in Molokai."

Again prosaic fact rubs elbows with legend and fiction, for not far from the place where the flower-borne maiden began her journey to Molokai are the ruins of an old sugar mill. These tell of a long contest waged by the

growers and the grinders with mounting costs and insufficient price. At length both courage and cash were exhausted—just before the signing of the reciprocity treaty which would have kept from ruin both the mill and its owners.

The mill looks out on Kualoa Point, the upper limit of brilliant Kaneohe Bay. Here lived the men who stoned and finally made treaty of peace with the fishermen of Kailua, as related already. And here, in the dim yesterdays, lived a shark to whom these rovers of Kualoa were good because they were afraid of what he might do to them if he were offended. He was fed from their private fish pond until the days of a stingy chief who said he had better use for his fish. Of course disaster followed, for he had flaunted a powerful god. Vengeance was taken on the chief and his possessions by a great wave that engulfed and destroyed the pond. "If you won't give me fish, you shan't have any yourself!" was the verdict of the shark-driven sea.

Now the road flows on like a ribbon between the cliff and the sea—on one side the clean, clear water between a beach of glistening sand and a coral reef where the breakers roar; on the other, the continuous but ever-varied rocky ridge, with its patch of green, its turrets and pinnacles. Everywhere the eye turns beauty is so great that it must continue to move, first to the right, then to the left.

And back! That backward look is dangerous if there is any reason for haste in completing the trip about the island. But why should a visitor to the Islands be in a rush? Here, in the midst of a reposeful climate, is the

place to relax, to forget beckoning duties in the knowledge that the best way to prepare for these very duties is to let them alone, while giving Paradise the chance it covets to soothe weary nerves and sing the lullaby of contentment.

So, when the backward look along the road just travelled awakens the desire to retrace the miles from the Pali, or to see the country in reverse order, it is wise to give way, if for nothing but the climb around the hairpin turns, the look up at the nearing precipice, the view of the Koolau Range, and—from the summit—the burst of beauty on the plain below and over to the seashore, the promontories, and the Islands. How much more this means after the brief acquaintance with the miles which have been covered twice over, and now are to be covered a third time! Now the traveller feels that he is able to be the guide of those who are taking their first trip. How early we reach a height from which we think we can look down on others with superiority!

But the return to Kaaawa puts all on even terms, for from that point the road is new. So all have there the same opportunity to make unnecessarily difficult the pronunciation of Hawaiian proper names. Those four identical letters look trying, until the simple rule is remembered that a syllable must be made of each vowel.

Kaaawa town and Kaaawa Park are as liquidly attractive as their many-vowelled names. The presence of a good camping ground makes delightfully easy a sojourn in the midst of the mountain ridges that come down to the sea.

The upper ridge is one of the borders of the first of a series of pleasant little valleys which nestle between the Koolau Range and the ocean. Kahana Valley reaches down to Kahana town and Kahana Bay. Here, we are warned, it is exceedingly unwise to talk of rain, since the words may be the only reminder needed by the clouds to let loose the burden of moisture which, usually, they send down of their own accord. For it rains in Kahana, and the rain there is very wet.

Then follow five more matchless miles of road along the shore, when the invitation is given at Hauula—the site of a municipal camp ground for tourists—to leave the sea and go back through the cane fields into Punaluu Valley, to pay a visit to Sacred Falls. The trail is good, and the two or three hours required for the round trip are well spent—all the more so because, while many of the island falls have disappeared by reason of irrigation operations, these still retain their sparkling splendour as they come from "the blue *palis* of Koolau," 2,500 feet high. The main fall, of eighty-seven feet, seems to come out of the cliff "as though the waters had a lake behind them," one visitor explained, then the water drops into a great pond where Hawaiians of old liked to go to bathe. If, instead of going to the fall from below, the approach is made from above, two other sections of the descending water will be disclosed; these are hidden by the rocks from those who look up from the valley.

All the way from the sea the valley is impressive, but it increases quickly in appeal as the precipice about the

falls draws near. The valley becomes a gorge, then it narrows until it is but fifty feet wide. Both bounding cliffs are peculiar, but one is especially so. "Looking up the narrowing length is like looking up the inside half of a rounded chimney," was the record one traveller made of his impressions of the spot.

Not far away a side gorge leads to the site of what must have been at one time an even greater fall. There is evidence of erosion on the precipice, while below is a dry watercourse where the descending water passed on to the sea.

Of course there is a story connected with these gorges and this wonder water. Once there was a devil god known as Kamapuaa, who, with his sons, took refuge from pursuers in these recesses. His pursuer was Olopana, king of Oahu, who, wearied by the depredations of Kamapuaa, committed when the devil god changed himself into a hog, chased him into the gorge of Kaliuwaa. Once when two men told the king of his enemy's whereabouts, the angry Kamapuaa hurled a boulder at them. Is not the boulder still seen by the side of the rough path into the gorge? And does it mean nothing? Timid natives dare not pass the boulder to this day without laying upon it propitiatory offerings of branches of trees and blooming flowers. Thus they hope to protect themselves from stones falling from the height!

But to return to the king's pursuit. Just as he was about to lay his hands on Kamapuaa, the devil god became a hog, then leaned against the precipice by the fall. Mounting on his body, his sons climbed over him to safety in the upper recesses of the rock. Then, we are

told, he followed them, but how he did so is not explained.

Why question a story that adds to the interest of a spot dignified by the wild beauty of this domain of Kamapuaa? That beauty takes hold of the visitor so completely that he turns back to the seashore with reluctance, persisting until the rocky ridge that separates the valley of Kaliuwaa from the much longer valley that stretches away toward the northwest corner of the island. Here the rolling ground has been utilized for a sugar plantation by the successors of the Mormons who came to Oahu in 1847, acquired this ground in 1864, and developed it until now the Laie Plantation is one of the island's most fertile sections.

In the midst of the plantation, surrounded by countless evidences of industry that has borne rich fruit, rises the Mormon Temple—the largest temple west of Utah, we are told. This is like a bit of Athens, as it rises on terraces above pools and fountains, with green trees and greener grass around, while on one side the background is formed by the mountains, on the other by the sea. There some five hundred Mormons gather, as a part of their worship carrying their tithes of the produce of the plantation. Do they recall the fact that their resort is on the site of an old Hawaiian City of Refuge, where murderers found safety in their flight from the next of kin of their victims?

Once the vicinity of Laie was famous for something more than sugar cane. For there was a fisherman who lived on Malaekahana Point on Laie Bay. In vain he fished for mullet, but mullet would not come to his net.

Unwilling to be idle, he raised a crop of sweet potatoes. His wife objected; she told him that if he had persisted in fishing he would have found the mullet he wanted.

He thought he would show her how much she was in the wrong. He would go to Ewa and sell his potatoes for a price that would make her eyes glitter. But his trading venture was a failure. In despair, he threw some of his potatoes into the sea. What was his astonishment to see the mullet rise to a bait new to them and follow the dispenser of the delicious food. The sight inspired him. He walked slowly along the shore, throwing in potatoes as he went, followed always by a leaping, rushing, eager school of mullet. Finally he reached his home. His wife rushed out to give him the lecture of his life, but she was stricken dumb by the sight of the mullet.

"I told you to keep on fishing for them!" she said triumphantly.

"Fishing did no good," was the reply of her spouse. "Not until the sweet potatoes you despised were thrown to them did they deign to look at me and to come my way. What have you to say about that?"

"I'll say what I have to say when the mullet disappear!" she declared.

The mullet have not disappeared. The fish can be seen in numbers at Malaekahana Point. But it is vain to look for them beyond the point. No one has planted sweet-potato bait in other waters.

A great wireless station, a sugar mill with its characteristically cloying smell, more bays and swells and coral reefs, an industrial school for boys, and then that gem, Waimea Bay, where there is surf that is surf and a

THE KAMEHAMEHA HIGHWAY, FROM THE PALI, NEAR HONOLULU

beach where bathing is so dangerous that visitors must content themselves with picking up the shells so varied and so plentiful.

All these things bring delight to the artists who have learned to go to these secret places of Koolauloa and Waialua, just as did those of old who sought the *heiau* built on the rocks above the water.

How many pilgrims have turned their feet this way! Some of them were humble, some were great; some were children of fortune, others were doomed to taste disaster and sorrow. One, for instance, was King Kamehameha III who, in 1847, stopped here while making a tour of the island, because he was told that he might see a rare specimen of the hula, and hear weird chants accompanying it whose like he had never known, which would never be seen or heard again. The king listened to those who told him these things, and for many years he looked back with longing to the revelation that came to him at Waimea Bay.

More than half a century before the king's visit, the natives were drawn to the beach by the strange sight of a great vessel driven on the reef by a storm. Eagerly they watched the *Dædalus* as she dashed on to destruction, and the coming to land of the half-drowned sailors who became victims of those who knew no better than to offer them to their gods. And but one generation was to pass until such treatment of strangers would become impossible!

The surf that proved so fatal at Waimea Bay has its counterpart a few miles away at Waialua Bay. Its measured beating upon the sands long ago led to a simile for

noise popular among the Hawaiians: "The pounding surf breaks at Waialua, and the roaring is heard at distant Ewa."

What a setting the bay makes for those who prefer to lunch in the open rather than to go to the picturesque Haleiwa Hotel so near at hand! Yet the hotel has compensations to offer—for instance, stories of the sacred *heiau* which stood once on the spot, and the visits there of the believing natives who sought the blessing of their gods before they fished in the bay or set out in their outriggers.

But the locality will be remembered not because of the hotel but by reason of the bathing beach, the coral gardens where glass-bottomed boats are in demand, the Anahula Stream crossed by the highway near the point where it enters the sea, the Ukoa fish ponds with their memories of mighty chiefs whose possession they were, the date palms by the roadside, and the Waimea Cañon, reaching back to the pines on the hillsides above the road.

Several miles farther on along the shore is a sugar mill where visitors are welcome. The highway to Honolulu passes to the right, but a detour is wise—along a road and a trail that lead toward Mokuleia on the flat lands —yes, there are flat places on Oahu!—then on to Kawaihahapai at Kaena Point, where is the sharpest tip of the island, the haunt of Maui. Of him the tale is related that once he tried to draw the island of Kauai down to Kaena Point, thus intending to unite the islands and so make unnecessary the interminable canoe voyage from Oahu. Unfortunately the hook he succeeded in fastening

to Kauai failed to hold; all he could do was to draw toward him a rock, once a part of Kauai. This rock is now a feature of the landscape at Kaena Point, where the extremity of the Waianae Range, the highest mountain system of Oahu, reaches down to the sea, and then bends in a royal arc down toward Pearl Harbour.

Most of the Hawaiian sugar is refined in California, but enough for use in the Islands is taken care of at home. The Waialua mill simply prepares the unrefined sugar. But what an interesting process is performed, from the moment the humanlike iron fingers unload a car of the cane as it starts on its long journey to the centrifugal vats which make dried sugar, ready for the sacks!

Even more inviting than the mill, however, is the community where the workers in mill and plantation live, with its own attractive school and a church or two, stores, a day nursery, a swimming pool, a moving-picture theatre, a tennis court where provision is made to play by electric light, a gymnasium, a hospital, and doctors and nurses for every call. And to think that each of the forty-eight sugar plantations in the Islands repeats, with variations, the welfare work of others! The Hawaiian Sugar Plantation Association gives opportunities at its meetings to plan for the labourers, of whom there are 26,000 Filipinos, 12,000 Japanese, and 1,300 Chinese.

A writer in the *World's Work*, after quoting the investigators of the Prudential Life Insurance Company who declare that these workers are given homes that "constitute the best industrial housing in the world," says:

"Imagine what must be the feelings of a Filipino accustomed to an insanitary, leaking hut in a jungle, who finds himself in a well-made modern frame house, with up-to-date fixtures! These houses are of the unit type, to accommodate one or two families, with some special club-type houses for single men. Each house of four or five rooms has its own piece of ground, which is almost invariably beautified by the labourers with garden and shrubbery."

But there is much more to the attractive tale. "Running water is supplied, and electricity where power is available. In back of the houses are washrooms provided with modern plumbing and bath, with facilities for washing clothes."

Not only are all these conveniences supplied without cost, but the labourer is a favoured customer at the plantation store, where he is able to secure provisions and other things he needs, practically at cost.

Then think of twenty model dairies, equipped, examined, and rigidly kept up to standard, that the children may have the purest milk! And artesian wells when good water cannot be provided in other ways! And more than one hundred organized baseball clubs which have displaced such brutal sports as the Filipino cock fight!

All things considered, the statement does not seem to be overdrawn that "the labourers on Hawaiian sugar plantations lead a happier, healthier, more comfortable existence than many American farmers who own their homes within the continental limits of the United States."

Though sugar production has increased until the average yield is 6.4 tons per acre, the number of la-

bourers has declined five thousand in ten years, due to increased use of machinery.

After leaving the sugar mill, the Kamehameha Highway climbs twelve hundred feet within a few miles, part of the way through a great eucalyptus grove, then, for a space of four miles more, along the ragged Kaukonahua Gulch, up to the plateau of the great Wahiawa pineapple plantation.

The pineapples grow six hundred to twelve hundred feet above the sea, on land too high for sugar cane. There no water is necessary, for the accommodating plants absorb sufficient moisture from the air. This is fortunate, since the ingenuity of the planter is exhausted in planning for the fertilizing of his fields; the volcanic soil must be enriched periodically, or the pines will not mature properly.

This Wahiawa plantation is a sightly place, on a plain with mountain ranges on either hand, while between are the endless rows of plants that stretch away like little soldiers waving their green banners to the breezes. They rise out of an asphalt-treated paper, having been set out in holes punched for the purpose. This paper is taken to the fields in huge rolls. Each roll is drawn by horses, and is laid out on the ground as the horses advance. Between the rows of paper there is open ground for cultivation of the plants that are set out in the holes in the paper, or "mulch." This method serves the double purpose of keeping the weeds from the plants, and of retaining moisture in the soil.[1]

[1]The United States Department of Agriculture has been experimenting with the paper for use especially in market gardening. The results show that production is increased from 73 to 691 per cent.]

Of all the figures as to the size of this great industry which did not begin until the closing decade of the Nineteenth Century, perhaps the most impressive tell of four hundred miles of mulch paper used by one company.

Twenty months after the slips are put in the ground the first pineapple—so named because it looks like a pine cone—is ready for the cannery. This is but five or six months after the appearance of the rudimentary blossom deep down in the plant.

Twelve months after the harvest of the first, or plant crop, a second crop is gathered from the same plants. Usually then it is time for replanting.

The time to pass through a pineapple plantation is when the road is disputed by the wagons laden with the boxes bound for the cannery. Then a genial workman will be waiting for the request of the visitor to taste a pineapple. And what a feast he has after the wielder of a wicked-looking knife—frequently a Chinaman—has selected an apple which weighs, perhaps, from eight to twelve pounds, then with unerring strokes has shaved the hull away until the juicy fruit stands revealed in all its beauty. Next comes the slicing, not in mathematically exact cross sections, as when the fruit is in the can, but in longitudinal bits perhaps eight inches long. "What a pity it is to cut up such a pineapple just for us!" the visitor is apt to say. "We can't eat one fourth of that huge fruit." But they can and they do. They go away looking forward to the next visit to a pineapple field, for they have tasted the nectar of the gods. No one can know what pineapple is really like until he has

eaten it fresh from the plant when it has been ripened in the sun, and not when it comes from a dark crate in a storeroom.

Though these vast pineapple fields do not call for much moisture, one of the largest irrigation plants in the Islands is close to the Wahiawa plantation, at Castner. This provides the water wealth needed for sugar plantations on the lower lands, so supplementing the supply secured from artesian wells that tap the underground streams from the mountains. Otherwise these streams would flow on to the sea and be lost in the salty depths. Sometimes these mountain streams are carried to the lowlands through a tunnel driven horizontally into a mountain wall. Thus eleven miles of tunnels were cut through the lava of the mountains, that the precious water might go through the Koolau Range to the Oahu sugar plantation in Ewa, where the soil—like all soil on the island—is as porous as a bed of gravel, and so absorbs water rapidly and lets it sink away to the depths. This is one of the peculiarities of a soil made of solid rock by the process of disintegration.

The Castner irrigation plant includes a dam which impounds a vast body of water. This backs up for three miles when the lake is full. Through irrigation the life-giving water is sent down to 12,000 acres of sugar cane.

Close to Castner is another great user of water—the Schofield Barracks, begun in 1909 on the Leilehua plains. This is now the largest station of the United States Army, where ten thousand soldiers and their officers live in a reservation whose curved ways and brilliant flowers and attractive houses have triumphed over

mathematically exact bare blocks with unpleasant-looking barracks. And it is so easy for the soldiers to lift their eyes to the mountains, where Kaala, with its 4,030 feet, dominates the Waianae Range.

More than once these mountains have called some of the soldiers and their officers to better sport than mere looking at the heights. A report of the Board of Commissioners of Agriculture and Forestry tells how two officers and ten men hunted down 116 wild goats which were destroying the forests and removing the undergrowth. This report promised more useful sport of the same kind—the extinction of the wild pigs which are fully as destructive as the goats.

The mountains about Kaala furnish sport of another kind: they are good ground for the expert rock climber. The difficulties to be conquered there were indicated in 1840, when Lieutenant Wilkes told of his effort to conquer the range. With his men he climbed along a narrow ridge 1,500 feet high, which was, in places, but two feet wide, for a distance of fifteen miles. The passage was very dangerous, especially when the ridge was wet, as it usually is. After a time the men had to go astride, hitching themselves along a few inches at a time.

About Kaala cluster many stories. One of these is a legend that dates back more than seven hundred years. It tells of a great drought in Oahu. This spread from Hawaii, where it had its beginning. This was due to the anger of the gods because Hua, king of Hana, on Maui, had killed the high priest, Luahoomoe. The sons of the high priest fled for refuge to Hanaula, a peak of Haleakala, and while they hid there the rain would not

come. When the drought became severe in Ewa, a local priest learned the cause of the disaster. Hoping to find a way out for his people, he ascended a high peak of the Waianae Range. There, "with a vision enlarged and intensified by sacrifice and prayer," he looked for clouds. On Kaala's wooded summit there was no sign of rain. When he looked to Kauai, he was unable to see a cloud above the wettest of its mountains. Molokai's mountains gave him no encouragement. But when he looked to Maui, he saw a small dark spot like a rain cloud hanging above the peak of Hanaula. This was still there at midday, and in the evening, "Surely the sons of Luahoomoe are there," he thought. "I will go to them; they will listen to me, and the waters will come again." So over the sea he went to seek them, and when he found them they consented gladly to unite with him in an appeal to the gods for rain; they were weary of their stay of three years on Hanaula. The joint appeal was successful. The rain fell, gently at first, then in torrents. From that day Kaanahua, one of the rain bringers, was the patron saint of the husbandmen in Oahu.

Close to Schofield Barracks, and beyond the Castner dam, is the town of Wahiawa, with its picturesque cemetery in which there is an inclosure about two magic stones. These stones, so the story goes, are the transformed images of two sisters who were on their way to be born at Wahiawa, then the royal dwelling place. Unfortunately a rooster crowed while they were in the air, and they fell to earth, one in Wahiawa Gulch, the other at far-away Kaena Point. As they fell they were turned to stones. Just how the stone sisters were

brought together in the Wahiawa cemetery is not told, perhaps because no explanation is possible. But a reason is given for the popularity of the stones in the eyes of visitors who go to them. If either of the stones is rubbed, and a sufferer rubs a spot in his body where there is pain, the pain disappears at once. So, of course, the stones are apt to wear wreaths and *leis* of thankful people who have been healed. Sometimes candles burn before them as before a shrine.

The Daughters of Hawaii have taken advantage of the credulity of visitors by placing a box for money gifts. These are used for the care of the cemetery. Perhaps the stone sisters are just as much pleased with this use of the funds as if the money were expended on themselves.

In this region gulches are as common as magic rocks. On either side of the Oahu sugar plantation, the largest plantation on the island, one of these picturesque gulches is crossed by the highway, not on bridges, but by descent into its depths and a climb up on the other side. Luxuriant cactus plants and other vegetables that thrive in arid regions dignify the sides of these gulches—Waikakalaua and Kipapa, they are called. And Kipapa, we are told, was named in memory of the slaughter in its depths of chiefs and their followers who came from Maui and from Hawaii to attack Mailikukahi, one of the kings on Oahu. But the hunted became the hunters, and disaster overtook the foreign chiefs down in the darkness of the gulch which won the name Kipapa in honour of the event. That name means "one on another"; so the dead were piled after the battle.

On the plain above the gulches there is a tremendously impressive view of Diamond Head, eighteen miles away as the bird flies.

When the steep climb from Kipapa's depths is completed, the eye is attracted by wonderful Pearl Harbour, now one of the finest land-locked harbours in the world. The history of this double estuary of Pearl River, shaped like a three-leaf clover, with more than one hundred miles of shore line, goes back to Keaumui, chief of Ewa, who, it is said, before 1100 A.D. opened a channel which made Pearl River—so named because oysters bearing small pearls were found in its waters—a navigable stream.

In 1825 the naturalist Bloxam of H.M.S. *Blonde* wrote of the enlargement of the river as Pearl Lochs, and in 1840 Lieutenant Wilkes, at the request of the reigning king, surveyed the entrance and told of the possibilities. After finding fifteen feet of water at the mouth, on the coral bar, he said, "If the water should be deepened, which I doubt not can be effected, it would afford the best and most capacious harbour in the Pacific."

More than thirty years later Colonel John M. Schofield visited the site and recommended that the United States Navy Department ask for a concession there, then develop it in accordance with the possibilities made known by Lieutenant Wilkes. "It will only be necessary to blast a channel for several hundred yards through the reef," he explained.

The concession was asked for and was granted in 1873, as a condition of the proposed reciprocity treaty. But the offer was withdrawn because of repeated delays

in taking advantage of the generosity of the king of Hawaii. Finally, however, permission was renewed, and development began in 1898. The first vessel entered the harbour in 1903. Five years later Congress authorized the building of a naval station there, including a dry-dock. In February, 1913, when this was nearly completed, the foundations gave way, and the work of years was gone in an instant. The Hawaiians declared that the disaster was due to the wrath of a shark god, whose temple had been desecrated by the builders. But the engineers had another reason: they decided that the plan must be changed. Accordingly a larger and better dock was built, and in 1919, after ten years of struggle, this was completed. By that time $22,114,000 had been spent on the harbour and the works, including the dry dock, the wharves, machine shop, sewers, roads, sea walls, and lighting plant.

The coral barrier has disappeared and the land-locked harbour is now spoken of as "the finest and safest harbour in the Pacific." At the entrance is Fort Kamehameha, named in honour of the great first king. But the harbour itself is a monument to Colonel Schofield—though his name dignifies the barracks on the plain of Leilehua rather than the harbour.

Now we are in Ewa, the division of the island whose name becomes familiar to visitors as soon as they reach Honolulu, because of its use as a definition of direction. Here was the capital of the island when Honolulu was no more than an insignificant village which the chiefs who dwelt in Ewa passed by with disdain when on their way to Waikiki Beach.

Ewa won fame as a battleground. Long before the days of Kamehameha the Great, kings of Kauai and Oahu here took part in a sanguinary struggle that resulted in the withdrawal in sadness of the interlopers from the island to the northwest.

To the plantations in Ewa came, in 1868, the first of the Japanese immigrants, in consequence of the law of 1864, passed to relieve the planters' need for labourers, which was "for the purpose of superintending the importation of immigrants." This was the beginning of the coming of alien races to the Islands.

The district of Ewa, as well as that of Waianae, between the mountains of that name and the sea, has been opened up by the sturdy little narrow-gauge railway which—once spoken of as Dillingham's Folly by those who, when it was begun in 1906, declared that it began nowhere and ended up a tree—is now the pride of Oahu. It was built to bring the products of the land to market. But where were these products? The railroad builders showed genius both by the construction of the road and by the development of plantations of sisal, pineapples, and sugar cane. The freight carried is enormous in volume. And the passengers become more in number each year as visitors learn that the railway is the best way to travel around half of the island.

Both railroad and highway skirt the greater lobe of Pearl Harbour. As they approach Honolulu they pass to the east of Ewa sugar plantation—which paid 18 per cent. dividends in a recent year, when 51,168 tons were harvested—and on the edge of Honolulu sugar plantation, with its mill at Aiae, where a delightful ex-

perience is in store for those who seek novelties, such as eating iced sugar cane and finding what a tickler it is to the jaded palate. On leaving the mill it is difficult to believe that the country is not Japan, because of the colourful picture made by women who pack children on their backs, children who romp on wooden shoes, and others who carry umbrellas that look as if they had come from the home of the rainbow.

The miles after Aiea are crowded with scenery and history. On the left are the Moanalua Golf Links, where the royal game is played with mountains on one side and the sea on the other. How can proper attention be paid to the ball in such untoward surroundings?

Between the links and the sea is the famous salt lake. This, in all probability, is in the crater of an extinct volcano. It has no connection with the sea, but it is "more salt than the sea itself." In past generations this was a mine for those who sought commercial salt; by evaporation the crust on the edge of the water became so thick and strong that it could sustain the weight of the heaviest man.

There is a legend that the lake is bottomless. When Lieutenant Wilkes heard of the lake he resolved to test the reliability of the rumour as to its depth. So, in 1840, he took a sounding line to the lake—and found that nowhere is the depth greater than eighteen inches! Then he watched to see if the water ebbed and flowed with the tide. For two hours he made a careful study, but during that time he failed to perceive the slightest change in the surface.

The salt lake is close to Moanalua Gardens, the beautiful reservation where, among scores more of floral and arboreal attractions, there are specimens of all known palms.

From Moanalua and Fort Shafter the road leads directly to the Bishop Museum and to the foreign quarter of Honolulu, the Ewa quarter, which ends only where Honolulu Waikiki begins.

And now the surface tour of the island has been completed. But who is willing to stop with one circuit of Oahu, the island wonderful?

After a circuit on the land, why not go around the island in the air? This means of seeing Oahu is available by reason of the provision made by the Legislature, and by public-spirited citizens who have created landing fields and provided planes which circle the island in less than an hour and a half. Commercial trips have been made to other islands, and the day is not far distant when a regular service to Kauai, Maui, and Hawaii will be provided.

The interest of one trip over Oahu was increased by the companions in the plane. The driver was Chris Jensen, the winner of second prize in the ill-fated Dole race of August, 1927, from San Francisco to Honolulu, and two of the three remaining passengers proved to be young women who, only a few weeks before, had succeeded in the rather risky experiment of going to the Islands from San Francisco as stowaways. When the thought of making the trip came to them, they were about to receive their degrees, one of them from Stanford University, the other from the University of Cali-

fornia. After shipping a rather meagre wardrobe to Honolulu by parcel post, they strolled about the steamer and hid themselves behind newspapers which they were reading in the library. When the pilot had been dropped, they approached the purser and asked him where they could eat. "In the dining saloon!" was the reply. Then he asked them for their tickets, that he might make on the essential documents the proper notation as to arrangements at table.

Of course when the sad news was heard that stowaways had been carried so far on the voyage, there was a commotion. There were many who praised what was called their pluck, while others condemned them. Of course the captain was among the condemners, officially, at least, though personally he was tempted to smile upon them and condone their fault.

"We'll carry you until we meet our sister vessel, bound from San Francisco," he told his unbooked passengers. "In three days you will be transferred to the steamer. Be ready when the call comes."

Two days later, as they were about to retire for the night, they were informed that the transfer would take place early next day. And when the San Francisco steamer was in sight there was a knock at the door of the stateroom.

"We can't come now!" was the wail heard by the steward. "We're sick; unable to leave our berths."

"Then they need a doctor!" said the captain when he heard the news.

While the doctor was making investigations, the

steamer they were to take was riding the waves close by. A boat was at the side of the vessel carrying the stowaways, manned by impatient seamen.

Soon the doctor came on deck. He sought the captain. Gravely he reported that the young women were, as they had claimed, unable to leave their stateroom.

Did a wink or two pass between the captain and the doctor? At any rate, signal was made to the waiting vessel to proceed on her course, the boat crew were sent to other tasks, the boat was lifted to the davits, and the voyage was resumed.

"But we are just a bit sorry we are not to see them lowered into the boat and passing across the restless water a mile or more to the waiting steamer," a mate said to a companion officer.

"I'm relieved that we do not have to go down the swaying rope ladder and then trust our lives to those who man that little boat!" one stowaway said to her companion as she peeped from the porthole. From there she was summoned by a knock on the door.

"The captain's compliments, ladies," came the message, "and he asks me to tell you that you must now remain on board until we reach Honolulu. You must occupy this stateroom for the remainder of the voyage, then must go ashore at Honolulu with those who came on board in a more dignified manner."

"What are you planning to do on the Islands?" a junior officer asked them when, later in the day, they were walking the deck.

"Oh, we'll find work!" came the reply. "The fact is,

we must get to work at once, for when we reach Honolulu we shall be all but walking on our uppers."

Here let it be said that the two young women—they were cousins—tried hard to find the work of which they had dreamed. But if influential acquaintances who liked their pluck and their unusual deportment had not looked after them from the day of their arrival in Honolulu they would indeed have been stranded. A cottage was provided for them at a nominal rent, and they were able to maintain a hand-to-mouth existence for weeks as they worked in Honolulu's great pineapple cannery for several days each week.

"The only trouble is that they have put me on the night shift and my cousin on the day shift!" pouted the brunette stowaway.

"They tried to make it up to us by telling us that they did this because we are so intelligent; either shift would be made top-heavy by having both of us," said the blonde. "Seriously, however, we were told that our leadership was needed on both shifts."

"Would you advise other girls to follow your example, if this proves the only way in which they can come to Honolulu?"

The reply from both blonde and brunette was emphatic:

"No, indeed! Honolulu is worth all sorts of privations. But we would urge that no one come here seeking work unless she has a position assured before she leaves home, or ample funds to enable her to wait in comfort a few months or even a year or two."

These, then, were two of the companions on the trip

around Oahu in the airplane. And they proved pleasant company. One was an artist who could appreciate the unusual sights on which we looked, while the other knew enough natural science to make all sorts of helpful comments on the land and the water that whirled by so swiftly thousands of feet below.

The sight of the water from the air beats any glass-bottomed boat. What a light is thrown on the statement of those who write about Oahu from the prosaic ground, about the fringing coral reef which makes possible a reef walk at low tide most of the way from Koko Head to Kaneohe Bay! Then there becomes possible real appreciation of the grim rocks of steep Kona-hui-nei, with the beautiful Manoa Valley beyond. This mountain is called the Great Rain Maker, for the trade winds are chilled as they pass over it, the clouds cover the summit, and the annual precipitation is more than one hundred inches! Indeed, as the whole thirty-seven miles of the Koolau Range moves in rapid panorama beneath the flying machine it is difficult to take the eyes from it for even an instant. The passenger feels like thanking the aëronaut when he takes his machine far up in the clouds, and he rejoices when the machine drops to less than fifty feet above the knifelike ridges and so makes possible a glimpse of the deeply eroded gashes as they lead down to the steep-hanging valleys where flows the water that plunges over the precipice at the sudden termination of the valley.

Nothing looks the same. Everything is glorious!

Lighthouses, wireless stations, irrigation tunnels and ditches, pineapples on the uplands, sugar came on the

lowlands! Sacred Falls, a mere trickling stream plunging over the cliff! The spouting blowhole, the air view of Diamond Head, the peep at the Mormon settlement! The breaks in the coral reef, through which boats find an outlet to the sea caused by the entry of fresh water, in which the coral will not build! The mouth of Waikakalau Gulch, the corkscrews of Kamehameha Highway down from the Pali, and the little Mokolii Island, dropped—so legend says—by a god who tried to bring it over to Oahu between sunset and sunrise, and was startled by the sunrise just before he reached the shore!

What is the most memorable sight of the trip?

The view of Honolulu through the gap at the Pali? The plantations where thousands live and work? The gulches which gash the uplands? Mt. Kaala, king of the Waianae Range? The colours of soil and crops, of mountains and sea?

It may be true that a ride in an airplane is no novelty. But a trip in the air above Oahu is an experience to be remembered always. So said George T. Armitage, the genial executive secretary of the Hawaii Tourist Bureau, the organization for the guidance of visitors which succeeds so well because it does nothing in a perfunctory manner. His judgment was questioned until the account of the air trip he took a few days earlier was read.

Does it seem strange that the perusal of the sprightly paragraphs made an air trip seem an absolutely essential part of the study of Oahu? Here is what he wrote of his trip:

"Any blasé birds who might be finding life a little

boring can get a brand-new kick out of Oahu from the air. Not that there is anything ticklish about the ride itself. That's no more exciting than racing with a speed-bug; certainly not nearly as nerve-tingling as a skiddy road and the tread all gone! But it's the new view from this totally different angle that makes our isle a sparkling gem in the Pacific. And the Pacific itself! From the islands that old lapis-lazuli stuff that you read about in short stories is a pale adjective.

"You who have motored around this island countless times no doubt have often felt how little you were actually seeing from the front seat. And how often you had seen what was visible. You have felt that there must be some rare sights on those hidden tablelands back of Waialee Industrial School, in those massive gorges around Sacred Falls, along the craters of Koko Head. And you were right! The hour and twenty-minute swing around the island which my wife and I took yesterday provided more new and interesting viewpoints in that limited time than we had ever experienced in Honolulu.

"In the trip we climbed in, dressed in our street clothes, with no more fuss or ado than in shooting up to the Pali with the old bus. But when we were up, what a kick! We pulled our eyes off the vertical just often enough to look approval at each other, and then ducked back for fear of missing something. When we returned there was no denying that we had discovered an entirely new island, and furthermore had learned a lot more about the one we had been living on.

"I never knew there were so many pineapples in all

the world; we thought we had seen a few before on the Wahiawa plains, but Jim Dole and his gang have been hiding so many more out on us that a whole new country of high plateaus and ridges is covered with them. And that always, to me, rather uninteresting stretch from Kahuku to Waimea. From the sky side it's fascinating —a whole bad-lands splotched with red.

"We actually saw dozens of new villages and heretofore undiscovered back country with broad fields, long tree-lined lanes, irrigation canals, and other improvements. It is really rather startling, but still reassuring, to learn what a sizable, highly developed spot Oahu actually is.

"And those precipitous razorlike ridges that had always awed us from the ground. They were nothing! We skimmed them gaily, as if they were mere mole hills on the beach. And the coral gardens at Kaneohe which take many minutes to see by boat! Their pancake shapes and baked-brown hues through the blue were all instantly visible.

"There are so many appealing things to do and trips to take on this and on the other islands of Hawaii that we are likely to get discouraged. Sometimes we sense a curious longing to peep behind this distant ridge, or see how they are living in that valley, or size up the situation from another crag. Time was when we could do but a few. But it's simple now. Take a sky joy ride. If you want to know why you really love Hawaii, get up in the air. Don't put it off; go now. And when you do I'll make this guarantee: If you don't enjoy it more than every other trip you have done any other way on Oahu

we'll give you maps and guides and all available information on any two-dimension excursion you want to try. But for breeze and view, for inspiration and colour, for a new outlook on the humdrum of living, try the three dimensions first."

VI

WITH THE SURF RIDERS AT WAIKIKI

"WHAT is your favourite season for outdoor sports?" A visitor to Honolulu asked the question.

"We have no favourite season!" came the reply. "Ours is an all-the-year sporting country!"

And the list of sports is as inclusive as the season. "Swimming, football, golf, baseball, polo, basket ball, and about every other sport except skiing and ice-skating are among the sports of Hawaii," wrote the sporting editor of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin.*

But one sport stands out above all the rest—a sport peculiar to the Islands—that of surf riding. And of all the beaches chosen for surf riding, Waikiki Beach is preëminent. For here the rollers are "long in forming, slow to break, and then run a great distance over a flat level bottom." Or, as a local enthusiast tells the tale, at other beaches the surf rolls in with terrific force, crashing on the very beach itself. But at Waikiki a great barrier reef which incloses the entire southern shore of Oahu causes the incoming swells to break at a distance of half a mile or more out to sea, and after breaking to run for several hundred yards inshore until they die down, leaving the water closest to the shore quite calm."

The waves which, on the gradually sloping floor, keep their shape and momentum for a great distance—sometimes, after a storm, they make possible a ride of at least a mile—long ago proved irresistible to the daring natives. Once, when their love of adventure found vent in war with one another, surf riding was but one of the forms taken by their daring, but the day came when "riding down waterfalls, swimming among the breakers over the reefs, fighting sharks in single combat" took the place of war. And to-day the conquest of the breakers has chief place in the affections of those who have no fear of forces that, to many, seem unconquerable.

From ancient times the steed of those who would ride the waves at Waikiki has been the surf board—*laia*, it is called—cunningly made of the buoyant wood of the wiliwili tree. The longest boards are four fathoms long; such a contrivance was needed by the chiefs of old, for many of them weighed as much as three hundred or four hundred pounds. The visitor to Honolulu's Bishop Museum is shown one of these huge boards—that used by the famous Paki at Lahaina. More ordinary boards are three fathoms, two fathoms, a single fathom in length. But the width of all is about two and one-half feet. This sled without runners coasts down the big waves, "always rushing to the bottom of a hill and never reaching the base." With the speed of an express train it dashes shoreward, bearing the skilful rider on its back.

Usually the surf was made as if to order for the uses of the rider of the waves, but there were times when the sportsman who wished to conquer the surf found no surf to conquer. But he did not despair. The rich lore of the

Islands tells how the needed waters were summoned. Here is one formula, which was thought to be unfailing:

If there is no surf [*opuu*], invoke seaward in the following manner:

"Arise, arise, ye great surfs from Kaluki:
The powerful curling waves.
Arise with the *poluohue*,
Well up, long raging surf."

Fornander says that when the weather was calm the surf would be coaxed by a swimming party which would take several strands of the sea-convolvulus vine, swing it around the head, and lash it down unitedly upon the water until the desired undulating waves were obtained, at the same time chanting for a response to their effort.

When the response came with the rising and breaking of the surf, the boards would be laid on and mounted, either within the curl or without the curl.

One of the best observers who have ever visited the Islands, Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, gave a vivid description of the ride and the riders:

"What they seek is a very high roller, on the top of which they leap from behind, lying face downward on their board. As the wave speeds on, and the bottom strikes the ground, the top breaks into a huge comber. The swimmers appeared posing themselves on the highest edge by dexterous movements of their heads and feet, keeping just at the top of the curl, but always apparently coming down hill with a steady motion. So they rode in majestically, always just ahead of the breaker, carried shoreward by its mighty impulse at the

rate of forty miles an hour, yet seeming to have a volition of their own, as the more daring riders knelt or even stood on their surf boards, waving their arms and uttering exultant cries. They were always apparently on the edge of engulfment by the fierce breaker, whose towering white crest was ever above and just behind them, but when one expected to see them dashed to pieces, they either waded quietly ashore, or sliding off their board, dived under the surf, taking advantage of the undertow, and were next seen far out at sea, preparing for further exploits.

"The great art seems to be to mount the roller precisely at the right time, and to keep exactly on the curl just before it breaks. Many of the less expert failed to throw themselves on the crest, and slid back into smooth water, or were caught in the combers, which were fully two feet high, and after being rolled over and over, ignominiously disappeared amidst roars of laughter and shouts from the shore."

Legends tell of marvellous skill. The tales can be believed without difficulty by those who watch the present-day marvels at Waikiki. Thus we read of "a chief who could gracefully ride the surf board, standing or kneeling, and came to land without the spray ever touching his body." Then there is the *mele* which announces:

> Here comes the champion surf-man . . .
> Glossy the skin of the surf-man;
> Undrenched the skin of the expert.

In 1825 Andrew Bloxam told of many such experts among the natives who were "diverting themselves in

the heavy surf with their swimming boards." This, he said, took place near "Whyteetee."

One who spent his boyhood in Oahu related, in the story of his life, how each owner of a surf board swam out with the light contrivance under his arm, diving under the incoming combing rollers. Reaching the point where the waves began to comb over, they adjusted themselves adroitly on the board on the front of the waves in a prostrate position. With a few rapid srokes of the hands and feet, they were in motion, and the wave itself did the rest, shooting them forward. The sea spurted in front of the dashing board, while the surf foamed over them behind as they slid down the deep hill of the wave, which ever came piling up under them. It required great skill to maintain the precise position on the slope of the wave which was necessary, and sometimes a less practised one would be overtaken by the comber and left behind. But a majority of the performers were able to kneel on their board, and many of them to stand erect after getting started.

When Mark Twain was a resident of Honolulu he had his experience of the sport, and he has left a record written in his inimitable manner:

"I tried surf-riding once, but made a failure of it. I got the board placed right, and at the right moment, too, but missed the connection myself. The board struck the shore in three quarters of a second, without any cargo, and I struck the bottom about the same time, with a couple of barrels of water in me."

Students of the myths of the Islands find in them many references to surf riding. There is the story of

Lohiau who woke during the night with a longing for the ocean which made him take his surf board. Then, "with face to the oncoming rollers," he "made for the open sea."

When Pele wished her sister Hiiaka to go in search of her lover, we are told Hiiaka "was sporting in the ocean with her surf board."

More detailed is the reference made to Kahikilau, a great chief who was a master of the surf board. He had conquered all the beaches near his home, and he was eager to make others yield to his powers. When he heard that on Oahu were beaches which presented fresh difficulties, he set out on a tour to the new island.

First he went to Paumalu, where the surf, after coming in from the sea, turns to one side, then sweeps upon the beach. After a number of attempts he was as much a master at Paumalu as on one of his familiar beaches.

"You should try the surf at Kailua!" said one who observed his sport. "You'll find that difficult enough to suit you! But you had better take a *kahuna* with you; often a priest must call up the surf before it will show its tricks."

He went to Kailua, taking the priest with him. There was no surf at first, but the *kahuna* managed so that it presented itself for conquest. Days of struggle followed, but at last the Kailua waters offered no further resistance.

"Now I must go back to Paumalu, and try that curving surf once more," the chief announced. But his journey was to result in greater conquests than he had planned. For while he was on his way the beautiful

daughter of a witch saw him from the mouth of her cave home.

"I'll marry him!" she said to her mother.

"But he goes to master the waves!" the witch objected.

The determined girl thought of a way to win him. She called to her the birds and told them to go to the chief with fragrant flower *leis*. "Then sing to him of my love!" she urged them.

Obediently the birds went after the chief. They sang to him as he battled with the waves. But he would not listen to them. Undismayed, they continued their songs. At last, weary of the surf, he listened to their message. Curiously, he followed the birds, as they led him to the cave. The rest was easy; the maiden had no difficulty in making him wish to marry her.

For a season they lived in great happiness. At length, however, he heard the call of the surf.

"Let me go to Paumalu for a little while!" he pleaded.

"But there will be many girls there who will admire your skill," his wife objected. "Will you promise not to kiss any of them?"

The promise sought was given, and it was observed until two sisters approached him. One of the girls placed a *lei* about his neck. The other, more daring, after giving him her *lei*, kissed him on the mouth.

Now the wife had charged the birds to watch him and take word to her of anything that occurred. They did so. She went posthaste to Paumalu.

"You have broken your promise!" she said to him.

"Now all is over between us." Then she fled up the mountain.

He attempted to follow her, but soon he lost sight of her, and he was unable to find further trace of her.

"Life is not worth living without her!" he said. And as he spoke he was turned to stone, his arms reached out in pleading for her return.

And to-day that stone may be seen on the windward side of Oahu, near Paumalu.

There is evidence of greater detail in plot in the legend of Kelea, the surf rider. Of course Kelea was beautiful. For was she not a princess? Her brother was Kawao, the king of Maui, with whom she lived at Lahaina, or Lele, as the royal settlement was called in her time, about 1445. She was famous for many things, but most of all for her grace and daring as she rode the waves of the Auau Channel. No surf was too wild for her: in fact, she preferred to enter the water with her surf board when the south wind churned to fierceness the water of the channel.

More than once when her brother urged her to marry she replied, "The surf board is my husband."

But her days of maidenhood were numbered. The man who was to interfere with her resolution to remain unmarried lived at Lihue, on Oahu. He was a chief, his name was Lo-lahe, and he hated the sea as much as Kelea loved it. The reason for his hatred was the fact that the girl he was once about to marry was drowned while bathing. For a long time he persisted in his determination to have nothing to do with women, but finally

he felt he must give way to the appeals of those who urged that there must be an heir to the chieftainship.

Agents were sent to all the Islands to look for a wife for him. In the course of their journeys their boat came to the beach where Kelea was entering the water with her surf board. As she rode the waves she passed close to the canoe of Lo-lahe's agents. At first she thought the rowers were her own people, and she was confused when she found her error.

"Come into the canoe with us!" the rowers urged her. "We can give you great sport, for there is as much excitement in riding the surf in a canoe as on a board."

When she was in the boat, the chiefs who were the messengers of Lo-lahe felt that they had found the wife for their leader.

"I must have one more ride!" the venturesome maiden cried, after enjoying the sport for some time. So the boat went to sea again. But before it could ride back toward the beach a fierce storm arose and it was driven far out to the open sea, where it was tossed about like a cockleshell.

When the storm was over, all attempts to return to the shore were in vain. At least Kelea thought so; she did not know that she was being abducted. When they approached Oahu she was sure that the landing there was an accident. Perhaps, however, she realized the truth when, at Waiahua, Lo-lahe wooed her and married her.

For a time she was happy. But at length she could not bear to be away longer from the water. She longed for the sea, for the bounding surf, the white massed

SURF RIDERS AT WAIKIKI BEACH, ISLAND OF OAHU

steeds of ocean, which she had so often mounted and feverishly ridden to the shore; for the thunder of the breakers against the cliff. In spite of his hatred of the sea, Lo-lahe took her more than once to the beach.

On one occasion she went with him to Ewa. There she saw once more the cousin of her husband, Kalamakua, who had been the leader in her abduction. She was drawn to him because he, too, loved the sea. With him she sailed about Pearl River. With him she rode the dangerous surf at the point where the river enters the ocean. Noting her happiness, her husband mistook the cause; he thought she was rejoicing in the company of his cousin, rather than in the sea.

Later, after a season at her own home, she secured permission to go for a visit to her brother in Maui. On the way she stopped at Ewa, that she might have more sport with the waves there. Borrowing a surf board she joined other riders beyond the breakers. With them she mounted a huge roller and started for the shore.

Kalamakua, watching from the beach, noted how she excelled all others in grace and ability to direct her steed over the waves. At first he did not recognize her, but as he looked he decided that no one could ride like that except Kelea, who, to his surprise, was known to all the chiefs at the sport in which they thought themselves so proficient. He rushed into the water to greet her, and he asked her where she had come from.

"I have left my husband," she told him.

"Then you will go no farther," he said.

"I will remain!" she assured him.

Then began the happy life together of two who loved

the sea, who were restless until they could feel the spray on their cheeks as the lively surf board rose and fell beneath their feet.

As the spellbound visitor to Waikiki stands on the beach and watches the sea, with the women, and even the children, riding these surf boards, just as did Kelea five hundred years ago, he thinks of the conquest of the sea by the men and women of early days and rejoices that he may watch the skill of those who ride the surf, either on the surf board or in an outrigger canoe. What wonderful skill they show in their mastery of the boards which might so easily take their lives by striking them on the head! See that man who carries a boy on his shoulder as he rides the board! Watch that daring fellow as he leaps from his own board to that of another glider on the wings of the waves and jumps to the man's shoulders! Now he puts his legs about the neck of the man beneath him! Now he is standing on the man's shoulders!

Twenty years ago many Hawaiians were riding the surf at Waikiki, but only eight white boys took part with them in the breath-taking sport. The organization of the Outrigger Canoe Club encouraged many others to brave the waves, until now scores of men, women, and children are furnishing thrills to the onlookers and finding for themselves the joy of a game which never fails.

VII

THE RARE ATTRACTIONS AT MOLOKAI

SOMETIMES it pays to take a night boat. But not in the Hawaiian Islands! There a night boat may be a good thing if it is the only available means of inter-island communication. Those who are well advised choose a day boat whenever this offers itself—especially if the journey is to be from Honolulu to windward Molokai. If the day is clear, as are most Hawaiian days, and if the sea is smooth, as these semitropical seas usually are, the few hours spent on the water are a time of keenest delight.

Of course there are times when skies are overcast and the wind-driven waves make a problem for the navigator. Then, however, it is easy to postpone such a short journey as those between island ports, though it is a comfort for those who remain on land to remember that sailors whose business makes necessary voyages in all sorts of weather are well looked after by government provision. An instance of such care on these waters between Oahu and Molokai was reported in a Honolulu newspaper some years ago.

One August day the *Annie E.*, a sixty-foot schooner, left Honolulu for Hawaii with a load of lumber and gasoline. The first day out the schooner sprung several

leaks and the master tried to return to port. But his efforts were vain and the condition of officers and crew became desperate. Finally three sailors volunteered to swim ashore for assistance. After hours spent in the sea the sailors were picked up by a fishing sampan and brought ashore. The sailors, however, were unable to give much information to the lighthouse officials, as their story of the plight of the ship was vague, and the exact location of the vessel could not be determined. But the lighthouse tender *Kukui* was sent to sea on a venture.

The official report made later by the captain of the tender told a thrilling story with characteristic simplicity:

"Just about sunset the second officer went aloft. The man who was then stationed at the lookout told the officer that he thought he saw a small object on the horizon.

"We at once steamed for the sail. At 8 P.M. we arrived alongside the ship, which proved to be the *Annie E.*

"Three survivors were standing on the top of the deck house. We launched and manned our boat and sent it over to take off the three men. They had not eaten food for four days."

Dwelling on such instances of brave rescues adds to the pleasure of an easy passage over the waters where the rescued men passed their anxious days. The distance from Oahu to Molokai is only twenty-three miles. At first sight Molokai is not impressive, because of its low-lying western end. Soon, however, the mountainous regions appear—not merely the peaks back toward

the centre of the island, but the remarkable *pali* that rises almost precipitously from the water on the windward side, comparatively low at first, then reaching a height of perhaps three thousand feet. This *pali* is the approach to the sea of the volcanic ridges on which there is copious rainfall. Once those who held the lower lands looked with futile longing at the mountain water; but now engineers are so successful in their plans to conserve the waters for the thirstier country that there is reason to believe that Molokai will, in time, be checkered with gardens along its entire thirty-five miles of length. The extreme width is only about eight miles, yet the area is more than one third that of Oahu, and the population, though small, is growing slowly.

The great precipice that rises in such majesty within what seems only a stone's throw from the deck of the passing ship is broken here and there by ridges which come down to the sea like buttresses. Then there are tiny valleys which go back from the shore a little distance, as if they would conquer the frowning rocks. But they prove to be mere alcoves in the wall. The vegetation in these valley alcoves climbs the bounding walls, reaching up even to the summit, which is, in places, hidden by fleecy clouds.

Here is a little isle, close to the wall. It looks like a monster house, but the steep sides are covered with trees and shrubs, vividly green. There are places where the corners of the wall seem to have been sliced off, as with a great cheese knife.

The vegetation takes a lighter tinge as the ship approaches a break in the precipice where a tributary val-

ley leads far back into the interior. Then the *pali* becomes higher and, if possible, more inaccessible than ever. Fissures break the rock face, while scores of trickling waterfalls descend the cliff, leaping from shelf to shelf, breaking into spray, at length sending their cool streams sometimes directly into the sea, again into a pool that is like a basin of molten silver. In one case a waterfall drops sheer at least one thousand feet before it meets an obstruction and is forced to begin another drop.

Thus there is fascinating variety in every mile of the towering waterfront of volcanic rock. Now a great tributary knife edge runs out from the cliff, terminating in a waste of stones near the water. Again the cliff recedes into a deep amphitheatre, like half of a deep bowl.

For an hour the vessel passes in full view of this, which has been called one of the outstanding spectacles not merely of the United States, but of the entire world.

Where the precipice is highest, near the centre of the north side of the island, there is a curious thrust of level land out into the sea from the precipice. This bit of land, shaped roughly like a triangle, is only about two miles wide at the base, while the distance from the precipice to the front is less than three miles. The *pali*, called Kalawao, can be climbed only with the greatest difficulty, and then at places that must be chosen with extreme care. Near the northern end a perilous trail zigzags up the rock. This looks like the Bright Angel Trail to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is near the leper settlement. But guards are stationed by a

kukui tree to see that no unauthorized person goes farther.

In his tremendous defence of Father Damien, Robert Louis Stevenson spoke of "the front of precipice" that plunged "into a sea of unusual profundity." Then he described the place of the settlement below this wall with his usual power of picturesque characterization; he said that it bears to the overhanging cliffs "somewhat the same relation as a bracket to a wall."

This is the peninsula of Makanalua. It is one of the world's famous spots, because of the presence here of Kalaupapa, the leper settlement, once a place mentioned only with aversion, because it was thought to be the entrance to a living tomb, but now, thanks to the self-sacrificing scientists and physicians who have learned how to conquer the dread disease, it calls for a grateful smile, because it is destined to disappear.

But why is it that when the once-dreaded disease is spoken of thoughts turn at once to Molokai? An authority has called attention to the fact that no large country is now or ever has been free from the taint of leprosy. "The Caucasian race is relatively pure," he says, "but during the Crusades, and for centuries afterwards, all Europe was afflicted, and every city had its place of segregation. It was not until the Seventeenth Century that Britain, Scandinavia, and the countries of Central Europe could boast a practical elimination of the disease. It is to-day not uncommon in South America. China and Japan have their villages for segregation of the afflicted; and one who is familiar with the facts states that there are more than a thousand cases of it

in the United States, exclusive of Hawaii. Because of its comparative rarity it may often escape recognition."

The explanation of the prominence given to Molokai in connection with leprosy is rather to be found in the fact that the disappearing leper colony of Kalaupapa is an outstanding instance of enlightened treatment of the disease, while the authorities in charge have been leaders in blazing the trail for the triumphant progress of its lasting cure.

It is a mistake to think that lepers are plentiful in the Islands, "that one meets lepers on the streets of Honolulu any day," to quote the words of one who has contradicted the popular notion. "There are thousands of people for many years resident in the city who have never seen a case of leprosy. Equally false also is the statement that there are living in sections in the mountain fastnesses of the Islands hundreds of lepers never yet apprehended." Jack London's story of Koolau the Leper may be good reading, but there are no such cases as he described.

The first lepers were discovered in Honolulu in 1850. The affliction was called *mai pake*, or Chinese disease. Not until 1865, however, was the act passed which set apart land for the segregation of the lepers, the beautiful peninsula of Makanalua, a fertile plain of 5,000 acres. To the village were brought 274 sufferers. For their comfort, and that of their successors, there have been provided schools, churches, movie theatres, and all kinds of games, such as basket ball, tennis, billiards, and croquet. An orchestra plays for dances and dramatic entertainments. The people of the village have pleasant

THE LEPER SETTLEMENT OF KALAUPAPA, ISLAND OF MOLOKAI

bungalows, and these are surrounded by gardens where flowers and fruits grow luxuriantly. The number of inhabitants reached its height in 1896, when there were 1,213 in the village. But now there are not much more than one third that number, and the figure is steadily lessening.

It is impossible to think of Kalaupapa without thinking also of Father Damien, the priest who devoted his life to the lepers. In 1889, after spending some days on the peninsula, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote, "I never admired my poor race so much, nor (strange as it may seem) loved life more than in the settlement."

A year later, when he heard of Damien's death and learned that some had attacked him, Stevenson wrote the famous letter to which reference has already been made. He knew he was writing a harsh message, yet he felt that he must send it. But soon he regretted mailing it. A few months later he wrote:

"It is always harshness that one regrets. I regret my letter . . . I think it was barbarously harsh; if I did it now I would defend Damien no less well, and give less pain to those who are alive."

Another famous visitor in early days made a statement that is in great contrast to that of the author who saw nothing there but what was uplifting. This is worth quoting because it emphasizes the self-sacrifice to scientists who have discovered a way to put an end to the misery described. This, then, is what Isabella Bird Bishop wrote:

"One of the most horrible spots in all the earth; a home of hideous disease and slow-coming death, with

which science in despair has ceased to grapple; a community of doomed beings, socially dead, whose only business is to perish, wifeless husbands, husbandless wives, children without parents, and parents without children; men and women who have 'no more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun,' condemned to watch the repulsive steps by which each of their doomed fellows goes down to a loathsome death, knowing that by the same they, too, must pass."

Mrs. Bishop thought that science had ceased to grapple with the disease; nonsensical remedies were being tried, but few of these remedies were as foolish as the proposal that the Legislature send to the East Indies for "male and female rocks," which would have a startling effect on the disease!

Yet for many years experiments were made in the use of chaulmoogra oil, the product of a rare tree. For a long time the beneficent effects of the remedy had been known, but cures were retarded by the fact that no one knew how to administer the oil except internally. The dose was so nauseating that few could give it a chance to heal them. Efforts were made to inject it into the tissues of the body, but these failed, because the oil was too heavy.

Then came the request to the Chemistry Department of the University of Hawaii for a more diluted form of the oil. "Liberate the essence from the vegetable compound," the experimenters were asked. "Then we can do something."

After long experimentation, success crowned the

effort; a volatile oil was secured which could be injected into the muscles of victims of the disease. These experiments have been carried on at the receiving station Kalihi, close to Honolulu. Now it is an accepted fact that if the oil is injected carefully during the early stages a cure may be counted on. Thus the recruits for Molokai are decreasing year by year; in time there will be no leper settlement at Kalaupapa.

There was still a grave difficulty to face: the oil was scarce. Hawaii needed a supply of chaulmoogra trees. But how were these to be secured?

The problem was solved by Professor J. F. Rock. How he did this is an absorbing story. Once, when in Asia, he read in an old history of a Buddhist king who, more than one thousand years ago, cured himself of leprosy by using chaulmoogra oil. Acting on this hint, the scientific explorer went to Siam and Burma. There he found no one who could tell him where the trees grew. Always hoping to learn what he sought, he went from Bangkok to Chiengmai, then through mountains and forests, by boat down the Meh-Ping River, then to Rangoon, over to Mawlaik. Finally in the hills back of Kyokta he found the precious seeds of the tree. These were in a fruit the size of an orange. When this fruit is ripe, the bears prize it, so the natives were afraid to go with the explorer to seek it. Fortunately the bears drop the seeds. Monkeys and porcupines gather them, but enough of them were left for Professor Rock's purpose. He secured many of them for the United States Department of Agriculture. And the Hawaiian government,

supplied by the department, now has a flourishing plantation of many acres where the chaulmoogra trees grow luxuriantly.

On the peninsula where the lepers dwell, but a little farther to the east, is one of the notable lighthouses of the Islands. Molokai Light Station has three keepers. These men, with their families, live at the light station. Because of their nearness to the leper settlement these keepers, according to the government report, observe restrictions that make their isolation very real. All supplies destined for them must pass through Kalaupapa. The keepers and their families have no outside associates except the friends who, very occasionally, are permitted to visit them. The extraordinary conditions are recognized officially; the keepers are paid higher salaries than those employed elsewhere and are given special privileges as to annual leave.

The service rendered by these brave men is memorable. Several years ago a large seagoing motor sampan was wrecked on the rocks near the station. As a result of the persistent efforts of the lightkeepers, the crew of six men were rescued, given shelter, food, and clothing, then were assisted in crossing the island to a port from which they could reach their homes on Oahu.

The visitor to Molokai is surprised to note what an insignificant part of the island area is occupied by the little peninsula on which Kalaupapa and the lighthouse are situated. In fact, if, before the settlement was made, the *pali* which separates the peninsula from the remainder of the island had dipped directly down into the sea, there would have been little loss. Then what a

mistake is made by those who dismiss Molokai from their thoughts with the exclamation, "Oh, that is the leper isle!"

The possibilities of Molokai are great. The fertility of the soil has been proved by the pineapple companies which, for a long time, reaped much of the benefits from the island. Their efforts have prospered to such an extent that others are being attracted. Several years ago announcement was made that a single company had secured a long-term lease of three thousand acres of virgin pineapple land in Molokai. The new leasehold was at Kualapuu, and joining the holdings of a company that has been active for many years. Though the land had never been cultivated, having been used for grazing purposes only, it was chosen because of the depth and richness of the soil, and the fact that moderate rainfall could be counted on.

But of far greater importance are the plans of the Hawaiian Homes Commission, which is showing native Hawaiians who have nothing but the readiness to work how to take up homesteads on a large plot of government land on the leeward side of the great mountain wall. Gradually the efforts of the commission are bearing fruit and a little community is growing up. In a few years Molokai will be looked on by all in the Islands as one of the territory's great assets, and hearty approval will then be given to the dream of those who think this is the one way to insure the future of the Hawaiian people, "the most intelligent and enlightened branch of the Polynesian race."

The leaders who were responsible for this plan felt,

to use their own words, that "if the Hawaiian people, who had been gradually drifting to the cities, and who had, for the most part, come to live in the tenements, which placed them wholly out of their natural environment, might again be placed upon the lands, where they could till the soil and form the nucleus of an independent citizen farmer class, and become self-supporting and raise healthy, happy families, and become home owners, new blood would be gradually infused into the race, and it would thrive as it did in the days when it was in its prime."

Visitors who have been fortunate enough to spend even a few days on Molokai come away with enthusiasm not only as to the possibilities of the island for agriculture, but also for the beauty of the cascades and valleys, the grandeur of the rocky heights, and the varied wonders of the coast line.

The settlement of the Hawaiian Homes Commission is called Kalanianaole, in honour of the man who led the long fight in Congress for approval of his vision to make Molokai an isle inhabited by many and prosperous for all. Think of land worth one dollar an acre in 1922, renting for five cents an acre per year, which now produces from $200 to $300 an acre in alfalfa in a single year! This is the Molokai miracle.

And there is the government land, for which homesteaders are selected with the greatest care, and then are given financial assistance and advice. Irrigation provision is made from the almost untouched resources of the mountains. Note the programme already outlined. One way proposed is to connect two principal streams

on the north side, which offer abundance of water. This would call for a tunnel nearly three miles long. Then the mountains would have to be pierced by a tunnel from two to five miles long, according to the location finally chosen. A vast reservoir and a circulating system of staggering proportions would be called for. But Molokai is worth it, and the engineer and the Homes Commission are enthusiastic. This engineer is not a visionary, for already he has been responsible for building many of the aqueducts which are making Oahu, Hawaii, and Maui yield riches and beauty. What if the cost would be a few million dollars? Surely capitalists could be convinced of the desirability and profit of the undertaking, which would irrigate not only the south side, but would give water to Kalaupapa, and so make still more pleasant the abiding place of those who are learning that the future of the leper is by no means hopeless.

In the early stages of the Molokai experiment water for the settlement was provided from an old spring discovered on the borders of Kalamaula. At one time this spring fed the pool in which King Kamehameha I used to swim.

It is interesting to note that the income of the Homes Commission comes from 30 per cent. of the returns from leases of public lands of the territory to large sugar-cane producers. For the large patrimony of public lands has not been dissipated, but is producing a steady income for the territory.

Of course there have not been lacking those who say that the enterprise cannot succeed. Yet Governor Far-

rington does not hesitate to proclaim his belief in it. He says of the unbeliever: "Ask him if that is the spirit with which the sugar industry was established and the pineapple industry started, the spirit which characterized citizens of Hawaii when they went to the war; ask him if we have any less courage and endurance, any lower degree of patriotism for the splendid privilege of peace."

The greatest of these privileges is felt to be the conservation of the rainfall on the *pali* and on the mountain slopes that lead back from it and in the amphitheatre-shaped valleys to the east of the Kalaupapa peninsula. These valleys attract the ample supplies of water carried by the trade winds, while on the peaks, back from the *pali*, the rains descend copiously and the waters pass to sea level, sometimes in cascades, again in rapid streams that carry their precious freight to the sea instead of leaving it for the needs of the land.

Some of the valleys on the eastern end of the island are like bits of dreamland. Think of the musical names of some of these valleys: Wailau, Moaula, Halawa—all watered by streams of the same name. Dense woods, walls which vegetation makes a delightful green; deep dark gorges, fairy waterfalls—all these may be found, and many more of the things that give delight to the explorer.

The description given by William Alanson Bryan of Halawa Valley, at the far eastern end, is typical of what may be said, with variations, of all of these:

"Its purple clifflike walls terminate abruptly at the head of the gorge in a vertical precipice, over which

pour two streams drawn from the rain-soaked uplands. The Halawa waters reach the door of the valley by monster leaps, forming the Moaula Falls; the other, the Hipuapua Stream, forms a single silvery thread from top to bottom of the cliff. The ceaseless tumble and roar of these falls, the delicious freshness of the breeze, the song of the fearless native birds, the abundant vine-swung tropical verdure, the simple, friendly hospitality of the natives, the morning and evening rainbows that span the falls, the sweep of the sail-rimmed bay, the tranquil scenes of life along the river, the peace, the plenty, the contentment of it all, blend again in memory as I write."

Here and there in the valleys graze herds of spotted deer, descendants of the original eight which were sent as a gift from Japan to King Kamehameha V, in 1867. Thus Molokai offers much sport to the hunter, who finds also partridges in abundance.

Perhaps the most plentiful wild thing on Molokai is the lizard. Of course there is a legend which explains how these little reptiles found their way to the island. They came through a man who by day, according to the legend, was a *moo*, or monster lizard. Not until night did he become a man. His deeds of daring were a cause of great trouble to those who dwelt in Molokai. So, one day they caught him, as a lizard, at the summit of a hill back of the *pali* that frowns down on Kalaupapa. When they had him fast, they built a great fire around him. For a time he endured the heat, but at length this became so intense that he burst asunder. From his sundered body came thousands of tiny lizards. These

disappeared in the bushes, and there multiplied enormously, until Molokai was full of the little pests.

Another legend popular among the people of Molokai tells of Lono, the great king of Hawaii in the Sixteenth Century, who planned a pleasure expedition with his wife Kaikilani, called the most beautiful of women, and his retainers. When the boats were near Molokai, one of the men wounded a shark. Now the shark was a god. In anger, he caused the wind to blow, and the boats were driven ashore at Kalaupapa. There the king spent a few days pleasantly. But one day he was disturbed. He thought he heard someone calling from the cliff, "Kaikilani, your lover is waiting for you."

Jealous, he sought his wife and demanded an explanation. When she hesitated he struck her until she lost consciousness. Then he left the island and went to Oahu.

The wronged queen recovered just in time to see a woman who said: "I am the cause of your misery. The man on the cliff was calling me. My name is Kaikilani."

"Go tell the king what you have heard," she said to one of her attendants. "I am going back to Hawaii."

But when she was at home she learned that the island was in rebellion against the king, because of his cruelty to their idolized queen. The forgiving woman did her best to quell the revolt, then sailed in search of her husband. After many vain efforts she discovered him at Kailua, on Oahu. Eagerly he received her and asked her forgiveness.

"Come with me to Hawaii!" she said. "We must

satisfy our people, and they will return to their allegiance to you."

So the two went home together, and they lived happily ever afterward!

Another beautiful woman figures in a legend that centres about Haupu, a fastness on the great cliff perhaps six miles east of Kalaupapa. There Kaupeepee, the son of a chief, built a stronghold to oppose the newcomers of the second migration, in the Twelfth Century, from Polynesia. He was proud of the fact that he belonged to those who came in the first migration back in the Sixth Century. The newcomers gained a foothold in the other islands, but they found Molokai a difficult place for them, largely because of the opposition of Kaupeepee at Haupu.

The site for the stronghold was well chosen, for it is one of a number of rugged promontories from the precipitous bounding wall. These promontories are separated by "gorgelike and gloomy valleys into which waves rush from the sea." A comparatively level plateau, five hundred feet from the sea, was the place of Kaupeepee's residence. On three sides were walls all but perpendicular, while the fourth and less difficult side could be defended with ease. The plateau was walled with stone. There were no gates in the walls, but access was gained by a tunnel which reached to the sea. Within the wall was kept an arsenal of great stones, which were to be thrown down on intruders. Several thousand defenders were housed close to these rocks. These were used not merely for defence, but for thieving expeditions to the other islands.

One day the ruler of the stronghold set out with war canoes for the territory of Hakalanileo, near what is now Hilo, Hawaii. This man he hated bitterly because he was the most noted of the newcomers from Polynesia. The wife of this ruler was Hina, called the most beautiful woman in all Hawaii, whose eyes were like stars, whose hair fell in waves below the fringe of her *pau*, whose name has come down through the ages garlanded with song.

Now the chief of Haupu had decided that the best way to strike at the hated interloper was to seize Hina. His chance came on a night when Hina went to the beach to bathe. Suddenly a canoe was among the bathers. Kaupeepee himself leaped from it, and when he returned to the canoe, Hina was in his arms.

Two days later she was taken up the rough path in the rocks to the fortress at Haupu, where quarters had been made ready for her. At first she was moody, but soon she became reconciled to her fate.

Vainly the husband searched for Hina. At length he gave up in despair. But his sons Kana and Niheu said they would not rest until they found their mother.

When, at length, they learned that Hina was at Haupu, they were told that they could not hope to be successful in any attack on that stronghold. Others had tried, but their failure was complete, the gulches below Haupu were filled with those slain by great rocks hurled from the height.

Undismayed, the brothers made their plans. Chiefs from other islands joined them. They sent word to the commander at Haupu that they were planning to seize

their mother. "Come and get her!" was the grim response of Kaupeepee.

A large party under Niheu was to approach the fortress by land from the leeward side of the island. More of the ten thousand invading under Kana planned to block the sea entrance to Haupu and to destroy the canoes of the warriors which were hidden in the gulches below.

According to programme the canoes were destroyed, as well as the great war barge of Kaupeepee, while the land force was making a feint to distract the attention of the defenders. But the enemy in the gulch was discovered in time to send stones hurtling down upon them. Many were killed; the rest were annihilated by Kaupeepee, who descended with two hundred men.

But the end was not yet. Kana still lived, and he returned to lay siege to the fortress. Great engines of offence were used against the walls, including catapults and battering rams. Long the fortress resisted, but one dark night it fell before an especially vicious attack. Kaupeepee was killed, but not until he had been face to face with Niheu. About to throw his spear at Hina's son, he recognized him and dropped his weapon. "I spare you, not for your sake, but for hers," he said.

The victorious sons bore Hina in triumph to Hawaii. The glory of Haupu had departed.

Passengers on a vessel that comes close in shore below Haupu will appreciate how easily a fortress in such a location could have been defended. A study of promontories and gulches leads the observer to wonder if the story may not have been more than a legend.

When the sons of Hina took their mother home they passed the little island of Lanai, which is in the background between Molokai and Hawaii. On a clear day the three islands can be seen at once. Photographers have succeeded in putting all of the three on a single plate.

Lanai is a little island; it contains but 90,000 acres. The land is high, most of it being from 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the sea. Once upon a time it was a mere volcanic cone, from which lava flowed until the island became its present size. Nearly one fourth of the land is now used for pineapples, and the growers are looking forward to increasing the acreage from many square miles now useful for grazing only. The population is small; at the time of the last census there were but one hundred and eighty-five residents on the entire island.

But what a proud history the little island has! Legend says that Lanai was the first dwelling place of the gods of Hawaii. One of their legends tells of a knob on a summit of rock on the southwest coast, which is called the Tomb of Paupehe. This maiden, who was the daughter of a chief on the island of Maui, was the beloved of Makakeha, warrior of Lanai. Despairing of securing her in any other fashion, he made a raid on Maui and carried her back to Lanai. It is said that she was not unwilling to listen to his plea that she go with him to the clear waters of Kaluhu; there he would hide her in a cave. For a season they lived in the cave, which was cunningly hidden away in the basaltic cliff. Makakeha insisted on staying near Paupehe until the day when he had to go to the mountain at the centre of

Lanai. On his arrival at the summit he turned his eyes to the cave where he had left his love. With dismay he noted that a storm was approaching the cave. This, he knew, would overwhelm the cavern with water, from which Paupehe could not hope to escape. So he hurried to the cave, but when he reached it he could not enter, for the entrance was covered already by the storm-driven waves. In despair, he dived down, found the entrance, and succeeded in bringing out the lifeless body of Paupehe.

How the warrior mourned for his bride! And how the people sympathized with him as they gathered about the rock where the body was lying!

"Leave me!" he pleaded. "I would be alone with my dead."

So they went away. But next morning they came back. In vain they sought for the lover and the body of his bride. At length they saw him standing on the summit of a great rock of lava.

"How could he win that point?" someone asked. "All of the approaches are precipices."

But there he was, and there he remained until he built a tomb for Paupehe. After burying his bride, he leaped into the sea and was dashed to pieces by the breakers.

Another popular legend is located in Kamaulapau Bay, at the Spouting Cave of Kaala. This cave, like the cave of the despairing lover, is in a rocky cliff. The opening is hidden by the waves. Entrance may be found only through a whirlpool; after this is gained the passage leads upward until the main chamber is above

the reach of the highest tide. Those who would return to the surface can do so by leaping into the water as it spouts upward.

In this cave lived Mooalii, the lizard god, who had for an enemy the shark god.

"I'll shut you up in your cavern!" the shark god threatened. "I'll pile great rocks against the opening."

In terror the lizard god fled to Kalaupapa, on Molokai. There he found a safer cavern, to which fishermen came in numbers to do him honour.

A famous visitor to the rock cave on Lanai was Kamehameha I. Kaaialii, a warrior of the king, saw the maiden Kaala, known as "the sweet-scented flower of Lanai," when she brought an offering of flowers to the king.

"Give her to me for my wife!" the warrior pleaded.

Kamehameha promised to ask her father to bestow her in marriage, but the father refused, for he remembered that the suitor, once upon a time, had almost succeeded in taking his life.

"I'll give her to the winner in a contest with Mailou," he said.

Now Mailou, who was known as the Bonebreaker, could crush almost any opponent. And the contest was to be with bare hands!

On the way to the contest the beautiful girl, in her fear that the cruel Bonebreaker would be the victor, and that she would have to marry him, whispered to Kaaialii, whom she much preferred:

"Though you have slain my people in war, I want

you to be victor. If you are, I will catch the squid and beat the *kapa* for you all my days."

Nerved to almost superhuman strength by the girl's promise, Kaaialii was victor in the conflict. With a very ill grace the father of the girl kept his promise.

But at once he began to scheme to part them. "Your mother is ill," he told her one day. "Come with me!" So he lured her to the Spouting Cave from which the lizard god had been driven by fear of the shark god.

When he stood with her upon the narrow ledge above the entrance to the cave which was marked by alternate whirlpool and receding column of water, he told her he would put her in the cave, and would leave her there until Kaaialii had gone from the island in despair of seeing her ever again.

"Then I'll bring you out, and not till then," the unnatural father told her.

He waited until the water went down into the whirlpool. Then he leaped with his daughter into the depths and was carried into the cave. When the water went out again in the spouting column, he jumped in and was carried to the upper air.

Suspicious of his father-in-law, Kaaialii followed his footprints. On the way he overtook the man he sought, but the unnatural father turned and ran away until he found a priest who would hide him. He told the priest of his daughter's hiding place.

The priest, sympathizing with Kaaialii, sought him and told him where to look for the girl and how to enter the cave. Accordingly, the husband sought the whirlpool and leaped into it. In a moment he reached

the girl. But he was too late. Crabs and other creatures of the cave had killed her. Deciding that life was not worth living without her, Kaaialii took his life, and the two were united in death.

Does the hard-hearted unbeliever ask for proof? If he will descend to the cave through the whirlpool of Palikaholo on Lanai, the whitening bones of husband and wife may be seen strewn on the floor of the cavern.

VIII

FOLLOWING THE ALLURING COAST OF THE GARDEN ISLE

THE channel between the islands Oahu and Kauai is only about seventy-five miles wide, though the trip from Honolulu to Lihue is a little longer. When the sea is smooth the voyage seems too short, but when the channel is rough, as it is so often, visitors dread the passage as many people dread the English Channel.

The natives call their channel Kaieiewaho. That is, unless they call it Iliewaho. Both names are undesirable if the swells are disagreeably active, but both have a pleasant sound when the sea of turquoise is what it should be by reason of its having part in the reputation of the Pacific Ocean.

But the most boisterous waves are speedily forgotten when the passenger steps foot on the Garden Isle, as Kauai is called by those who have seen its beauty and the luxuriance of the vegetation on soil whose richness is due to the fact that the lava on Kauai has been disintegrated more thoroughly than on the other and younger islands of the group. Botanists tell of the presence on the island of a larger number of species of plants than on any other island—a fact that is remarkable when it is considered that Kauai or Atooi, as it has been called by the natives, takes fourth place in

area, and it is still more remarkable when it is remembered that Hawaii, the first island in area, is eight times as large as Kauai.

Suppose we get statistics out of the way at once. This little island, which is only thirty miles long and twenty-eight miles wide, has much less than fifty thousand population, even when those who live on the tiny adjacent island, Niihau, are counted. These thousands include those who, it has been said, "have retained a memory of the Southlands that were the homes of the people until they came as emigrants to Hawaii. Another distinction belonging to these islanders who have such a good memory is that they are descendants of men who, less than other Hawaiians, were dazzled by the glamour of royalty and enslaved by the theory of the divine birth of kings."

Fortunately the writer of this volume did not have to wait until he trod the soil of this island of independent people before he could begin to appreciate it. For that day the sea was like glass. And the sunrise that morning! But of what use is it to try to describe a sunrise? No two appearances of the Ruler of the Day are alike, and no pen has ever been so gifted as to tell the story in words, while always artists have despaired of transferring to canvas their impression of the majestic colour scheme painted in the heavens.

But what a difference there is in the appreciation given to the miracle of the appearance of the sun! On the vessel approaching Kauai that morning was a youth of education. "Come and see!" he heard the call from the opposite side of the deck. Instantly he

responded, but in a moment he said, in a disgusted voice, "Oh! it's the sun!" As he spoke he stood near a Japanese boy who, in bare feet, was swabbing the deck after those who had been sleeping on outdoor mattresses on the crowded boat. As he lifted his eyes to the rail he caught sight of the glory in the eastern sky. "Ah! Ah!" he said, in wondering awe, as he reached out his hands in wordless ecstasy.

There were those on the boat who found difficulty in deciding whether to look at the glory of the sun on the right or at the pinnacles and peaks and rocky barriers of Kauai on the left. The problem was solved for them as the sun mounted in the heavens; the wonder light disappeared gradually, but the vision on the left increased in appeal. First there was the bit of lowland with its green plantations, then the wilder rising of the rocks into cleft cliffs that stood out against the sky like the back of some precipitous mountain. At first the rocks were dull brown, but as the sun's first light reached them they were transformed. Soon a peak appeared beyond the green shore and the plantations, above the lower ridges. This was Waialeale, the mountain over five thousand feet high, which is known as the wettest place on earth because its fog-bathed summit receives nearly five hundred inches of rain each year! A student of island tradition says that this summit, where dwarf lehua trees grow sturdily in the wilderness of swamp, is used as "the symbol of a woman, impulsively kind, yet intense, passionate, and disdainful."

The steamer glided into a little cove, surrounded by plantations, with isolated ridges of gray volcanic rock

rising above its fringe of evergreens on the shore. In the nearer distance was the extinct crater of Kilohana, while in the immediate foreground is the dock of the Ahukini Terminal Railway Company, which ministers to the needs of the Lihue Plantation Company. More than one hundred automobiles, waiting for the passengers, looked like the occupants of the parking space by some busy football field. An assemblage of cars like that might seem small on the mainland. But what an indication it was of the industry and well-being of the comparatively meagre population of the Garden Isle!

When Ahukini gives way to Nawiliwili Bay as the landing place for steamers—the extending of the government breakwater has had this in view—the automobile trip to Lihue, the chief town of the island, will be beautiful, but it cannot well be more attractive than the ride from Ahukini. This route is through the Lihue sugar plantation, facing the mountains, with morning mists on their rugged steeps which are spotted with green almost to the summit. Lihue is a bower of beauty in a setting of amazement. And what a revelation of further beauty there is in the spacious grounds about the hotel beyond! Dahlias as large as saucers, and a bougainvillæa tree twenty feet high, with growth thirty feet in diameter! Each blossom-covered branch droops in gay festoons, and there are so many of these branches that there can be no thought of winning the way through them back to the trunk. As if they were jealous of the bougainvillæa's huge spread, banyan trees sprawl lazily by the roadside, and roses of rainbow hue thrive in the open as in a greenhouse. Mango trees and papaias grow

to huge size. Orange trees thrive, though they do not bear much fruit. High in the air coconuts show amid the palm leaves, while near the ground tuberoses grow in profusion. Nothing is missed but the singing of birds which such a setting seems to demand. Yet the only sounds are the shrill cry of the mynah and the soft notes of the dove.

But Lihue with all its attractions must be left behind if Kauai is to be persuaded to unfold its wonders. One of these is found almost at once by the traveller who turns north—the native village of Kapaia, which nestles in a hollow below the road. The desire to look back into the hollow must be resisted, for just ahead is one of those delectable views of the ocean which burst suddenly on the visitor to the island almost everywhere he goes. How the surf rolls in at Wailua, and what a temptation comes to say that here is one of the finest marine views to be found! By this time, however, the observer has learned to curb his desire to give expression to his rapture. Why use superlatives when in a few moments, perhaps, there will be occasion for words which will then seem to have been wasted?

"Save your breath!" was the smiling warning of the native driver who took our party over the island. "You'll have use for it after a while!"

Droll speech is so characteristic of some of these drivers that travellers leaving Kauai are apt to say to others who are about to begin the tour of the Garden Isle, "Be sure to ask for Sam; he will keep you laughing."

Like the average native, Sam does not intend to be

droll; he simply cannot help himself. "I wish you would come to America," one of his passengers said to him. "I no come until you have poi!" was the reply. Again, a few miles beyond Kapaia, the sight of the golf links prompted the query, "Do you play, Sam?" With a disgusted look he replied, "No, I no like play. Hit a ball and walk a mile; hit again and walk another mile. I'd rather take my exercise swimming and riding the surf board." Near the same place a young woman pointed to the lilies by the roadside. "We must gather some when we return," she said. "They'll be closed then," Sam informed her. "Won't you tell them to stay open for us?" was the next careless remark. In all seriousness the reply was given, "They won't do it!"

But a little beyond the unaccommodating lilies there is a beauty spot that does wait for those who wish to see more of its attractions on their return trip. This is Wailua Stream, one of the many streams of sweet water which flow through fertile valleys as they reach the coast. Wailua Stream comes from the mountains, to enter the sea a short distance from the point where the highway crosses it on a fine concrete bridge, typical of the substantial constructions built for the automobile driver. Between the crossing and the sea is one of those sand bars which form at the mouths of the little rivers of Kauai. When this is passed the stream is navigable to canoes for several miles.

A pause on the bridge gives welcome chance to see the coconut groves, then, farther back, the jagged Anahola Range, that reaches down to the sea in a succession of sharp peaks, and the fishermen who, standing

on the shore, with skill that seems almost uncanny, inclose with their throw nets the fish they can see in the clear water.

Wailua town, now quite small, was once a place of importance. The market place for a fertile district, in early days planters came there to mail such letters as that sent in 1848 to the *Sandwich Island News*, published in Honolulu. That letter is of great interest because of the reference to the labour problem in the Islands which led to the importation of foreign-born workmen. The writer told the Minister of Foreign Affairs of his difficulties:

"With the number of men I now employ, I could, in England, have accomplished, in one fourth of the time, more than I have now got through. Wages, with allowance for food and the government taxes, amount to nearly a shilling per day; this is a great deal more than they can earn. . . . Now with respect to the introduction of foreign labourers, the chief difficulty appears to me to be the high price of food. I will agree that the advantage of this introduction would be great to any planter who has a sufficiently large capital to meet the outlay."

Legend has marked this locality for its own. There is a tradition that somewhere on the heights above the river there is a spring from which bubble the "Waters of Life." If only this spring could be found it would restore the dead and make young again all who dip into its waters. Unfortunately, however, no one can tell where the fabled waters are hidden.

Then at Wailua they tell the story of two brothers

who lived on the flats of Nukole. They owned a bird preserve upon Waialeale, the wet mountain, and one day they went after birds. Now one of the boys was stupid while the other was sharp. So when they talked of the catch they were to make, the sharp brother said to his stupid companion: "Every bird caught to-day with two holes in its beak is to be my property. You can have every bird with but one hole in his beak." The stupid boy could not understand when, at the close of the day, he had no birds, while his brother had his bag full. When he reached home he told his mother of the strange occurrence. At once she thought of a plan to outwit the sharper lad.

"Next time you go to the bird preserve," she said, "take with you a lot of breadfruit gum. Then, when birds are caught, do you strip off their feathers and save them. When you are ready to go home, your brother, as usual, will have all the birds. But you will have the feathers. Smear the gum over your body and roll in the feathers. Then run after your brother while you shout, 'The *akua* of the mountains is after you! Run for your life!'"

The boy who had no birds did as he was told. The bird bearer looked back at the frightful creature, then, with a yell, he dropped his burden and ran away in terror.

As he had been instructed by his mother, the stupid boy gathered up the birds and carried them home. And when his brother learned the truth about the *akua* of the mountains, he was ashamed to reclaim the contents of his game bag.

On their journey to Waialeale these boys may have passed over the strange rocky formation called "The Sleeping Giant," an isolated grassy cliff to the left of the highway. For rods along the way may be seen the head, the chest, the enormous stomach, the knees uplifted as if in agony.

"Poor fellow!" explained the guide. "He ate too much poi."

This delectable—that is, to the Hawaiians—product of the taro plant is made freely at Wailua. The vegetable grows in abundance, for the benefit of those who boil it, pare it, then pound it until it becomes the pulpy paste that the natives cannot resist.

The Wailua country is celebrated for more than poi; here, the people boast, was gained the inspiration for a celebrated *mele*. The first to chant the story heard, from the cliffs near the town, an indescribable sound that was due to the echo from the murmur and clamour of the ocean and the moan of the wind. This mingling of Nature's voices appealed to him, and the *mele* was the result.

Below the cane fields back from the coast, and beyond the coconut groves, where copra, the dried coconut of commerce, is prepared, the village Kapaa nestles by the sea. What if there is nothing especially notable about the place to-day? Is it not sufficient that, more than eight hundred years ago, it was the scene of stirring incidents that are a part of the legendary history of Kauai?

The story tells of Puna, the governing chief of Kauai,

who delighted in his comely daughter Hooipo. This maiden was unable to choose among her many suitors, so Puna proposed a way.

"I have a talisman, a whale's tooth, wonderfully carved," he said. "I shall send this to the little island of Kaula, one hundred miles away. After four days let the chiefs who wish to marry Hooipo sail, each in his own canoe, from Kapaa in search of the whale's tooth. My representative who holds the talisman will have instructions to deliver it to the first claimant. When the man returns he shall marry Hooipo, and his rivals must be his friends. A canoe of any size may be chosen, and there may be helpers, but no more than four men can be taken along. Paddles, sails, or both may be used in the race."

Of course there was great excitement in Kapaa as the chiefs prepared for the race. Who would be the successful aspirant for the hand of Hooipo? Everybody had his favourite, and prophecies were made freely as to the identity of the winner.

But at the last minute a dark horse appeared. His name was Moikena, and he came from Hawaii, in his great canoe. When he heard of the proposed contest he was rather indifferent until he met the girl. Then he made up his mind to be the winner.

After listening to the chiefs, as they recited the genealogies, proving themselves of noble birth, he asked to compete with them.

"If you prove your rank, and if the other chiefs agree, you can join in the race," he was told.

"Why not let him do as he wishes?" the chiefs agreed.

"He cannot win, for he does not know the coast. But his trial will add interest to the occasion."

The chief from Hawaii proceeded to give his genealogy. Proudly he related the tale of his noble birth. Respectfully the other chiefs listened, but laughter took the place of respectful silence as they heard his boastful conclusion; in this he told of Hooipo as his wife.

"He speaks too soon," the remark was made. "He will never wed her."

Their contempt of him as a rival seemed justified when all but he launched their canoes and went through the surf. For a time he dawdled about, then, very leisurely, launched a small canoe. With him was but one helper, though others took with them the four men whom the conditions permitted.

There was not one breath of air, so there was laughter when the stranger hoisted his sail. Why did he do this? To the amazement of all, the sail filled at once. Yet there was no wind for others! They did not know that the single helper in the canoe was the god of the winds!

While others lagged far behind, the wind which favoured the stranger drove him to Kaula. There he applied for the talisman and carried it back to Hooipo's father, to the amazement of the other contestants who had been unable to proceed far on their journey.

Hooipo was glad to become the wife of the hero, and those who had failed took his hand in friendship. But he never told them the secret of his success in the race.

The starting place for the sea race for a bride is likewise the point of departure for those who would

go a few miles into the interior to see Waipahee Falls and the Sliding Bathtub, once the resort of the fun lovers of the island who enjoyed the thrilling glide down the rocky slope into a deep pool. Somehow the primitive Hawaiians managed to get a great deal of sport out of life in spite of the absence of ice and snow.

Many counter-attractions are near the ancient bathing pool and natural slide. Among these are Anahola Bay, its waters of delectable blue with a bit of gray mixed in; the Hole-in-the-Mountain, an opening in the jagged rocky ridge above the bay which was made, so they say, by the great spear of Kamehameha the Great which he threw at the king of the island who dared to resist him when all other chieftains had submitted to him—he missed the king, but the spear was hurled with such violence that it pierced the rock; Anahola Gulch, with the wind-blown rice growing far below the road, and ingenious waving banners and a tin-can orchestra to frighten away thieving birds; the great grove of gnarled old nut-bearing kukui trees; the grass hut, one of the few remaining on the island, with its picturesque inhabitants; the hibiscus hedge by the roadside.

How is it possible to decide what to look at when there are pineapple and sugar cane at varying levels on the left and coral-fringed waters down on the right? But soon the decision is made for the traveller, for he must turn aside to see the lighthouse on the peninsula at Kilauea, with its great combination lens, the largest of its kind in the world, so powerful that during the day drawn curtains shield its prisms from the blazing sun.

A few rods from the headland of the lighthouse a

curious little island thrusts itself above the waves—Mokuaeae, it is called. There lobsters and gulls thrive on ground protected by government order, while turtles —some of them two feet across the shell—float lazily in the adjacent waters. They seem to know that they are safe from molestation, not because the waters are deep, but because no one can approach the island without permission from the authorities. The islanders say that the channel was deep at one time, and that it was filled in by the *menehunes*, the fabled dwarfs who worked only at night and abandoned their toil at daybreak, never to resume it again. That is why the bottom of the sea between the island and the mainland is near the surface but not above it—the landmakers were frightened by the sunrise before they could put the finishing touches to their toil.

Beyond the lighthouse, which shows the way to mariners bound from the Orient to Honolulu, the highway offers a rare view of Kalihiwai Bay, down in the cove below, and of the mountains beyond. Between the mountains and the bay there is a bit of upland with a graceful waterfall measuring its ribbon length for hundreds of feet down to the plain. Here is one of the many places were the visitor is led to remark on the ability to see in Kauai, at a single glance, combinations that are utterly impossible in larger countries. The island may be small, but it offers much in little—as here, for instance, mountains, a waterfall, the sea. What more could be asked?

And just beyond is Hanalei Bay, at the foot of the mountains, with rice fields in between. Here is the largest

single body of rice land in the Islands. See the different shades of green! Some of the fields are flooded. Labourers are walking on the borders of the paddies, raised above the flood for their comfort. No wonder artists flock here to put on canvas the record of what is spread out before their gloating eyes! For this is called the Birthplace of the Rainbows. In a country where rainbows are so plentiful, a spot distinguished by such a title must be beautiful indeed. Perhaps this was the location of the myth of the goddess who one day descended from the rocky *pali* to the sea by walking on the arch of the rainbow!

What poets the Hawaiians are! One of them, Albert K. Kumiakea, delighted to visit such spots as Hanalei Bay, for they gave him his texts for such gems as this:

> Flowers are fragments from sunsets;
> At setting the sun is broken into by the sea.
> In the bright morning the bits strive to rise again.
> They are halted and rest upon the stems and trees.

Sunsets as observed across the water from mountain-girt Hanalei Bay run rainbows a close race for supremacy in glory. And the bay itself is of special interest, not only because of its beauty, but because it is what the geologists call a drowned valley; the extension of Hanalei Valley is covered deep by the blue waters of the sea. The undrowned part of the valley extends back for ten miles or more between volcanic ridges. It is one of four valleys that reach back from the coast like the spaces between the fingers of the outspread hand. All of these converge toward that extremely wet mountain, Waialeale, which is, roughly, at the centre of the island.

Those who push back into these deep gorges between the mountains and the sea—gorges which are three thousand or more feet deep—will realize the truth of the description in an old *mele* of the "perilous climbs through that wild mountain region that lies back of Hanalei," a region of tangled woods, oozy steeps, fathomless bogs, narrow ridges, and overhanging cliffs that fall away into profound abysses, making such an excursion a most fascinating adventure. There are no roads back into the valleys. But what an invitation these valleys give to those who like to tramp!

The fertile lands of Hanalei Valley attracted coffee growers as early as 1842. Within a few years there were one thousand acres of the green plants bearing berries. The discovery of gold in California lured labourers away, and it became necessary to pay five dollars a day to secure help. This made coffee growing unprofitable.

The valley takes its name from the Hanalei Stream, the largest river on the island, which is navigable for small boats for three miles from its mouth. Those who prefer to take passage in a native boat rather than to tramp along the shore are filled with wonder as they look at the rills—sometimes they may be called waterfalls—which descend down the verdure-clad mountains that bound the valley on either side. The noblest waterfall of all may be seen from the bay; its majestic fall of three thousand feet is most impressive.

The little sister to Hanalei Valley is Waioli Valley. This gives its name to—or takes its name from—the curious trees which provide the fibre for the useful Waioli mats. And not far from the entrance is the

picturesque Waioli Mission, relic of the early days of the transformation of the natives from semi-savagery to civilization.

A few miles farther on are the curious lava tubes known as the Haena Caves. Into one of these, called the Dry Cave, it is possible to drive an automobile back for several hundred feet until the roof droops down too low for safety. As the headlights play on the walls they reveal curious pictographs made no one knows how long ago. Chiefs and their courtiers must have looked upon these in wonder, for this natural throne room was a favourite place with the rulers of its island.

The flavour of the days when civilization on the island was just beginning abides here at Haena, as was discovered by a modern investigator of hula music who was in despair of finding anyone who could tell him of a particular hula. Here, however, he found an old fisherman hermit who not only said he knew the hula in question, but acted out the *mele* that was its inspiration. In a sitting position he told the story; the words of the chant, enunciated with explosive breath, sounded like the barking of a dog.

The *mele* that recounts Hiiaka's epic adventures in search of Pele's lover Lohiau tells how, in this cave, she found, still in death, him whom she sought for her sister. For ten days she prayed and made her incantations before Lohiau was restored to life and she could leave the cave for the journey back to Pele.

Visitors to Haena learn also the story of the chief who gained entrance to the cave through a hole in the roof, a little to the right of the entrance. Once, when he had

been defeated by his enemies, he took refuge in the dark interior. Those who looked to him for guidance thought that he was dead, and they mourned for him so effectually that his enemies, who knew he had gone to the cave, thought he must be dead. So they hastened homeward. But they were not far away when the chief, who had been in hiding, came forth, collected his warriors, pursued his enemies, and was victor in the ensuing contest.

Another legend tells of a woman and her two brothers who came toward Haena, through the water. "I want to go ashore here," the sister said. So her brothers left her. And she is there to-day—the rock Ooaa, the Fast-Rooted, which may be seen at low tide close to the mouth of the cave. The brothers landed. At a short distance from the shore, one brother, weary, lay down to rest. He never rose from the ground, but is there to this day, as the moss-covered stone called Pohakuloa. The second brother, more ambitious, refused to rest until he climbed the mountain back of the cave. On the summit is his monument—the stone of Kane, or Pohakuo Kane.

There is also the interesting legend of the origin of the cave. This tells of the little people, the *menehunes*, who, according to tradition, had so much to do with the early history of Kauai. A company of the gnomes, fishing in the sea near by that they might provide for their people who were on one of their periodical pilgrimages in search of a home, were so successful that they could not carry all their catch. Part of their burden they deposited on the shore, while they carried away the re-

mainder. Later, when they returned for their cache, they discovered that thieves had been before them. These thieves had entered a hole in the mountain. A portion of the disappointed fishermen followed them into the hole, while the others set about digging a cavern that they might reach the inner end of the hole. Their purpose was to crush the thieves between the two parties. In this purpose they succeeded. The Dry Cave of Haena is the result!

Not far away are the two Wet Caves of Haena, one of them filled with fresh water, the other with salt water. "When I was a boy, I liked to come here to bathe," a native said, as he pointed out the cave. "We kept away from the Forbidden Spring, close by, but we had no fear of the water in the Wet Cave." Yet in early days this was called the Water of Terror. Perhaps the name was due to the belief that the water was without bottom. "I can't reach bottom by diving," said the native. "Nor can I reach the end of the pool; I go back until I can swim no farther, because of the fern-festooned roof that comes down to meet the floor."

The story is told of a visit paid to the cave by Queen Emma, the consort of Kamehameha IV. After exploring the cavern by the light of flaring torches, she went to the home of the great man of the neighbourhood who was to have the honour of entertaining her. There she learned that a babe had just been born in the house. When she was asked to name the child, her maid was so full of the wonderful visit to the cave that she gave to the child the name Wai Lama Lama—the Torch-Lit Water.

Thus she gave a splendid illustration of the statement made in *Thrum's Annual*, that the choosing of names for Hawaiian babies is a picturesque matter. For the mother is not limited in her selection to a few cut-and-dried names. "She can ransack the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. Chicken Tail, the Breath of Fragrance, the Misty Eyes, the Moon upon the Sea, Dooryard Rubbish, and the Pink Flush of Dawn are examples of names chosen." "The Two Coffins" was a favourite name for children soon after the arrival of the ship *Blonde*, bearing the bodies of the king and queen who died in London in 1825.

Beyond the Haena Caves progress is impossible along the shore, for the frowning Napali Cliffs come down to the water in beetling precipices. Fortunate is the traveller who can sail close to these battlements. Failing the sea voyage, he may be able to take the rather difficult trail, perhaps seven miles long, that shows the way over the summit. From the trail he will see "a series of short, deep, amphitheatre-shaped gulches that show the marks of tremendous erosion, erosion which has left the region with some of the most awe-inspiring scenery on the Islands." The best time to see these wonders, says one who has made the pilgrimage, is "when the afternoon sun lights the bold headlands and the fantastic, fjordlike valleys."

This trail of beauty is known as the Kalalau Trail. What a vision of the sea far below it affords! And what a surprise is in store for the venturesome climber whose expectation of dreariness is disappointed by reason of the groves of trees on the precipice, the lichens, the

mosses, and the skeleton ferns. A naturalist has called the vegetation on the Napali the Tapestry Forest.

Back in the interior from the cliffs, the Wainiha Valley—fourth in the series of finger valleys—is bounded on the northeast by more precipitous rocks. The valley below has been spoken of as "a weird, moss-grown wilderness." It is a morass, a quagmire. William Alanson Bryan, who made the rather risky exploration, said that the surface would tremble for yards in all directions at every step; that a false step would plunge the traveller hip deep in the mire.

Yet this dangerous valley is full of treasure; not of gold or precious stones, but, what is of far greater value on Kauai, of unfailing water from the Waimea, Makaweli, and Hanapepe streams. This wealth of water has led to the almost inaccessible region the engineers who have built dams and conduits and power plants, that Waialeale, at the head of the valley, may give of its riches to the cultivated lands in the valleys.

At the western end of the Napali Cliffs another little valley nestles—the Kalalau Valley—from which the trail takes its name. In this mountain-girt vale, this break in the fluted, buttressed cliffs, we are told that the trees grow luxuriantly, while the birds sing with enchantment. It is said that, in older days, the Hawaiians were accustomed to climb to the peaks above the valley overlooking the sea, that there they might set off their fireworks, fashioned from the wood of the papaia tree. These they would drop two thousand feet down to the water. The winds would catch the light wood, and the blazing fireworks would be carried far out

to sea. On a moonless night the display would be most effective. Down below the people would watch from the Maninihola Dry Cave, where they had been celebrating the holiday by feasting and games.

This is the country where Jack London placed the hero of his weird story, Koolau the Leper, who ruled over leper refugees in hiding from those desiring to take them to Molokai. The story tells how they dwelt in "a flower-throttled gorge, with beetling cliffs and crags, from which floated the blattings of the wild goats." It describes the green walls on three sides, "festooned in fantastic draperies of tropic vegetation and pierced by caves," which were the rocky lairs of the lepers. From the height could be seen "the summits of lesser peaks and crags, at whose bases foamed and rustled the Pacific surge."

The place Koolau chose for his refuge—according to the story, which has absolutely no foundation—was far above the Kalalau Valley. To this valley access could be gained only over goat trails that few mountaineers could compass, or a knife ridge sloping off on either side to the abyss, an edge only twelve inches wide. But once he was across, we are told, he found himself in an earthly paradise.

The novelist's picture of the refugee lepers is overdrawn, even in the day when it was thought that the leper had no hope. But his picture of the beauty of the region could not be outlined in words too extravagant. Not only is Kalalau Valley a marvel, but Honopu Valley, to the west, the Valley of the Lost Tribe, is a bit of weird semitropic glory. Access to the valley—as

to the remainder of the Napali Coast, for at least five miles more—can be gained only by sea. There the wild goats thrive on heights where there are none to make them afraid.

Off to the west from this end of the Napali Coast looms the lofty bulk of the island of Niihau, once populous, but now the home of only a few natives who make a precarious living by sheep herding. In the early days the inhabitants made fine mats of grass, and from the proceeds they lived quite comfortably. But when the swamps from which the grass came filled up, their means of livelihood vanished, and the mats of Niihau became scarce and valuable.

During the reign of Kamehameha V a Scottish widow from New Zealand settled on the 70,000 acres of the island. She said that her wish was for a home large enough for her family! Having bought the land from the king, she moved there, with her children and her household goods, travelling in her own schooner and carrying with her the materials for the house in which she lived for seven years. At the end of that time the isolation proved no longer bearable; with all her family but one son, who remained on Niihau, the widow departed for an estate on Kauai.

IX

ON THE TRAIL OF THE MENEHUNES IN KAUAI

"TO-DAY we are going where the *menehunes* worked and played," said Sam, the Hawaiian guide in Kauai.

"And who were the *menehunes?*" a member of the party asked. (She pronounced the word as if it contained but three syllables, forgetting the fact that every vowel in a Hawaiian word calls for a separate syllable.) Polite Sam corrected her without calling undue attention to an error that is made by most visitors to the Islands.

"The *me-ne-hu-nes* were the little people of the mountains," he explained. "They were one of the people left after the Flood. Although they were dwarfs they were powerful; they destroyed most of the other people. With their king, who was named Maoli-ku-laia-kea, they went from Kauai to New Zealand. There they gave parts of the king's name to the Maori people, and to Raiatea, the town. You see, our soft letter 'l' became 'r' in their harsher language."

"I am disappointed!" declared a listener. "I thought you were going to tell us about their life on Kauai."

"I am! They came back, and they prospered so much that soon there were enough of the men to form a double

row from Wailua to Makaweli. Yesterday we saw Wailua and to-day we are to see Makaweli. The distance is more than thirty miles."

"Why did the men want to stand along the coast in double line? And where were the women and children?" Sam was asked.

"You'll be told to-day why they stood in double line, and why the women and children were not in the row. The workers only were there, but they had to provide for the others in the family. The story says that there were so many to be fed that when they ate fish—and they did like fish—the shrimp was the only fish plentiful enough to give one to each person."

The beginning of the journey on the trail of the *menehunes* was at Lihue, the chief town of Kauai, whose prosperity depends largely on the sugar-cane and pineapple crops of the Garden Isle. Naturally, then, there is much interest in irrigation at Lihue. And the town has historic right to take paternal oversight of hydraulic operations in other parts of the island, since the first ditch on Kauai was built here in 1857.

As the back is turned on Lihue the massive bulk of Kilohana Crater dominates the view. The altitude is not great, but the peak is so close, and it rises so near to the sea, that its eleven hundred feet seem much more.

"If we were to climb to the summit of the old volcano," Sam told those of whom he was in charge, "you might see a mound perhaps ten feet high. The *menehunes* built that little hill on top of the big hill when they wanted a place to slide. You know ten feet was a big slide for such little people. So many of them were en-

gaged in the sport of rolling down the mound, and they were so noisy at their sport, that we are told that their clamour frightened the birds on Oahu, close to ninety miles away."

"Do you believe a tale like that?" the doubter of the party asked.

"Believe it? Why not?" Sam refused to enter into an argument.

"Another interesting thing happened on Kilohana," the native historian proceeded. "Once one of the *menehunes* said that he could go to the top of the old volcano and catch the rays of the moon. The poor fellow failed in his attempt, and he was turned to stone for a punishment. You'll find the stone just where he tried to lay hold on the moon."

Five miles beyond Kilohana, Kawaikini, highest point on the island, disputes preëminence with near-by Waialeale.

"But don't you think that the wettest spot on earth has it all over a peak which rests its claim on a mere fifty feet or so of greater altitude?" Sam was asked.

"But the *menehunes* liked Kawaikini more," was the convincing reply. "They had more fun on its slope. There was a place they liked to go to hunt the wild boar. It's a good place for the boar to-day. You want to go find boar?"

The highway turns southward toward the sea, and the rival mountains are left behind. But there are more mountains, and Sam has a story to fit almost any of them.

"See that woman's figure on the cliff? You can make

her out against the blue of the sky. We call that Queen Emma because it looks so much like her. And over there is Kahili Peak, which we say is the Tower of Silence."

"Wouldn't it be more fitting to have a woman's figure on the Tower of Silence?" the guide was asked.

"We like our women to talk!" was the answer.

The ride through a dense forest—this is the region of one of the forest preserves where the government is doing so much to save the trees—leads into a valley surrounded by mountains. On the left is the Hoary Head Range, so named because fleecy clouds crown the summit. Then the road passes majestically through a double row of towering eucalyptus trees, and close to the ruins of the oldest sugar mill in Kauai.

Here at Koloa, in 1835, was the real beginning of sugar planting on the island. The gold discovery in California, which brought disaster in some ways, created an immense demand for the product of the cane, and Kauai prospered.

Koloa is mentioned prominently in a tale of the first war of conquest in the Islands. This story—which evidently was inspired by the lack of iron in the group, and the longing of the natives for even a nail—is called "The Iron Knife." King Kalakaua told of it in his book of legends.

At Wailuku, Maui, during the Thirteenth Century, a vessel was wrecked which bore to the island people of a strange race, with bright, shining eyes. Evidently this was a Japanese vessel, which had been dismasted by a typhoon. Five men and women were rescued. The captain attracted most attention because of a sword in his

belt. What could it be? Probably an ornament of some kind. How could they recognize it as a weapon when many of their own weapons were made of wood or ivory? Their knives were of flint and sharks' teeth. Adzes, axes, hatchets, and hammers were of stone. For their spears and javelins they had points of wood seasoned until these were hard enough to splinter a bone. With wonder they learned that the sword was for use in war, and with desire they looked at the captain's belt. They felt that whoever possessed the sword would be invincible.

They did not know that the sword was soon to be put to the test. For Kalaunui of Hawaii was even then ready to sail for Maui, having two thousand canoes filled with warriors. When he landed at Lahaina he fought the first battle for the conquest of the Islands. The owner of the sword fought with the men of Maui, who were speedily defeated, with the exception of a small company which resisted with desperate courage from behind a stone wall. Kualu, a leader of the enemy, had heard of the Japanese captain's sword, and he felt sure that its presence behind the stone wall was responsible for the continued opposition to superior numbers. Armed with his huge stone ax, he managed to break down all opposition, and finally he succeeded in taking possession of the sword. This he hid in the earth.

Later he told his mother of the sword and its hiding place. She sought the sword and hid it anew, because she felt sure it was a talisman that would be needed later to insure the safety of her son.

The kings of Molokai and Oahu were defeated next.

"Now for Kauai!" the Hawaiian conqueror said to his warriors. But he was in too much of a hurry to take care that the conquests already finished were made safe; his was the mistake of leaving behind him enemies who could recuperate their strength and oppose him once again.

The landing on Kauai was at Koloa. The overconfident leader from Hawaii found ten thousand defenders there. He might have succeeded in conquering them, but soon one thousand war canoes came with reënforcements for the defenders. After a bloody battle the men of Kauai succeeded in defending their homes. Kalaunui was made prisoner.

The news of the defeat was taken to Hawaii by Kualu, the man who had captured the Japanese sword. But the queen of the defeated leader refused to believe the report. "Away with the coward who has deserted his king!" she cried to her retainers.

The disgraced warrior sought his foster mother, Waihia. "Kalaunui must be rescued!" he said to her. "He only can tell that I was a true soldier in the battle."

But all efforts to deliver Kalaunui were in vain, and Kualu and his mother hid themselves at Kalaupapa, the curious peninsula that reaches out from the mountain barrier into the sea on the windward side of Molokai. There she remained until Kalaunui's queen, anxious about her husband, sent for the mother, who was a prophetess. Responding to the plea of the anxious woman, she went to Kauai. When she landed at Koloa the feast of Lono, at the close of the year, was in progress.

On the third day of the feast, she appeared among the dancers and began to chant:

"O the long knife of the stranger,
Of the stranger from other lands,
Of the stranger with sparkling eyes,
Of the stranger with a white face . . .
Its edge is sharper than stone,
Sharper than the hard stone of Hualalai;
The spear touches it and breaks.
The strong warrior sees it and dies!
Where is the long knife of the stranger? . . .
He is more than a chief who finds it . . .
Maui cannot spoil his fields,
Hawaii cannot break his nets,
His canoes are safe from Kauai, . . .
O long knife of the stranger
O bright knife of Lono,
It is lost! It is lost! It is lost!"

Kukona, the conqueror of Kalaunui, had heard of the knife, and his attention was attracted. Who could the woman be? What did she know? She disappeared after the conclusion of her chant, and he could not find her.

Next day she came again among the dancers. Once more she sang her song, and vanished. A third day she came, repeated the chant, and was gone.

In despair, Kukona was about to punish the priests who could tell him the identity of the chanter but could not produce her. Then the woman appeared once more.

"You can find the sacred knife?" Kukona asked.

"I can!" was the reply.

"Bring it, and claim what you will!"

The prophetess made known her price. "I'll bring you the knife if you will release Kalaunui. But Kalaunui

must promise to give his daughter in marriage to Chief Kualu, as an atonement for the false charge made against him by the queen."

The terms were accepted, both by Kukona and by Kalaunui. So Koloa won fame not only as the place of the defeat of the first would-be conqueror of the Islands, but also as the scene of the rehabilitation of a chief of Hawaii who was destined to win fame and honour.

But what became of the Japanese captain's knife?

Unfortunately the story stops without telling this important fact.

Near Koloa Landing, at the extreme southern point of Kauai, they point out an old Hawaiian battleground. Possibly this is the location of the contest that disappointed the dream of Kalaunui to become the sovereign of all the Islands. This section of the coast of Kauai was a stronghold of the ancient kings; those who see the bold bluffs can understand the reason for the choice. What a sense of power must have come to these worthies of other days as they looked down from high, rocky headlands on the seas rolling, rolling in on the narrow beach below, or beating against the precipices!

Kipu Kai, back toward Ahukini, the port of Lihue, was an especially desirable spot for royal defence against enemies who so frequently came by sea from the direction of Oahu. But the fame of the headland rests rather on a legend than on royal preference. This story tells of Kana who, when he came from Oahu, making mighty strides through the ocean, discovered that the turtles were building the hill Haupu, not far from the coast. "It will be too high!" Kana thought. So he made his

WAIAHU GULCH, ISLAND OF KAUAI

body long, longer, and still longer, until it was as tenuous as a spider's web. Then he was able to reach to the hill of the turtles, and could put his foot on top of it. With superhuman might he crushed it down. Now three ridges may be seen centring at Haupu.

"There are the ridges!" said Sam, with the triumphant look to which his hearers were becoming accustomed. What could be done with such a man?

But Kana had opportunity for the display of further clever feats before he left Kipu Kai. For when he found his brother Niheu there, in a starving condition, he did the stretching act once more. His body reached out until it became a pipe from Kipu Kai to the house of his grandmother, who lived on the hills back of Wahiawa, toward the Hanapepe Stream. "Feed me poi," he said to his grandmother Uli. Then he called to his starving brother, "Cut my toe and eat the poi that comes through me as a pipe." So Uli fed poi, the poi passed down through the pipe line eight miles long all the way to Kipu Kai, and Niheu's life was saved!

"Now we come to the *menehunes* once more," Sam announced, with evident relish. "See that body of water inclosed by walls between the headlands? That is a fish pond. The people who say there are in the Islands one hundred and sixty ponds like this at the lower end of Nawiliwili Bay declare also that no one knows who built these wonderful places for the mullet, or when they did this. But I can tell you! The *menehunes* did the work here, and I think they built many other ponds. These little people were great builders. And they had to work quickly. Their activity began after dark, and if they

were not through with their task at dawn, they left it, and it was never finished. Think how busy they must have been the night they made this pond. From the place where the stone for the walls was quarried they stood in double line, until the foremost man in line could lay the stones in the water. They were great people, these little *menehunes*."

"But listen to this, Sam!" one of those to whom he had been talking said, as he took a clipping from his pocketbook. "Just before coming to Kauai I found a statement about the fish ponds which I copied. Let me read it to you.

"'The fish ponds of ancient Hawaii cover many thousands of acres of shallow water, cut off from the ocean by walls of Cyclopean masonry curving from headland to headland, fitted with tide gates and fresh-water sluices that keep the ponds just brackish enough for the culture of mullet and other favourite species. Formerly the property of kings and chieftains, their origin antedates historic records; nothing is known of their history. Yet, practically unchanged from primeval Hawaiian times, they are large commercial assets to-day, for more than half of the old ponds are still in use.'"

"It's all true but the part that says, 'nothing is known of their history,'" was Sam's comment. "Haven't I told you that the *menehunes* built this pond? They passed the stone from Makaweli, more than twenty miles away. If you go down and look closely at the walls you will find places where they have been repaired. These repairs do not mean that the *menehunes* did not lay the stones well, but that, when dawn came and they

had to disappear, there were a few gaps in the wall. These gaps were filled in by others, and, as you can see, the work was so perfect that it lasts even now. See the men fishing for mullet!

"There is another monument to the *menehunes* several miles north on the Huleia River. Once some of them were carrying a large rock from Kipu Kai to Ninini, near the lighthouse on the far side of Nawiliwili Bay. They had a favourite bathing beach there, and the stone was needed to help them have more fun. But when they were crossing the Huleia they dropped the stone and it broke in half. One great piece fell into the river. This is used still as a bridge, and the people call it the causeway of the *menehunes*."

Beautiful Nawiliwili Bay, into which the Huleia River flows, is a deep and tolerable refuge for ships which seek safety from the trade winds, though the entrance is made difficult by shoals and reefs. Its greatest prominence came to it when the hydroplane of Commodore Rogers, who had been given up for lost after his flight from California, came ashore near the southern headland of the bay, to the wonder of the natives and the joy of the hundreds from Lihue who hurried down to see the man who had come from the sea so unexpectedly.

The excursion along the shore on the trail of the *menehunes* has taken us away from Koloa. But those who are in search of historic beauty spots do well to go back to the scene of the first sugar plantation. Then their passage westward is over a ridge between pineapple groves, past the little town of Lawai, which takes its

name from Lawai Beach, two miles distant on the south coast, where the palms drop coconuts on the heads of unwary pedestrians and the surf lures the bathers. Palms and surf mean more to the average visitor than the fact that this was once the house of Queen Emma, or the further fact that Prince Kuhio was born near by. But to the loyal Hawaiian these associations with the days of royalty outweigh all else.

One reason for the Hawaiians' devotion to their kings was the fact—dare to say to an Islander that there is any question about this!—that these kings came by direct descent from the gods. So it is fitting that on this little bit of coast one of the ancestors of kings had her first dwelling—Pele, the fire goddess, who, long before she went to her permanent abiding place in Hawaii, made her home in an old crater several miles west of Lawai Beach. Craters like this were responsible for the black ropy lava that forms the beach near by. Under the lava the water dashes from the sea, until it finds a vent in the lava, and spouts up like a geyser, thus making another Spouting Horn, similar to that near Honolulu, but even more spectacular.

Close to the Spouting Horn is another fish pond. "No, I am not telling you that the *menehunes* built this," Sam said, as if he would reproach his hearers for their slowness to receive without question his stories of the little people. "But a *menehune* story belongs to the pond. Once the pigmies lived in the valleys on the northern part of the island. They became friendly with the Hawaiian people and intermarried with them until they became too many. Their king told them to meet one

night by the light of the full moon, that he might tell them where they were to make their new home. So many of the little people came out that the grass all about them was trampled down. If you look for it, you'll find the bare place up there to-day. When they heard the king's proposal there was such a tumult and shouting that the fish in this pond down here at Nomila jumped far out of the water. And the mullet of Nomila are jumping to this day."

To the north of the fish pond, between it and the highway from Koloa, a beautiful estate, Kukuiolono Park, is pointed out. To this the public is invited. And what a treat awaits visitors! The bachelor owner has made a hobby of the building of an exquisite home, which has been furnished in wonderful taste, and in the laying out of a garden that is a marvel even on the Garden Isle. Perhaps part of the inspiration for the construction of that park came from the Kalaheo Nursery, maintained by the territorial government a short distance north of Kukuiolono, that the people of Kauai may be encouraged to beautify the island for tourists, as by the planting of hibiscus and other flowering plants and trees by the roadside. An evidence of the success of the nursery is the presence by our particular road of trees festooned with flowing wreaths and flowering plants that bloom so prodigally.

Suddenly the road comes out on Hanapepe Valley, where the trails of the *menehunes*, it is said, may be seen still. The Hanapepe Stream flows down to the sea through a sightly valley where rice fields and taro patches may be flooded easily. On either side are red,

red rocks. Far up the valley rugged mountains may be seen, one fold rising back of another. A trail leads toward these mountains, as far as the Hanapepe Falls, near the foot of Kaula Valley. There, for 250 feet, the water plunges down the face of a precipice to join the stream close to fertile fields that seem all out of place in the midst of their wild surroundings.

In crossing the stream by a fine concrete bridge which would be a credit to any highway, opportunity is given to see the extremely red soil so characteristic of the island.

"That looks like iron!" the comment was heard.

"No iron!" Sam replied. "There are no metals on the Islands."

"Then I wish you would explain the red mark yesterday's mud and dust made on my clothing!" a woman ventured, as she looked ruefully at the garment in question.

"See rocky Niihau!" Sam said, as if to create a diversion.

Sure enough! There was the ghostly-looking island which had been seen from the vicinity of the Haena Cave. "What a small island Kauai is!" the remark was made. "Yesterday we saw it from the north of Kauai, and now we look at it from the south. It is not easy to realize that this land which contains so much of varied beauty is but a speck in the ocean."

Down below Hanapepe, on the seacoast, is Port Allen, where steamers anchor. Ordinarily, the sea is comparatively quiet there, but residents still tell of that January, in 1916, when the waters were fierce, and the crew of a

vessel in gravest peril were saved by the brave efforts of a lighthouse tender. Proudly the government authorities relate the incidents of that day of storm when a southwest gale sent the surf high on the southwest coast of Kauai. In graphic language Secretary of Commerce Redfield in the Cabinet of President Wilson told the tale:

"The wind rushes freely over a thousand miles of ocean and piles the sea in masses on the lee shore which the island places in its path. Shoals and seas and storms —an alliance whose terrors no one knows so well as the sailors. A vessel out of control and a lee shore in a gale— these form the very portal of death to a seaman."

The ship in danger was the *British Yeoman.* The bark lay with her stern in the breakers on a dead lee shore, with only one anchor, and flying signals of distress. During five hours she had struck nine times.

Hanapepe wired to Ahukini for help. The only help possible would come from the lighthouse tender *Columbine,* one fourth as large as the *Yeoman.* She was safe on a protected shore. But her six officers and her crew of nineteen men were eager to go to the aid of the imperilled seamen. They had no hope of reward; they could not claim salvage, for they were in government employ.

Yet they put out from their place of safety, driving straight into the jaws of death. The story of the epic struggle with wind and wave which followed is too long to tell here, but it is a wonderful tale. Again and again a hawser was passed from the *Yeoman* to the *Columbine.* Every time but one the hawser failed and had to be

catapulted. The last hawser held, and, after two days of struggle, the endangered vessel was saved. Yet two other vessels were destroyed near Port Allen by the same storm.

The President sent his appreciation of the heroic service of the officers and men of the *Columbine*. "I have read the story with quickened pulses," he wrote.

Close to Port Allen is Makaweli. According to the story which so many of the people of Kauai believe implicitly, this is the place where the *menehunes* began to form their lines for passing stones to various parts of Kauai when they were to perform their great building operations. Fully as reliable is the myth that tells of a girl whose parents lived in the mountains back of Makaweli. The poor girl cried so much that the incensed parents, in a moment of anger, told her to go to the Moo and live with him. Now the Moo was a great crocodile-like animal, who made his home beneath a waterfall. Too late the hasty words were regretted; the maiden disappeared, and was next heard from in the haunt of the Moo. With him she was happy for many years, but her parents would not be content until they got her back again. Efforts to persuade her to return were in vain, until the father and mother caught her in a net. They took her to her old home, but soon they found they must move to Waimea, or the Moo would rob them of their daughter. Evidently the removal was successful, for the myth does not tell of any return to the waterfall.

Much more pleasing is another legend of Waimea. This tells of a family which was moving into the mountain-girt valley of Nualolo on the Napali Coast.

Their only way to reach the valley was by a swinging ladder which hung from a cliff. One who carried a baby girl dropped her while on the ladder. The parents screamed as they saw the child fall, but their fears were quieted when they saw the goddess of the rainbow catch the babe before she reached the water. The goddess carried the child on the rainbow over the mountain to Waimea. There she placed her in a cave hidden behind a waterfall. Cared for by the rainbow, the babe grew to be a beautiful woman. One day a prince from Waimea saw her as she sat before the cave bathing in the sunshine, with a rainbow above her head. It was a case of love at first sight. From the rocks above the waterfall he told her of his desire to marry her, but she called to him, "When you learn my name, and use it in addressing me, I will come to you." All his efforts to learn her name were in vain. At length, when he was in despair, his grandmother, noting his sadness, said: "I could have told you her name. Go to the waterfall. She will laugh at you, but call her Ua [meaning "rain"], and she will come to you." He did as he was told, the princess came to him, and they lived together in great happiness.

This Waimea region was a favourite location for the hero tales of long ago. Another story has to do with the wonderful war trumpet of King Kiha of Hawaii, in the Sixteenth Century. This war trumpet was a sea shell, called the Kiha-pu, which could be heard for ten miles. This great range was due to the fact that the god Lono had blown it one night, and his power remained with it.

So long as the talisman was in his possession, Kiha

prospered. But sorrow came when the treasure was stolen. For eight years it was gone. Wild men were the guilty parties, and the shell could not be recovered, for they had sailed away to Kauai, where they lived in the mountains back of Waimea. The chief of the band of robbers, by reason of the powerful voice of the shell, was able to lord it over his people. To curb his power one of his associates put a taboo mark on the shell, so robbing it of its voice.

In the meantime, Kiha learned by magic that when a coconut tree planted by him in the full of the moon should bear fruit, which he would eat, the horn would be returned. The prophecy was fulfilled; the horn was brought back mysteriously. On the way it was dropped, the taboo mark was broken away, and the voice of the talisman was liberated.

The proof? The shell itself is to be seen in the Bishop Museum at Honolulu—at least that is what the tellers of the story claim. But inquiry at the Museum fails to disclose the particular shell. There are many shells among the treasures. "But none of them have a piece broken off," says the Hawaiian woman who guards the entrance.

Those mountains behind Waimea must have been the favoured abode of many men of might and mystery. One of them was Manu, who, as a boy, found great pleasure in sliding down on his sled the face of the steep precipices. Anxiously his parents watched him, fearing that he would come to some harm. One day they placed great rocks in his path. But he was not to be caught so easily; he jumped over the rocks to the path below. Later he

rolled one of the rocks to the Waimea Stream, where it may be seen to-day, "as large as a house," we are told.

Of course the *menehunes* had their turn in these same mysterious mountains back of Waimea. There they built stone canoes. Two of these were taken to the sea; covered with earth, they are visible still, close to the Waimea Hotel. Two other stone canoes were being dragged to the lowlands when a heavy rain began to fall, and the canoes were covered with débris. On these canoes as a foundation a road was built, and the materials to build the village of Waimea were hauled over this highway!

An early king of Waimea was Ola. This man was eager to bring the water down from the mountains to the lands of his people. "Will you make for me a water lead?" he asked the *menehunes*.

"If all the people will stay in their houses the night we work; if all the dogs are muzzled; if the chickens are shut in calabashes, so that there will be no noise, the work will be done," was the answer of the *menehunes*. True to their promise, the little people built the watercourse, which is still called Kikiaola, or Ola's water lead.

Near Waimea the Makawli and Waimea streams join forces. And about one mile west of the mouth of the united stream Captain Cook's ships *Resolution* and *Discovery* anchored in 1778, on the occasion of his discovery of the Islands. Sixty years later David Malo, a native historian, published his quaint story of the happenings of that day:

"One said to another, 'What is that giant thing with

branches?' Others said, 'It is a forest that has slid down into the sea.' And the gabble and noise were great. Then the chiefs ordered some natives to go in a canoe and observe and examine well that wonderful thing. They went, and when they came to the ship, they saw the iron that was attached to the outsides of the ship, and they were greatly rejoiced at the quality of the iron. Because the iron was known before that time from wood with iron (in or on it) that had drifted ashore, but it was in small quantity, and here was plenty. And they entered on board, and they saw the people with white foreheads, bright eyes, loose garments, corner-shaped heads. . . .

"Then they returned and told the chiefs what they had seen and how great the quantity of iron. On hearing this one of the warriors of the chief said, 'I will go and take forcible possession of the booty, for to plunder is my business and means of living.'

"The chiefs consented. Then the warrior went on board of the ship and took away some of the iron on board, and he was shot at and was killed. The canoe pulled away and reported that Kapipuu had been killed by a ball from a squirt-gun.

"And that same night guns were fired and rockets were thrown up. They (the natives) thought it was a god, and they called his name Lononiakua. Then a chief said, 'Let us not fight against our god; let us please him, that he may be favourable to us.'"

In 1928, the 150th anniversary of this discovery by Captain Cook was celebrated at Waimea, on ground set apart as a government park. There a monument

commemorating the discovery was dedicated as a part of the celebration.

On the other bank of the Waimea Stream are the curious remains of a building left by another visitor of early days—the Russian fort, built in 1815. Alarmists felt sure that Russia, in building this fort, was planning to seize Kauai, and perhaps all of the Islands. The excuse for building the fort was the fact that a Russian vessel had been wrecked off Waimea a few years before. The vessel was the property of the Russian-American Company at Sitka, Alaska. A strange man named Captain Schoope, sent to look after the wreck, built a trading post, which he fortified and garrisoned. Kamehameha I, who had given him a grant of land in return for some presents, later became alarmed when he heard of the fort, and he asked Kaumualii, governor of Kauai, to expel the Russians. This was done without difficulty. The fort was manned for some years by servants of the king, and was not demolished until 1864. Then the guns were shipped to California and sold, with the exception of two, which sank when a boat capsized and are now at the bottom of Waimea Bay.

For the first third of the Nineteenth Century Waimea Bay was the scene of the feverish activity of the sandalwood trade. This was one of the most picturesque and most unfortunate periods in Hawaiian history. The beginning of the activity that became so hectic came probably in consequence of the discovery of the precious sandalwood among the fuel bought by some ship captain who, by reason of his contact with the China trade, was able to recognize the fragrant wood in such demand

for use in heathen temples and for fancy articles. Up to that time the chief source of supply had been India, but during the earlier years of the Nineteenth Century Hawaii became a rival of India.

A speculative fever soon took possession of Kamehameha and his chiefs, who realized that they had a gold mine at their very doors. This was the beginning of the first chapter in the economic history of the Islands; the second chapter was the whaling industry, while the third chapter has been written with the development of the sugar cane and the pineapple groves.

The principal source of the sandalwood was the forests of Kauai, though Hawaii and Oahu also contribute many of the trees. These trees, in early days, were things of beauty, rising straight up, sometimes to a height of from fifty to eighty feet, while they were from two to three feet in diameter at the base. The wood was hard, and a light brown in colour. But the most remarkable attribute of the wood was its ability to retain scent; small pieces have been known to be quite fragrant even after forty or fifty years. The usual price for the valuable product of the forests was from eight to ten dollars per picul of 113½ pounds.

At first the sandalwood privilege was a perquisite of Kamehameha and of his high chiefs. The king bought ships to carry the wood to market, while chiefs and other rulers followed his example. In 1816 a visitor to Waimea saw three ships in the harbour; two of them belonged to the king. Often he chartered large American ships. These vessels were manned partly by Hawaiians, partly by Americans and Europeans.

The purchase of ships involved the public treasury in difficulties which, for a time, proved to be serious. These financial difficulties were all the greater because heavy port charges on the vessels sent to China ate up the profits. But Kamehameha was not slow to learn a lesson in finance; the pilot and port charges at Honolulu were raised in retaliation. Then pressure was brought to bear on the people to bring in more of the revenue-producing wood.

For many years it was a customary thing to see men, women, and even children coming from the forest, carrying on their shoulders logs three and four feet long and seven or eight inches in diameter. Each man or woman carried three or four pieces. Frequently three or four hundred porters went into the mountains after the wood. One historian who wrote from observation says that on Hawaii he saw from two thousand to three thousand men returning from their quest, carrying the logs wrapped in ti leaves.

The demand of the chiefs for more sandalwood became so great that trees were cut unwisely, young growth as well as that which was mature. At one time Kamehameha observed a company of men bringing much young wood to the ship. "Why do you cut the saplings?" he asked. "You are an old man, and will soon die," they replied, "and we know not whose will be the sandalwood hereafter." The answer was prompt: "Is it that you do not know my sons?" the king asked. "To them the young sandalwood belongs."

Liholilo, who succeeded Kamehameha, failed to appreciate the provision his father had made for his future.

With the easy good nature of a profligate, he shared the monopoly with the chiefs.

Then came trouble. The king demanded that each person bring a picul of the wood in lieu of tax, or pay four dollars. And the chiefs forced those who were under their control to find sandalwood in great quantities. Once there was a famine in Hawaii, due to the failure of the men to cultivate the fields: how could they look after their own interests when their chiefs were exploiting them? It is said that often the chiefs would send their dependents to the mountains with no provision for their sustenance as they toiled; they had to eat roots and berries. These hard-driven workers would sometimes dig the trees out by the roots, that they might have a few more bits of wood to offer to their taskmasters. Again natives would destroy the trees in the hope that the extinction of sandalwood would save them from exactions. The temptation to such deeds may be understood because of the conditions described by one who told the story of those days. He said that when a man refused to obey the orders of his chief to gather sandalwood, he was punished severely. Once all but one of a company of several hundred who had been ordered into the forest obeyed; pressure was brought to bear on him, but he persisted in disobedience. Then his property was seized, and his wife and family were turned out. At length, when he gave in, he worked without compensation.

Finally the king and the chiefs saw that something must be done to save the goose that laid the golden egg. Accordingly a taboo was placed on any cutting of

the wood that was not strictly in accordance with wise practice. But the stable door was not shut until after the horse had been stolen; the trade, which had been at its height from 1810 to 1825, began to decline rapidly, and by 1836 there was little wood left.

In March, 1818, 500 canoes were busy carrying billets of sandalwood from the shore to the ships off Waimea. Frequently these canoes were busy day and night. In 1822 a visitor, noting the activity, said that the supply was "not likely to become exhausted for a considerable time to come; large forests of it still remain untouched." Yet when Lieutenant Wilkes visited the Islands in 1832, he told of the decline of the trade. The rapidity of that decline a few years later is evident from the statement that, while in 1836 26,000 piculs were shipped, the figures were 12,000 in 1837 and 6,000 in 1838. In 1840 the trade had vanished entirely.

To-day sandalwood is all but an extinct species. Sometimes, however, mere shrubs are found. And there is a possibility that the fragrant wood will grow in the forests once more; the administrators of the public forests tell how; they say there is sandalwood here and there. None of it, however, is old enough to cut for market.

The journey up the coast from Waimea, famous old port of sandalwood days, is through a rare succession of pictures of sea and mountains, with fields of sugar cane so close that the methods of cultivation, irrigation, and harvesting may be seen plainly. Here and there is a flume by which water is brought down from a height; in one instance the water is taken from a stream at an

elevation of 700 feet. Since this elevation is but a little more than a mile from the sea, it is easy to understand what a powerful fall the water is given. And how the water works! It carries the cane down to the lowlands where it is received in mule-drawn cars on a track built at the side of the cane field. And when the water is drawn from the flume, it is directed into irrigating ditches. Every gallon is put to double use! Little bungalows are provided for the ditch watchers, who telephone for the men of the Forest Service when disaster threatens. But ordinarily surroundings are so peaceable that it is difficult to think that any disaster is possible. The blue sea and the fragrant acacias by the roadside speak only of quiet and calm. Yet days of anxiety come sometimes, and the cane growers are ready for them.

Beyond the fields of cane rocky ridges and narrow valleys alternate on the right side of the road. Perhaps thirty of these ridges and valleys look down on the sea at the left before the road goes down to the shore near the runway for airplanes and the curious Barking Sands, dunes which are described so attractively in William Alanson Bryan's *Natural History of Hawaii:*

"Among the natural features of Kauai of considerable geologic interest should be mentioned the Barking Sands of Mana. They consist of a series of wind-blown sand hills, a half mile or more in length, along the shore at Nahili. The bank is nearly sixty feet high, and through the action of the wind the mound is constantly advancing on the land. The front wall is quite deep. The white sand, which is composed of coral, shells, and particles of lava, has the peculiar property, when very dry, of

emitting a sound when two handfuls are clapped together that, to the imaginative mind, seems to resemble the barking of a dog. When a horse is rushed down the steep incline of the mound a curious sound as of subterranean thunder is produced. The sound varies with the degree of heat, the dryness of the sand, and the amount of friction employed; sounds varying from a faint rustle to a deep rumble may be produced. Attempts at explaining this rare natural phenomenon have left much of the mystery still unsolved. However, the dry sand doubtless has a resonant quality that is the basis of the peculiar manifestation, which disappears when the sand is wet. That the barking sands are found in only a couple of the driest localities in the group is also significant. Much of the shore line of Kauai, for example, is lined with old coral reefs that have partly disintegrated into sand that forms the beaches. This sand, as æolian deposits, is often carried inland for considerable distances, and, though composed of the same material, it has none of the peculiar qualities of the sand at Mana."

Not far from the Barking Sands, at Polihale, and above a bathing beach of unusual charm, there is a famous spring in the cliff. The natives call this the Sacred Spring. So many things are held sacred in this land where the *menehunes* built rock temples wherever they found the least excuse to do so. Like every other spring on the island, the Sacred Spring has its legend. What these legends are like may be judged from the story of a spring by the reef "Where-the-water-is-made-still-by-the-oil-from-the-shark." The rapacious shark

had been for a long time a terror to those who insisted on bathing near by. One day he all but caught a man in the surf. It was decided, therefore, that the shark must perish. So a net made of morning-glory vines was spread for him, and he fell a victim to the snare. The body was towed to the reef, where a man who was wanted by the king for a crime he had committed discovered a cold, copious spring. By his important discovery he won his pardon. And the spring has been famous since that day.

At least thirty parallel valleys and ranges come down toward the sea after the Sacred Spring is left behind. Now, however, there is no interval of lowland by the sea where passage is easy, but the mountains come down to the water, while each valley is hidden away behind a precipice that forms the sea boundary of the valley, while steep ridges cut it off on either side. Access to the top of these ridges is gained only by hard scrambling. But what a reward awaits those who refuse to be conquered by this lower end of the famous Napali Cliffs!

On the inner end the little mountain valleys open out toward new mountain ridges and the upper waters of the Waimea Stream. These—interrupted by frequent falls—flow from the Napali–Kona Forest Reserve and the mysterious Aleakai Swamp, a high and difficult region which the *menehunes* made passable by "a road of short sticks." Was this a corduroy road? This, at least, is the native account of the origin of what is still the only path across the otherwise impassable swamp.

The northeastern boundary of the great swamp is the steep Wainiha Pali. Beyond this are the Wainiha and Lumahai valleys, which reach down to the sea on the

northern shore of the island, near the Haena Caves. Here, too, stories are told of the *menehunes*. In the Lumahai Valley a breadfruit tree is shown. "This was planted by one of the *menehunes*," Sam said, in all seriousness. "And it is called by the name of the builder to this very day." A mark of the presence of the pigmies in the Wainiha Valley is the great rock, fashioned with severe toil into the shape of a poi board, so situated that it furnishes a splendid place for the fishermen. But woe to that man who uses this without regard to the special ritual demanded!

To the south of the Wainiha Valley are the tremendous cañons for which Kauai is famous. Advertising literature had spoken of these as suggestive, in many ways, of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and Sam had been promising all sorts of surprises when they should be seen. Due allowance was made for these statements. "Too enthusiastic!" was the verdict concerning them. So, as the highway leads into the interior, more thought was given to the backward look at the sea, reaching out to cloud banks which looked like a continuation of the water, and to the shrubbery and trees by the roadside, including always the rich Hawaiian mahogany, the koa of so many uses. So no one was prepared for the excited voice of the guide as he said, "Close your eyes!" And, a minute later, "Now you may open them!"

And what a surprising vision was disclosed to the eyes that opened in obedience to the call! Could this be on the little island Kauai? Or had there been by some mysterious means a transfer of the travellers to Arizona?

Surely this was a bit of the Grand Cañon stretching far down below and reaching off into the mountains! Or was it the Yellowstone Cañon? No! The Waimea Cañon is unlike anything to be found either in Arizona or in Wyoming; it has beauties all its own.

Look down in the depths made during many ages by the passage from the mountains of the drainage that always has followed copious showers! See the colours on the ridges and the pinnacles! Gaze on the green knobs that accentuate the minarets and spires! Over these mountain goats tempt the hunter. Stand at a point indicated by Sam, and measure with the eye the 2,300-feet depth of Wainea. Turn and gaze on the mouth of the cañon and the sea beyond. There are but ten miles of this great gorge, but it winds about so that there are few spots where the whole can be viewed. One of these shows not only the cañon itself, but the rainy mountain, Waialeale, and waterfalls far up on opposite cliffs.

"Is there no life here but the goats?" Sam was asked.

"Yes, there are herds of cattle down in the cañon. But are you thinking that there should be birds in the midst of this tropical growth and this gorge of wonder? Once the birds were here, but in the old days when the wind blew down from the mountains they would gather in the cañon in large numbers. Then the boys would come down here, each carrying a bamboo pole, with an inviting perch on the end. After the perch had been thickly coated with glue, it was put in the way of the migrating birds. These would alight on the perch. But when they wanted to fly away their efforts were in vain; the glue held them fast until the young hunters could

extricate them. Then they would take the birds for their own purposes."

Waimea Cañon contains about twenty-five square miles, and is about a mile wide. The highest point on the rim is four thousand feet above the sea. Since the water is such a short distance away, the full extent of the height is appreciated at once.

The vicinity of the cañon is deliciously green by reason of the tropic vegetation. Perhaps the most interesting plants in the collection are the common cactus, or prickly pear, and the olona plant, which is valued because of the fibre in the stem. Once each chief had an olona plantation of his own, whose product was used for the making of rope, seines, and fish nets. An indication of the value of the olona fibre is the fact that once upon a time it was used in place of money. Frequently taxes were paid with it.

One such cañon would be a great distinction. But Kauai has a second gash, like, yet different. To this Olokele Cañon a very passable private road has been constructed. This leads through a field of sugar cane. At the time of the cane harvest a flume is used for floating the cane to the cars across the road; it had to be taken up before we could pass.

The courtesy of the foreman of the field party in pausing to make a way through the flume was the subject of comment.

"Oh, they have to be good here!" Sam said sententiously. "If they were not, the road would probably be condemned. And they feel that they must make the best of the situation."

At places on the way to Olokele it is possible to look over to Waimea Cañon in the distance. This sight of the other cañon is a decided help in making the contrasts. In Olokele the rocky cliffs are more striking. Waterfalls are in sight, while the irrigation ditch is seen bursting out of the mountain side. There are thirteen miles of this water conduit, and ten miles of the thirteen are tunnels through the mountain!

The private road leads along the very edge of the cañon in which is the great ditch. Any difficulties of the way are forgotten in the splendid vision provided. Hairpin turns innumerable add to the excitement of the jaunt along the rim, and aid in giving pleasing disclosures of the colourful depths of the rim beyond where a student of geology can read a varied tale of rock formation. Sometimes the strata are parallel; again cleavage is disclosed. But always the story they tell is worth reading.

"Here the *menehunes* used to go!" Sam was saying. "They liked these cañons."

Who can blame them?

X

UP AND DOWN IN WEST MAUI

"DID you know you were about to step foot on a volcanic doublet?"

The captain asked the question of a passenger whom he had invited to the bridge. Of course he expected a question in response, and he was not disappointed.

"And what is a volcanic doublet?"

"That's what Maui is," was the reply. "Look at the map, and see that the island is like the head and bust of a woman, the two parts being connected by a bit of lowland. This might be called the neck. The small section, or West Maui, is the head; the large section, or East Maui, is the bust. Each part has grown about a volcanic cone, while the low, shifting sand dune that unites the two was made as the overflow from the cones met and filled the water gap between. Some of the scientists say that once upon a time Kauai and Niihau were connected in exactly the same way. Perhaps some day, East and West Maui will, like them, be separate islands; the sand dunes, which long ago were covered out of sight by tropical undergrowth, may disappear.

"From here it is difficult to realize that there are not now two islands instead of one," the passenger ventured.

"That is true," agreed the captain. "You can see

why, in 1841, the captain of a whaling vessel wrote: 'The obscurity of this neck of land may easily lead a careful commander to mistake it for the narrow channel between the islands of Molokai and Maui. In fact, one vessel, the *Lyra*, was piled up on the neck for that very reason.'"

"Looks a bit like Tahiti, doesn't it?" was the suggestion of a man who had been in the South Seas. "See how that east part of the island rises abruptly into one high mountain, while the west section, though rugged, is not so lofty."

"Yes, Mauna Eke, on the west, is little more than five thousand feet high, while Haleakala, on the east, runs into the clouds nearly twice as far," the captain continued his explanation. "But you will find that the more lowly of the two mountain masses has wilder scenery to offer. East Maui has wonderful attractions, but I find keener and more lasting pleasure in climbing up and down the ridges thrust out as Eke reaches down to the sea."

As the vessel approaches the port of Kahului, perhaps seventy miles from Honolulu, it is not easy to decide whether to admire more the great mass of Haleakala, rising on the left, through green foliage, until its head is lost in the clouds, or the more lowly crags and pinnacles on the right which tell of rugged Eke and the surroundings.

The introduction to the 728 square miles of the Valley Isle, as Maui is called, in spite of its dominating mountains, comes through the drive over the fine bit of road from Kahului to Wailuku, the chief town of the island,

once the abode of kings. That delectable road, after skirting the beautiful harbour whose blue waters sparkle amid the coral reefs, pursues its winding way past the grounds of the Maui County Fair and Racing Association, which is responsible not merely for an annual exhibition, but for the year's athletic events all over the island; within reach of the plain where chiefs of long ago contended for supremacy; between fertile fields and underneath great trees; by the side of flowering door-yards; to "the shady town" which is the seat of government for Maui County, including Lanai, Kahoolawe, and Molokai, with the exception of the leper settlement.

Wailuku has been for many years a centre of the sugar industry. Nearly a century ago the missionaries at Lahaina taught the natives to plant the cane and guided them in building a primitive mill whose power was supplied by oxen. Makeshift buildings were sufficient then; sheds roofed with palm leaves were close to the great vat built out in the open.

The town of sugar, of shade, of flowers is the point of departure for the three main routes which open wide for the visitor the secrets of West Maui.

First comes the marvellous trip into the heart of the island, by the bank of the rushing little Iao Stream, or the Wailuku Stream, as it is called sometimes. The road is admirably built for the automobile, but it is a pity to ride. Why not prolong the pleasure by tramping along the highway, where vegetation already familiar is mingled with the dainty leaves and round berries of the coffee plant; by the side of the winding mountain streams that, in one hour, may grow from a mere trickle

to a rushing flood—as in 1916, when a cloudburst brought death and destruction to this abode of sylvan beauty without parallel?

No one needs to be afraid of the tramp up the valley. The distance is surprisingly small. Think of going from the chief town of the island into the wildest of mountain scenery without covering more than five miles! Two miles from Wailuku the way seems to be blocked by the vertical basalt walls of the valley in which the stream comes down from its mountain source. There, at an elevation of 900 feet above the sea, which is only a few miles distant, the highway ends and the trail begins.

Then the valley opens out, a dream of beauty indescribable, in an amphitheatre perhaps two miles in length and two miles wide. "Its walls are like the walls of a cathedral with buttresses to support them," one enthusiastic visitor wrote. "Every foot of space where any soil can cling is hidden under a mass of tropic verdure of intensest green. The floor of Iao Valley is an almost impenetrable jungle save for trails worn through the ferns and vines." High above are the clouds, clustering about the mountain masses that bound the valley whose name means "asking for clouds." Down below the eye is confused for a time by the bewildering mixture of tropical verdure, glimpses of the stream, and of waterfalls and cascades. The trail winds here and there, up and down, peeping around boulders, crossing bits of jungle, always luring the pedestrian to go on a few more rods in spite of his determination to stop where he is. He might as well yield at once, for there is no stopping until he is confronted by the towering beauty of the

central feature of the valley, the Needle, benign guardian of this vale of paradise, which, from its height of 1,200 feet above the sea, looks down on the mixture of blue and green and gold below.

More than half a century has passed since the day when Mark Twain went up the valley and stood looking at the Needle, but his description is as good to-day as it was then. For, fortunately, the wild valley and its surroundings have been left unchanged. In fact, everything must look much as it did when the first Polynesian migration entered Maui long centuries before America was discovered; yes, hundreds of years before the Norman Conquest of England—that is, unless Eke has been in eruption since then. If so, the lava long ago disintegrated into the richest sort of soil. Listen to the word picture of the genial humorist:

"The trail lay along the edge of a brawling stream in the bottom of the gorge—a shady route, for it was well roofed with the verdant domes of forest trees. Through openings in the foliage we glimpsed picturesque scenery that revealed ceaseless changes and new charms with every step of our progress.

"Perpendicular walls from one to three thousand feet high guarded the way, and were sumptuously plumed with varied foliage in places, and in places swathed in waving ferns.

"Passing shreds of cloud trailed their shadows across these shining fronts, mottling them with blots, billowy masses of white vapour hid the turreted summits, and so far above the vapour swelled a background of gleaming green crags and cones that came and went, through

the veiling mists, like islands drifting in a fog; sometimes the cloudy curtain descended till half the cañon wall was hidden, then shredded gradually away till only airy glimpses of the ferny front appeared through it—then swept aloft and left it glorified in the sun again.

"Now and then, as our position changed, rocky bastions swung out from the wall, a mimic ruin of castellated ramparts and crumbling towers clothed with mosses and hung with garlands of swaying vines, and as we moved on they swung back again and hid themselves once more in the foliage."

The towering Needle comes as a surprise, for it cannot be seen until the trail is almost beneath it. Mark Twain says that the verdure-clad pinnacle "stepped out from behind a corner." But the Needle is by no means the sole attraction of the vale. On all sides are other precipitous walls of basalt, as inaccessible as the Needle itself, some of them four thousand feet high.

This gem of Nature's architecture has been likened to Yosemite. Those who are told this fact before their visit are apt to sniff in unbelief. But after they have stood in awed silence beneath the green walls and the greener Needle, they are perfectly willing to let the comparison stand. "To think that volcanoes and erosion can build such a marvel!" was the exclamation of one converted doubter. "Now I can understand the words of the scientist who said: 'Over the top of the highest peaks cluster and frolic the domelike clouds that so often, without apparent provocation, gather into a lowering ball from which pour torrents of cold, pelting rain. Within an hour this water will flood and choke the

babbling gorge stream, until it rushes down to the sea in an irresistible torrent.' For only such torrents could work the marvel we behold."

In the heart of the Iao Valley is Puu Kukui, 5,788 feet high. The climb to the summit may be difficult, but the prospect is glorious—back across the valley to Wailuku and Kahului, then on to the plain leading to East Maui, the mountain fastnesses beyond, and even the snow-capped mountains of Hawaii; in the opposite direction over ridges of basalt and valleys of green to the sea; to the northeast into the Waihee and Olowalu valleys, which some think are as wonderful as Iao, and to the southwest through the rugged Wailuku Pass which leads toward the sea at Lahaina, the ancient capital of the island.

Passable trails lead everywhere in West Maui, which, from its chosen point of vantage, opens out in a maze of cañons. On the map this part of the island looks like a gigantic piece of exploding fireworks. Of the eight cañons that lead toward the sea, five are of wondrous size and beauty, while all are worth the toil required for a visit to them.

This pass toward Lahaina became famous in 1789, when Kamehameha the Great invaded Maui and drove the inhabitants back into the valley, then into the wild pass. There the forces of the defenders, under Kalanikupule, son of Kahekili, the king, were defeated with awful slaughter. Hundreds of them fell over the precipice into the upper waters of Iao, so that the stream was dammed as they tumbled into it. Waters of Destruction, the islanders called Iao, in consequence of the

disaster. Yet six years passed before the conquest was complete; in 1790 Kamehameha was compelled to yield the island, because of trouble in Hawaii. But in 1795 he returned with so many canoes that the beach was black with them for a distance of four miles.

The excursion to the Iao Valley whets the appetite for more intimate acquaintance with the coast country than is possible even from a height like Puu Kukui. Those who are willing to do a little scrambling may make the entire circuit of West Maui, beginning at Wailuku, and reaching out to the north above Kahului or to the south, where the waters of the Auau Channel dāsh on the rocks or enter coves and gulches. This round requires perhaps nine hours for the sixty miles covered.

But for those who do not wish to tramp or ride a horse, on occasion, it is possible to cover most of the ground by two routes, on splendid roads where automobiles go with safety and comfort. Of course this calls for doubling back on both routes. Objection might well be made to the necessity of return trips if the way were over monotonous plains. But there is nothing monotonous for the traveller in West Maui!

A legend tells how an ancient king built the first path around the coast. This was a trail of flat stones. What a taskmaster he must have been to succeed in such an arduous undertaking! "Wagon trail only!" was a warning sign that meant exactly what it said. Frequently there was no opportunity for wagons to pass. But now, even above difficult cliffs, there is a real highway. Great care in driving is necessary in places, especially when

THE NEEDLE, IAO VALLEY, ISLAND OF MAUI

the road is too narrow to allow cars to pass; but it is safe everywhere. And now the eye is delighted at every rod!

The Kahakuloa Drive requires less than three hours for the round trip, but a detailed description of the pleasures of those hours would require almost as long. It has been called "the drive of a hundred thrills." It crosses rushing streams from the mountains just before they enter the sea, and gulches that cut great gashes in the land whose fertility is proved by immense fields of sugar cane. To the left are the mountains, and on the right is the rugged seacoast. After a few miles comes Waihee, the picturesque town near the mouth of Waihee River, which winds down to the Pacific from its source on Puu Kukui and close to Eke Crater.

Thence the highway winds enticingly far above the water, at times giving a view of the coral reefs, again swinging inland to find a possible crossing of some cañon.

The terminus of the road is on the cliff above the quaint village Kahakuloa. One steep trail leads down to the old centre of native life, while a second trail winds up Puu Koae, a pinnacle similar in some respects to the Iao Needle. Its situation on a point reaching out into the water makes it especially impressive.

Who can forget the return trip, with the distant prospect of Haleakala added to the charms discovered on the journey outward!

But there is more. There are forty miles of beauty, beginning with the seven miles southward from Wailuku to Malakea Bay, along the route of the Wailuku Sugar

Company's railway, then sometimes on the brink or even on the face of cliffs far above the water, again on the beach close to the limits of the restless surf which reaches over the coral to the rocks and sands of the shore. The four miles from McGregor Point are so full of thrills and beautiful vistas that this section of the route has been known as Maui's Amalfi Drive. An absurd name? Let those who have experienced the exquisite thrills of the cliffs on the Gulf of Salerno take the Maui route as well. Those who have done so say that the comparison is well made.

Not far away, across Auau Channel, is Lanai, Maui's near neighbour, where, since 1924, a desert has been changed into a pineapple plantation. This land gained its name because, like a portico (*lanai*) it is so close to Maui. To the right streams come down through gulches from the central mountains. And ahead, proudly conscious of past eventful history as well as of present rare attraction, lies Lahaina, the ancient capital, where kings held court and chieftains bowed before their lords. For many years after the union of the Islands under Kamehameha the Great, Honolulu had to share with Lahaina the distinction of being the seat of government.

Lahaina still is an important town, but once thousands lived in and near the settlement. On May 4, 1825, when the frigate *Blonde*, bearing the bodies of King Liholiho and his queen, anchored in the roadstead, it was recorded that thousands thronged the shore.

The populous town saw much of the first missionary work in the Islands. The missionaries found natives

who were content with a very primitive civilization, but they soon introduced beneficent laws, efficient courts of justice, and schools. In this work they had the aid and approval of Kamehameha II and Kamehameha III. They were not satisfied until, in 1839, the announcement was made by the king that the common people might hold lands, though this had been a privilege of kings and chiefs only. The new landholders were taught how to cultivate their ground to the best advantage, instead of sitting idle while it produced what it would. Sawmills and sugar mills were built, that the natives might have something to occupy them when agriculture did not clamour for attention.

Samuel Chapman Armstrong, the famous founder of Hampton Industrial School in Virginia, who spent his boyhood in the Islands, has told with vivid detail how his father, Richard Armstrong, succeeded in having built for him the first church in the Lahaina neighbourhood.

"He planned and superintended the work without any carpenters. The timbers of the roof were hewn far up in the mountains, brought down on the backs of natives, and placed on walls of broken stone laid in mortar made from coral brought up from the sea by native divers. Once, when a storm destroyed the work of months, the people, led by the chiefs, went willingly to the mountains and began again."

The early period of the missionaries' labours was also the season of Lahaina's greatest prosperity, through the presence there of the whaling fleet. In spite of the fact that the harbour can be given that name only by

courtesy—it is merely a rocky and treacherous anchorage exposed to westerly gales within a dangerous coral reef—hundreds of vessels gathered there, many of them stopping for the winter. The *Sandwich Island News* on September 30, 1846, told of ninety-two whalers and two merchantmen which had called at Lahaina in a little more than two months during the preceding summer. "Especially about Christmas time," wrote a traveller in 1848, "many whaling ships with their black hulls and their tall white sails came flocking into the roadstead, and bearded sailors swarmed into the town." This, then, was a natural resort for Lady Franklin when she wished to interview the whalers as to the possible movements of Sir John Franklin, the lost Arctic explorer.

But with the decline of the whaling industry and the fixing on Honolulu as the permanent capital, the importance of Lahaina lessened. Nearly thirty years after the visit of the ninety-two whalers within ten weeks, King Kalakaua aroused enthusiasm in the old town by telling of his purpose "to preserve and increase the people, so that they should multiply and fill the land with chiefs and common people."

While the king did not succeed in this part of his programme, he was gratified by the development of the sugar industry which made Lahaina over into a great plantation town. The fields of cane to the south of Lahaina, as well as the vast pineapple groves to the north, show the source of prosperity for the community where the remains of old fortifications, substantial, rambling houses, and sleepy-looking, shady streets tell of days that were a mingling of bustle and languor.

Lahaina is built along the beach, but back on the higher ground—in fact, on the side of the mountain that rises behind Lahaina—is Lahainaluna, the seat of a famous seminary founded in 1831, which still takes honoured place in the splendid educational equipment of the island.

After Lahaina there are fifteen miles more of the drive by the sea, and above the sea, cutting across jutting headlands, crossing gulches, at length finding its terminus at Honokohau in the extreme north, is the beautiful valley through which flows the river of the same name. Across the valley the trail winds many miles to cover the six or seven miles that separate the village at the end of the highway from Kahakuloa, the end of the road to the north from Wailuku. The trail begins near Puu Kaeo and ends at Puu Koae. The names of these peaks may be similar, but each height has a distinction of its own, as have all the scenic attractions of this western part of Maui, the island whose motto, "*Maui no ka oi*," boasts that "Maui has no equal."

XI

SEASHORE, PLAIN, AND MOUNTAIN IN EAST MAUI

NOT so long ago the journey into East Maui was an adventure in endurance, for most of the roads were mere tracks, and difficult trails were everywhere. Yet many undertook the adventure, for the rewards were tremendous, whether they followed the coast beyond the neck connecting West Maui with East Maui—a route which frequently skirted the rocks along the shore by a descent for several rods into the track of receding waves—or picked some inner precarious but always alluring way across the gulches and along the cliffs marking Haleakala's majestic sweep from its summit in the clouds to the blue waters of the Pacific.

"How I live over in memory the years spent in the saddle when my trusty horse led me over those trails!" said a steamship passenger, now a resident of Honolulu, but once an itinerant on Maui, as he watched the receding shore of the island that acknowledges no superior. "It is easy for me to enter into the feelings of Armine von Tempski, the author of *Hula*, who knows every foot of the island trails:

"When you ride or sit upon these summits you have the same feeling of space and freedom that you get from desert distances. Some lands withhold themselves, the

Islands rush to meet you with a violent embrace. The mighty mountains plunge down to meet the sea; fierce blue horizons tower into the sky. The trade wind blowing in your face is full of wonderful whispers. You get something from the very earth beneath your feet. For all its repose you are conscious that the island has life; you seem to feel the lava flowing underneath as blood flows and pulses through the veins of a living body."

Now many of the roughest trails have given way to modern roads, and more of these roads are planned. One of the most ambitious projects calls for an automobile highway to the very top of Haleakala, the vast mountain that dominates the island. Then it will be possible to go from Wailuku by an easy journey of less than fifty miles, while the present route calls for six more or less strenuous hours. Another dream destined to early fulfilment looks to the completion of the route around the island—not only West Maui, where there are few gaps to be closed, but East Maui, as well, in spite of the many miles of country where trails have been maintained with great difficulty.

There is a brave beginning for the Haleakala highway in the road from Wailuku to Kahului, then across the low neck of land which was once a royal battleground, where still little search is needed to uncover the skulls of those who perished in the conflicts for possession of the island. As the traveller along this road goes through the canefields and notes industrial activities at Spreckelsville, or at a cannery town, he will be impressed also by the adequate provision made for the education of the juvenile islanders. Schools for the younger children are

everywhere, and those who are older will be seen journeying by the Kahului Railroad to the Maui High School at Hamakuapoko, the town so delightfully situated close to the great Maliko Gulch. Though this school is fourteen miles from Wailuku, the fare for the pupils is only about five cents for each trip! This is one evidence of the place given to education in a territory where the educational budget is more than one third of the total revenues!

The road to Hamakuapoko skirts the northern shoulder of Haleakala. But those who would see Maui from successive points of vantage as they climb the mountain, or who would seek the mysteries of the mountain crater at the summit, leave this coast road at Paia and turn inland, through pineapple groves and cattle ranches. The first stage of the mountain climb ends at Olinda, 4,000 feet above the sea, where the change from automobile to horse for the remaining eight miles of the journey is welcome because of the opportunity afforded to pause for a long look backward, over the slopes made green by streams carried from Haleakala's northern slope down to the intensely blue waters of Maalaea Bay on the left and that rival claimant for the honours of marine beauty on the right, Kahului Bay. Beyond the bays lie the fertile fields and the rugged mountains of West Maui, the heights of Lanai, the portico, and the mysteries of Molokai the beautiful.

There are no trees for the first 2,000 feet of the journey, but Olinda is in the midst of the forest belt that reaches to 4,500 feet. From that point the mountain side is bare once more, though at about 6,000 feet the Forest

Service of the Islands is having some success in tree planting.

For three fourths of the way from Olinda the journey is so easy that there is little temptation to pause to note the brief glimpses of the Pacific that may be seen through the clouds. But the last two miles of the winding, cloud-shrouded trail are rough and steep.

"Is the trip really worth while?" the conquerors of the trail are apt to ask. "We are climbing, it is true, but there is nothing spectacular here!"

"Wait!" is the guide's smiling response. "You'll see!"

And suddenly patient waiting is rewarded. For the trail comes out close to the summit, and the world's greatest extinct crater stands revealed in all its overpowering majesty.

Mere figures are powerless to give an adequate idea of the vast extent of this marvel of the mountain top. It is enough to say that those who stand by the crater look in one direction more than seven miles, to the opposite wall, and more than two miles in the other direction, and down 2,093 feet into a depression thirty miles in circumference—room sufficient for a great city. Reality can be given to these statistics by clambering down the steep but practicable walls to the rough plain below, where sixteen small cinder cones lift their heads through the lava. That is, they are small in the comparison. But one of them is 900 feet high, and the others, all of them, are more than 400 feet in altitude.

Two gorges break the crater wall. The Koolau Gap reaches down, down, on one side to the sea, while the Kaupo Gap seeks the ocean from another direction.

What a mighty spectacle must have been provided when Haleakala was in eruption! History does not record such an event, though there is reasonable assurance that little more than two centuries have passed since lava flowed from a vent a few hundred feet above the sea, on the southwest slope of the mountain.

At the edge of the crater the rest house awaits those who wish to linger for the glorious morning sunrise. The clouds, the colouring of the abyss and of the mountain sides, and the distant blue sea combine with the rosy light to make a spectacle that will be remembered always. There is nothing like it except the sunset. One traveller who looked in wonder at the marvel wrote of it:

"The sun was a great ball of fire sinking into the sea of white cloud that seemed to have enveloped the world below. A soft breeze could be felt, and the smoothness of the cloudy ocean beneath gradually began to change into strange and fantastic cloud formations. These were gilded by the rays of the dying sun—shot with gold and streaked with flame which changed to pink and violet as the sun sank below the horizon. The crater was flooded with golden light which gradually turned to scarlet and vermilion."

Well has the name The House of the Sun been given to the crater of Haleakala, the magnificent!

When Mark Twain made his pilgrimage to this place of wonder, more than fifty years ago, there was no rest house. So his party was obliged to build a fire by the crater's edge. In telling of his experience he said that he "froze and roasted by turns all night."

But the trials of the night only accentuated his appreciation of the marvels of the dawning day. For of the sights that greeted him when the sun rose he wrote:

"The sea was spread abroad on every hand, its tumbled surface seeming only wrinkled and dimpled in the distance.

"A broad valley below appeared like an ample checker board, its velvety green sugar plantations alternating with dun squares of barrenness and groves of trees diminished to mossy tufts.

"Beyond the valley were mountains picturesquely grouped together, but, bear in mind, we fancied that we were looking up at these things—not down. We seemed to sit in the bottom of a symmetrical bowl ten thousand feet deep, with the valley and the skirting sea lifted away into the sky above us!

"It was curious, and not only curious, but aggravating; for it was having our trouble all for nothing, to climb ten thousand feet toward heaven and then have to look up at our scenery. However, we had to be content with it and make the best of it, for all we could do we could not coax our landscape down out of the clouds. Formerly, when I had read an article in which Poe treated of this singular fraud perpetrated upon the eye by isolated great altitudes, I had looked upon the matter as an invention of his own fancy."

A government that is often mindful of the pleasure of the people has set apart the summit of Haleakala as a section of the Hawaiian National Park, and the officials of the Park Service have done much to make the journey to the crater, and the stay there, more comfortable.

Perhaps the most spectacular of the things they have accomplished was told in a recent government report:

"In the region of the crater of Haleakala, 2,477 goats were killed with buckshot from the guns of three expert hunters, at a cost to the Territory of 57 cents per goat. The vegetation in the crater is coming back remarkably well as a result. The goats have now retreated out to the rim of the crater southwest of Kaupo Gap and northeast of Koolau Gap."

One of the notable peculiarities of Haleakala is that the southern slope is dry while the northern or windward slope is refreshed by a tremendous amount of rain. The report is that four hundred inches of rain falls there every year. Of course this means that on the northern slope the undergrowth is heavy, while to the south the country is dry and parched. How wonderful it would be, then, if the surplus moisture that falls on the land so highly favoured could be carried to the part of the country that needs it so sorely! Probably that thought was in the minds of many people who stopped with wishing. Fortunately for the future of Maui, there were two men who were not content with mere wishes. These two men had a plantation at Paia, close to the spot where the coast road is left behind by those who wish to ascend Haleakala. Undeterred by grave difficulties, they decided that the wealth of water must be piped to the arid parts of the island. Very likely they were told that it was a physical impossibility to transport the water across the deep gorges and steep ridges of the northeastern face of the mountain. Dense jungle growth would add to the difficulties. Yet S. T. Alexander and

H. P. Baldwin, the Paia sugar plantation owners, said that the job was to be done, and that they were the men to do it. Why should the water they needed so much be permitted to rush down the gorge to be lost in the sea? "We'll have tunnels and ditches," they said. "When we come to the gulches, we'll build huge siphons that will carry the water down, then up."

Maliko Gulch was the scene of the most interesting part of the work that cost $80,000, a large sum for those days. At the edge of the gulch the work paused, since it was necessary to let workmen down the 200-foot precipice by means of a rope. Yet no one was willing to make the venture. To the surprise of all in the party, Mr. Baldwin said he would go down. "But you have the use of one arm only, and you are still weak from an accident which nearly cost your life!" objection was made. In spite of these facts he was determined to make the attempt. He called for the rope. Then he let himself down, very slowly, by the use of his legs and his one strong arm. "As he held by his legs, he loosed his hold with his hand, then grasped the rope lower down," said an admirer who described what followed. His example shamed the men, who followed him into the gulch. But that example was needed each day before the workmen would descend.

After trials innumerable and conquests almost unbelievable, the seventeen-mile line was completed in 1878. Success in this first effort led to the construction of other ditches, and as a result Central Maui has been transformed into one of the best garden spots in the Islands.

Let the visitors to Maui sing the praises of the ditch pioneers. For not only do they rejoice in the sight of a country made beautiful, but they find their way made easy through a section of country that otherwise would be closed to them, the country of gorges and valleys, of cataracts and waterfalls, of dense undergrowth and bamboo forests, of flowing streams and superlative glimpses of the blue ocean. This is the famous Ditch Trail Country, where travellers may spend hours among the marvels made accessible by Baldwin and his successors, both on the scenic route along the coast, built for automobiles, and on the upper Ditch Trail, a bit inland, where sure-footed saddle horses are needed.

Both of these routes take the traveller to the beautiful Keanae Valley, an extension of Koolau Gap, which leads out of the crater of Halaekala down to the sea at Keanae. Beyond the valley more highway follows close to the coast, around the western end of Maui to Hana and down toward the mouth of the Kaupo Gap, the second great break in the crater.

The rugged cliffs about Hana Harbour were famous in the early history of the Islands, for here was the old stronghold of the district of Hana, known for many generations as the bulwark of Maui's defences. Many enemies, some from Hawaii, others from distant parts of Maui, sought to land in the harbour. But most of them found the difficulties too great. For the stronghold, on the hill of Kauiki, could not be taken. The hill was not to be scaled except by a ladder which led up from the water. Fear of the guardian image at the top of the ladder was even more influential than a strong guard in keeping

intruders at bay. At length, however, came the raid of Urui, when the image was thrown down and the hill of Kauiki was taken.

For centuries the waters that reach the shore above Kauiki have been a favourite place for fishermen. For when the tide recedes many fish are left stranded in the pools among coral rocks. Among these are the prized purple mullet and the beautiful redfish. According to legend, the most famous of these fishermen was the demigod Maui, who lived near at hand with his good mother Hana. From her home he went to the fishing grounds with his magic bone hook which was fastened to a barb of shell by means of fibres of olona vines, which had been twisted together while they were still growing.

Of this Maui many wonderful tales are related. These are of special interest to students of folk lore, since they give indications of the common origin of the Hawaiians and the people of Fiji and Samoa, or, to go still farther back, the relationship of the men of the Islands to those of India.

One of the legends tells of Maui's habit, each morning at sunrise, to go fishing with his four sons. This was before the discovery of the process of making fire, so when, one day, they saw a fire on the shore, they paddled to the beach, that they might cook their morning meal. But when they reached the shore the fire was gone. When they had been disappointed many times in like manner, they resorted to strategy. A dummy was sent off in the boat, while Maui and his sons hid in the bushes. This deceived the cautious alae bird which had tried to retain the secret of the fire, and he rekindled the

flame. Then Maui and his sons rushed from hiding, seized the bird, and said: "We'll kill you unless you reveal to us the secret of the fire." In vain the bird tried to deceive the men. "You are not telling the truth," Maui said. In anger, he rubbed the top of the bird's head until it became red with the bird's own blood. Then the truth was told: "If you will rub dry sticks together, you will have the fire." Like all wonder tales in the Islands, this legend points to conclusive proof of its authenticity. To this day the alae bird has a red head!

But Maui had an adventure that was far more spectacular. One day Hana told him of her vexation because the tapa cloth which she made of the bark of the hibiscus tree could not dry thoroughly for the sun insisted on dropping into the sea too soon. "I must cut off the legs of the sun so that it cannot go so fast," Maui said. First he went to the summit of Haleakala that he might trace the course of the sun. Then he secured fifteen strands of fibres, well twisted, and proceeded to the shade of a large wiliwili tree, where the sun paused to eat the noonday meal of cooked bananas. When Maui reached the tree the cook was busy preparing the bananas. Maui attracted the cook's attention by stealing the fruit.

"Who are you?" asked the cook.

"I am Maui," was the reply, "and I have come to kill the sun because he goes so fast that the tapa beaten out by my grandmother does not dry."

"I'll help you," said the cook.

So she gave him a magic battle ax as well as another rope. Then she told him to hide behind the wiliwili tree.

"When the first leg of the sun comes up, catch it,"

THE CRATER OF HALEAKALA, ISLAND OF MAUI

the cook directed him. "Then catch the other legs with more rope. Fasten the ropes to the tree, then kill the sun with the ax."

Obediently Maui waited in hiding until he saw the first leg of the sun—the first ray of light. A rope was thrown, and the leg was snared. More ropes received other legs, until all sixteen legs were fast. Terrified, the sun began to drop back into the sea. But Maui pulled on his ropes, and the reluctant sun came back. Then he began to strike the sun with his ax.

"Spare me!" cried the sun in terror.

"If I let you live you may be a traitor," Maui said grimly. "I think I had better kill you. You make the days too short."

Further pleas by the sun were unavailing, until he promised that there should be a regular routine in his travels. He promised to give a longer period of light. Finally Maui agreed to loose the ropes when the arrangement was closed for slow movement of the sun during half of the year and quicker movement during the second half.

Triumphantly the teller of this tale of Maui and the sun says:

"Isn't it true that in summer the days are long, while in winter the days are short? Then have you ever observed how some of the legs of the sun—its rays—are shorter than others? That is because Maui broke them off short when he snared the treacherous sun. And, finally, what is the name of the great mountain? You call it Haleakala, "the place of the sun." But the name really is Alelekala, "sun snarer"!

To the south of Hana the highway continues its precarious and most delightful course along the cliffs until it joins a trail that, for some time to come, must be the only method of continuing the journey around the island. The difficulties of the trail were pictured by a traveller who passed this way in 1908, before highway succeeded trail in any portion of the route.

"It is impracticable to build roads along the seashore, so travelling is wearisome. It is necessary to descend into every gorge and rise to every ridge, from four hundred to seven hundred feet. The intervals between are rarely as great as half a mile; often the separating platform is a mere ledge. The trail is well built, but the constant succession of ascents and descents renders travelling very tiresome for beasts of burden."

But the ravines are such wonderful scenes of tropical vegetation, and the views from below and from above are so glorious, that weariness is forgotten in the keenest pleasure.

The trail follows roughly the southern coast, and passes inland above the lava flows of Honuaula, the last on the island, which, it is thought, date from more than two centuries ago. These did not come from the crater Haleakala, but from vents in the side of the mountain, about four hundred feet above the sea.

Trouble of a very different character occurred not far away. In February, 1790, the American ship *Eleanora* cast anchor off Honuaula. Two chiefs thought this was too good a chance to lose to secure for themselves a portion of the longed-for iron to be looked for on every foreign vessel. They waited for night, then stole to the

vessel in a canoe. Silently they reached the stern and climbed to the deck. The sleeping watchmen were killed. Then a boat was stolen. This was broken up in order to secure the iron, from which awls and fishhooks were made. But the penalty was dreadful. The captain of the *Eleanora* wreaked vengeance on the people of Honuaula. One day, when he had lured many of them in the canoes within reach of the guns, these were fired into their midst and scores were killed.

Three or four miles inland from Honuaula is Ulupalakua, one of the great cattle ranches of the island which lists cattle raising as its greatest industry next to sugar. The first cattle ranch was established in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century. Ulupalakua, however, is of later date. Yet there is record of the presence at Ulupalakua in 1858 of James Makie, a man whose history was very strange. In 1843 he was captain of the American whaleship *Maine*. He had just sailed from Lahaina, Maui, when a steward entered his stateroom and tried to take his life, then leaped into the sea. The injured man was taken to Honolulu, where, a year later, he was a prosperous business and shipping man. In 1852 he visited New York, but on the way nearly lost his life when his vessel was in difficulty at sea. On his return to Honolulu he was most successful in his dealings with whaling ships, but in 1856 he retired from business and moved to Maui. There he became owner of Rose Ranch. The latter years of his life were devoted to cattle and sugar.

Cattle ranches are many on the southwestern slope of Haleakala, as those who return to Paia after their hop

around East Maui will discover. And they will agree with the author of *Hula*, who spent years in this region:

"The cowboys of these ranches are hard-riding fellows; they carry knives in their leggings and settle their disputes mostly with lassoes. . . . They wear wide straw hats with wilting *leis* upon them. They carry you on horseback and tell you wonderful tales of wild cattle roping on the mountain top. They have a lounging dignity and a distinct glamour."

In the talk on the radio in which this vivid description of the cowboys was given, Miss von Tempski went on to tell of her girlhood amid the wonders of the cattle country. Her words provide a glowing picture of this region:

"I have sat wrapped in a sweaty saddle blanket on chilly mountain tops watching for the dawn to come so we could move the cattle, and slept on sandy beaches when Dad and the boys were holding steers at ports where the ship had to anchor outside the reef and the cattle had to be roped and dragged into the sea. . . . Sometimes the boat was days late and the men sat 'swapping lies,' while the peacock-coloured water lapped against the black lava promontories that guarded the little beach. With their straw hats set carelessly upon the back of their heads—fragrant with the ghosts of all the wreaths that had wilted on their brims—they would stare at the sea or the sombre mass of the mountain that overwhelms Maui and recite their tales. Stories that were like Greek tragedies; of doomed families and curses put upon vast estates; thrilling accounts of wild cattle roping and of fights with sharks; of opium smug-

gled in from the Orient for the Chinese coolies working on the plantations; of duels of men with ropes. . . . My hands would tighten about my knees until the finger tips grew crimson and goose-flesh stood out.

"It seemed as though the very cattle grew more uneasy in the pens, and the horses shifted restlessly about the trees to which they were tied. Even the other islands lying like long clouds on the horizons seemed to withdraw themselves."

One of these other islands was Kahoolawe, perhaps a dozen miles from the port where the cattle from Rose Ranch were loaded on the ship. This smallest isle of the group—it is but ten miles long by six miles wide—has been described as "bathed in romance and a cloud of red dust." The dust comes from the soil; the romance is due, in part, to the fact that the island was a place of exile for twenty years after 1830. The story is told of a company of the exiles, men who paddled a great wiliwili log to Lanai where they found other exiles, women. These they took back with them as their wives. That must have been a very accommodating log!

For some years after the exiles were removed no use was made of Kahoolawe, but in 1864 the land was leased for a period of fifty years, at a rental of $250 a year. Many efforts were made to raise sheep, hogs, and cattle, but the scarcity of water made the task so arduous that the holders of the lease were glad, in 1910, to surrender it to the government. Perhaps some day the result will be to make of Kahoolawe a real asset of the territory of Hawaii.

XII

HAWAIIAN WONDERS FROM HILO TO KOHALA

FORTUNATE is the traveller who approaches the island of Hawaii just at dawn. Then the sun comes stealing out of the eastern sea with a glory that lends to the water between ship and land a tinge of rose, conquering what, just before, was forbidding blackness. Beyond is the first hint of the island's coast line. How unostentatiously it begins! A mere point at first, it rises gradually from the sea until it reaches a height of 5,500 feet. That would seem like a goodly eminence, especially as it rises sheer almost from the water. But Hawaii can do so much better!

At first the mystic light takes no account of backgrounds, but the entire bulk of the island as it is seen from the sea seems like a great silhouette against the sky. Knobs and ridges farther back seem but excrescences in the coastal elevation, as if the land were making vain efforts to rise above the gentle slope to which it has given itself. Then comes a longer slope—an effort that lifts the bulk a few thousand feet—then a long level; then more slope until the surface of the island that is still in the making rises yet more than eight thousand feet to the summit of Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet.

By this time the clouds seem jealous of the rising land; they hang low and hide the height that just a mo-

ment ago was rearing itself in triumph. This coming of the clouds accompanies the light that transforms. First on the mountain top, then slowly down the slope toward the shore, the sun changes the black silhouette into slopes, some smooth, some most rugged, until it is easy to imagine that the lava from the ancient crater is pressing down toward the sea.

And farther on appears the enormous flattened dome of Mauna Loa, only a little less in height than Mauna Kea. From this the slope is gradual down to the sea, first along fields of lava, then through thick vegetation, which the moving sunbeams make radiant. Can it be thirteen thousand feet up that long slope? Think how tremendous would be the sight if it could be viewed from the bottom of the sea! Those who have mapped the depths tell us that the slope does not terminate at the water's edge, but continues down, down, down, for the greater part of the mountain is beneath the Pacific!

The study of the clouds climbing the mountain side and veiling the summit, from dawn to an hour after sunrise, is a revelation of beauty. Now they lift, now again they fall; now they obscure, again they reveal, so many varieties—cirrus, cumulus, cumulo-nimbus, stratus. Through some the sun is shining. From others falls the rain; a sharp shower waters for ten minutes a field on the mountain side marked off from its surroundings by a deeper shade of green. The field is drenched, but apparently not a drop falls on adjoining land; the limits of the shower are as distinct as the boundaries of the field.

A century ago those who came this way from Honolulu to Hilo, 192 miles, could give more than an hour

or two to the study from the sea of what has been called the greatest mountain mass in the world. Instead of using the swift steamer, visitors travelled by a schooner, owned by some native chief, with a Hawaiian crew. Frequently a week or more was required for the trip. But the wonderful beauty of the approach has not changed, nor has the power of travellers to appreciate this. Witness the comment made by a traveller of 1823:

"The appearance of Hawaii this morning was exceedingly beautiful. We were within a few miles of the shore; and the whole of the eastern and northern parts of the island were distinctly in view, with an atmosphere perfectly clear, and a sky glowing with the freshness and splendour of sunrise. When I first went on deck, the glory of the morning still lingered in the lowlands, imparting to them a grave and sombre shade, while the region behind, rising into broader light, presented the precipices and forests in all their boldness and verdure. Over the still loftier heights one broad mantle of purple was thrown, above which the icy cliffs of Mauna Kea blazed like fire, from the strong reflection of the sunbeams, striking them long before they reached us on the waters below. As the morning advanced, plantations, villages, and scattered huts were distinctly seen along the shore, and columns of white smoke began to rise here and there from the early fires of the island huts."

The journey to Hawaii ends in beautiful Hilo Bay, which shares with Honolulu Bay the reputation among mariners as the safest anchorage in the Islands. And how spacious it is—seven miles wide and, in places, three

miles deep! Its crescent-shaped beach looks out on an anchorage large enough for all the vessels that visit the harbour to take part in the rich trade in hides, tallow, goatskins, arrowroot, rice, coffee, and sugar. Once vessels traded here with sandalwood, and, if we are to believe the Spanish novelist, Ibáñez, the days of the sandalwood trade are not over. After his visit to Hilo he told of seeing a schooner "laden with the fragrant sandalwood." He did see a lumber-laden schooner, but he jumped to a conclusion when he attempted to describe the cargo more closely.

But Ibáñez made no mistake when he waxed eloquent in telling of the glories of Hilo Harbour. He would have agreed with the description given in that most unexpected place, a government report, which has every right to be prosaic. But how is it possible even for a compiler of government documents to be prosaic when talking of Hilo? That this particular compiler was human was shown by his words:

"The scene which the island presents as viewed from the anchorage in Hilo Bay is both novel and splendid; the shores are studded with extensive groves of coconut and breadfruit trees interspersed with plantations of sugar cane; through these numerous streams are seen hurrying to the ocean; to them succeeds a belt of some miles wide, free from woods but clothed in verdure; beyond is a wider belt of forest, where trees, as they rise higher and higher from the sea, change their character from the vegetation of the tropics to that of the polar regions; and above all tower the snow-capped summits of the mountains."

Fortunately, the name Byron's Bay was not fastened on the harbour of Hilo; the master of the *Blonde* did not succeed in his purpose to degrade the beautiful body of water. The story of the giving of the real name goes back to Kamehameha the Great, who, on leaving his canoe on the shore of Reed's Island in the bay, commanded a retainer to guard it. When the king's return was delayed, the guard wished to go in search of him. So he made a rope by placing together two chains of ti leaves in such a way that they twisted about each other. By this rope he secured the canoe. The returning king, surprised that rope could be made of ti leaves, said: "This place shall be called Hilo (to twist)."

A delightful feature of the bay is beautiful Coconut Island, a resort for the residents of the city, where they have a bathing beach. This, according to legend, is a bit of the island Maui. The owner of a magic fishhook, whose name also was Maui, told the chiefs of his plan to draw together the Islands with his hook. "You can go with me in the boat," he told them, "but you must not look back to see what is happening." He succeeded in fastening his hook into Maui, and he was dragging this toward Hawaii when a curious chief looked back. The charm was broken, the hooked island broke away, and nothing remained but the bit of land to which the hook was fast. This became Coconut Island. And never did Maui renew his attempt. "The hook has lost its charm," he said.

The city that gives its name to the bay—or does the city take its name from the bay?—is the most attractive residence of perhaps twelve thousand people who

know what it means to be wet. More than one hundred inches of rain falls there each year! This generous rainfall is part of the secret of the luxuriant foliage; the streets and the houses are buried in a wealth of trees and flowers. And the people themselves are almost as varied as the foliage: "the most cosmopolitan population to be met with outside of Singapore" is the well-merited characterization of one visitor.

And this cosmopolitan little city offers many thrills to those who walk the streets which rise rapidly from the bay toward the slopes that lead up to Mauna Loa. Among these one most worthy of remembrance comes to the visitor at the grounds of the attractive city library where honoured place is given to two great blocks of lava. Of these one is the entrance pillar of the ancient temple Pinao built on the site of Hilo, while the other—a monstrous monolith—is called the Naha Stone. This stone was placed long before the temple Pinao, and was used to test the validity of the claims of those who said that they belonged to the royal Naha family. And of this stone it was said, "No one but a member of the Naha family can dare to lift it." Yet there was the prophecy that one day there would come a man of another family who would lift the stone; he would become the conqueror of all the petty kings and would bring the Islands under one sovereignty. This prophecy was fulfilled when the royal youth Kamehameha came from Kohala, in the far north of Hawaii, and announced:

"I have come to move the Naha Stone, for by that symbol I shall attain success and live, or shall meet that which will bare my bones."

In the presence of watchers who looked on in amazement, according to a native account of the event:

"Then gripped he the stone and leaned over it, and as he leaned, great strength came into him, and he struggled yet more furiously, so that the blood burst from his eyes and from the tips of his fingers, and the earth trembled with the weight of his struggling, so that they who stood by believed that an earthquake came to his assistance. And behold, the stone did move under his arms, and he raised it on its side, and with supernatural strength did overturn it, so that all who stood by were amazed and dumb with awe."

And it is said that one of the reasons why so many chiefs were attracted to Kamehameha's victorious standard was the prophecy concerning the Naha Stone which he succeeded in overturning that day.

Another legend of the great Kamehameha belongs to Hilo. It is related that, after one of his great victories, he set up his court at the mouth of the Wailuku River, the turbulent stream whose branches come down from Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, flowing through the lava and reaching the lower levels only after various adventures with cliffs and weird lava formations that account for cascades and waterfalls. "Destroying water" is the meaning of the name given to this mountain stream, which once was far more turbulent than it is to-day when so much of its burden of water has been diverted for power and irrigation.

But to return to Kamehameha. When he built a *heiau*, or temple, he sought for a man to offer as a sacrifice. Unwilling to take a Hilo man, he went into Puna.

There he saw two fishermen in their outrigger canoe, busy at their nets. Guessing his sinister purpose, the fishermen hastened ashore and stumbled over the lava beds toward the jungle. Kamehameha pursued them. When he stumbled and fell the fishermen struck him with their canoe paddle until it was broken. Leaving him for dead, they hurried away. But when the king's retainers came up to him, he was recovering. They clamoured for the death of the transgressors. Kamehameha stayed their hands by announcing a new law: "If any man attempts wilfully to take the life of another he shall be hanged. Let the aged, men and women, and little children, lie down in safety in the road." This "Law of the Splintered Paddle" was the beginning of a new regard for the safety of those who dwelt in the king's dominion; it was the real start of a new civilization—the trails had become safe for travellers.

But there was more than the announcement of the law. "Come, let us go back!" Kamehameha said. "My *heiau* shall not require human sacrifice, for it shall never be used." What was the use of *heiaus*, or places of refuge, when murderers were to be punished?

But the Wailuku River is more than the scene of a legend; the stream itself is accounted for by another legend. Kaneapua, the demigod, ventured to approach Pele, the maiden goddess of Kilauea. "Will you marry me?" he asked. Outraged by his effrontery, she fought him with fire. He fought back with water, and as her fires descended, his waters drowned them out. "A truce!" became the cry of Pele. And by the terms of the truce arranged, the Wailuku River was to be forever the

boundary between the two; no lava should flow north of the river and no floods should pass to the south.

Although most of Hilo is south of this river of truce, there has always been a belief that the community is safe from a visitation of lava. And has not experience justified the people in this belief? In 1852 lava came to within seven miles of the town, then turned around. Again in 1855 the town was threatened, but that was all. In 1880 lava flowed from a spring in the side of Mauna Loa several thousand feet from the summit, and proceeded in three streams, one toward Mauna Kea, one toward Kilauea, and the third toward Hilo. Slowly but steadily this last stream advanced toward the town that seemed doomed. For nine months there was great anxiety on the part of the people, but finally the flow halted within less than a mile of the town, after moving on relentlessly for thirty-five miles! This narrow escape adds to the appreciation with which the people view the Kaumana Caves, above the town, tunnels through which flowed the lava after coming down from the mountain.

The tortuous course of the Wailuku is marked by other legends that are due to the imaginative attempts of a primitive people to account for the dread natural forces about them. Of all these stories the most interesting cluster about Rainbow Falls, where the waters take a hundred-foot plunge over a precipice into a crater basin. The play of the rainbows in the spray is celebrated in the name.

In the basin under the falls, Hina, mother (or grandmother) of Maui, had her home. Above the falls lived

Kuna, who, in the form of a dragon, persisted in tormenting Hina by rolling down over the precipice great logs and boulders. Frequently the stream below the falls was blocked. But Hina was safe in her cave, and she laughed at him. One of her protectors, taking the form of a cloud, in time of threatened danger would hover above the falls. This was a signal to Maui to come to the aid of his relative. But once Kuna took advantage of Maui's absence from the island to send down a greater flood than ever. Hina was overwhelmed in the cave by the rising waters. Just in time Maui saw the warning cloud and rushed to the relief. With two strong sweeps of his paddle his canoe was brought near the cave. It grounded in the river. A huge boulder just below the bridge that crosses the river in the heart of Hilo is pointed out as the canoe of Maui. With his magic club he conquered the flood. Then he pursued Kuna. As he went he beat the earth with his club, and it trembled. So did Kuna. Finally he took refuge in a cave. Maui called on Pele for aid. She sent to him hot stones and lava which he cast into Kuna's retreat. Some fell into the stream, and the water boiled furiously. These Boiling Pots are still in existence; they may be seen above the falls. The dragon rushed out upon Maui, but the demigod fought him and conquered him. Kuna's body rolled down stream and over the falls, that Hina might see she had nothing more to fear. And visitors to-day can see, too, for below the rapids there is a great black rock called Moo Kuna.

The visitor to Hilo and its surrounding attractions is loath to leave them. But the hour will come for begin-

ning the visit to the remainder of the island. The natural way to go is to the north, along the marvellous coast of Hilo and Hamakua districts. There streams come tumbling from the mountains by scores, leaping over precipices at the limit of the hanging valleys near the seacoast, then plunging on to the Pacific in gulches carved out during many centuries through the narrow coastal plains several hundred feet above the surf that so madly beats against the rocks.

Before the days of the automobile, travel on the plain cut by these gulches was not only difficult, it was precarious, too, for then the pedestrian as well as the rider on the sure-footed horse was compelled to descend into ravine after ravine, and climb the rugged bank on the opposite side. Now, however, a most inviting and leisurely road follows each gulch from the precipice above the sea back to a bridge that spans the gash, where crossing is easy. Frequently the passenger lifts his eyes to a waterfall just beyond. Once he sees a stream rushing down through a lava tube as smooth as a tunnel. And when he takes the return trip toward the coast along the opposite side of the cañon he can see far below him primitive villages and ahead of him ragged rocks and cliffs. One of the gulches leads to the Onomea Arch, a huge opening in a cliff just where it reaches out like a knife blade into the sea. That arch is a landmark both on the water and on the land; it can be seen for miles.

And down in the gulches what a tangled mass of vegetation there is! There are the algaroba trees, successors of those first brought from France by a missionary in 1828—the tree that provides firewood, nectar for

the honey bee, and pods for stock feed. Near at hand are the lauhala, the tree which—so botanists and geologists tell us—was common in Europe during the Triassic Age. But most of the botanical specimens in the gulches, as elsewhere in Hawaii, are peculiar to the Islands. It is said that two thirds of the plants are found nowhere else! So botanists speak of the "truly virgin flora" of the group, due to their isolation as well as to the wide range of climatic conditions. Because of this virgin flora, Oliver H. Emerson delighted to speak of "Hawaii's Contribution to the Story of Creation." Of course he was thinking in part of the volcanoes, but he was not unmindful of the plants and trees that vary so because of the mountainous climate of the country. "The result," we are told, "is a semitropical climate in the lowlands, a temperate zone at about four thousand feet with occasional frosts in winter, and subarctic cold on the highest mountains." Yet while vegetation varies with the changing heights, some trees are characteristic of all levels. For instance, there is the lehua tree which grows at every level up to nine thousand feet, both in wet soil and in dry. Often, on lower levels, it is a tree from eighty to one hundred feet high; yet we are reminded that in the swamp on the summit of Kauai it is a mere trailing vine but a few inches high. There it is like many of the trees of Labrador, which are but a few inches high, yet are as perfectly formed as the mightiest specimens of the species in more favourable situations.

If the journey along the rapid succession of hairpin turns made necessary by the series of parallel gulches—there are seventy of them within forty miles!—is made

at dusk, the look down into the depths is more remarkable than ever. A forest seen from above in the failing light of the evening seems so different! A tree is a wonder always; a plant is a marvel. But wait until you see from a height the thick vegetation when the sun has gone and the sky is still too light for the stars to show themselves!

But they are accustomed to marvels of the dusk in Hawaii! There are times when those who gaze into the gulches can lift their eyes and see the marvel flight of the golden plover, on the way from Alaska to the South Seas or back to the Far North when mating time is near. What a journey for such a small bird! "It seems incredible," one scientist writes, "that any bird can lay a course so straight as to attain these small islands lying in mid-ocean 2,000 miles from the Aleutian Islands to the north, 2,000 miles from California on the east, and 3,700 miles from Japan on the west."

Yet why exclaim over wonders when the journey north from Hilo is such a succession of surprises? Off to the left Akoko Falls send a wealth of water crashing down 320 feet. Now and then the automobile thunders briefly through a covered bridge that might be on a Pennsylvania highway. Coconut trees and mountain apple trees are everywhere.

Far above rises majestic Mauna Kea, at times showing its bald summit, again hiding behind a veil of cloud. Down there at the rear end of one of the gulches is a sugar mill, cunningly placed so that cane may travel down from the heights above the road, borne by water in open flumes. Cheap rapid transit! Just offshore a

brawny fisherman in his outrigger canoe shows his skill as he draws his nets, while his partner, after beaching his craft, is climbing the cliff with ease, though where he finds foothold is a mystery.

Frequently the highway passes under the viaducts of the Hawaii Consolidated Railway, a scenic line thirty-five miles long which cost nearly four million dollars. The high cost was due largely to the necessity of building expensive viaducts over the gulches. The slender, lofty bridges of the railroad and the cobweblike trestles which carry water for the sugar cane make a bewildering succession of structures reaching far aloft. Of the 440 bridges on the railroad, 147 are of steel. They are from 98 feet to 230 feet high, and from 400 to 1,006 feet in length. Ten sugar plantations are crossed by the brief line.

Probably the most picturesque gorge along the route of railway and highway, the Hakalau Gulch, comes down from Mauna Kea and reaches the sea after a strenuous journey between banks that are sometimes two thousand feet deep. High adventure awaits anyone who yields to the temptation to leave the easy automobile and follow the wild gorge back to its parent mountain.

But it is not necessary to leave the automobile to visit one of the most noteworthy sights on the Hamakua coast—Laupahoehoe Village, down where the surf beats on the rough lava rocks. The side road descends rapidly to the little cluster of rocks to which cling the houses of this village of the native fishermen. The fishermen's beacon light, the crude dock for build-

ing outrigger canoes, the lava rocks extending far out into the water, the surf lashing in foam everywhere, the distant view of Maui and sky-piercing Haleakala—these are a few of the sights that lure artists to Laupahoehoe, "heap of lava," and give delight to the everyday visitor. The flat where the little town is built was formed centuries ago by a lava flow from Mauna Kea.

When the back is turned on the sea for the return journey to the highway that leads on up the Hamakua coast the eyes measure the steep ascent by the side of the verdure-filled gorge, and the traveller finds fresh cause for rejoicing and for silence in the presence of the marvel of sea and crag.

With reluctance the traveller consents to turn his back on the coast which one visitor called monotonous. Then he explained: variety became monotonous because there was so much of it! But monotony can be endured when it means great banks of ferns growing on the cliffs by the roadside, peeps into depths where luscious vegetation masks the rocks, glimpses aloft on the highest mountain on any island in the world, and vistas of a sea bounded by the crag-crashing surf below and by the mysterious horizon in the distance.

Disappointment at leaving these delights quickly yields to appreciation of the fresh pleasures that unfold on the miles of perfect road that passes inland between Mauna Kea and the mountains of the primitive Kohala country. For 1,900 feet the road climbs where cattle graze in a region that seems much like the moors of Scotland. At one place it crosses the line of the ditch that brings down the Kohala water to the thirsty lands

by the sea. Fortunate is the traveller who has leisure to follow the Ditch Trail up precipitous slopes into the mountains, or to descend into Waipio Valley on the right where a fertile plain is bounded by frowning precipices.

In spite of the great fertility of the valley, the dwellers there to-day are few, though for several hundred years, beginning in the Fourteenth Century, it was the residence of kings who lived close to temples that were considered the most sacred in the island. At any rate, the taboos which hedged them about were so strict that they were regarded with great awe.

Waipio Valley is the scene of legend as well as of history and beauty. Freely the water flows amid the palm trees, though—so legend says—there was a time when it moved slowly, sluggishly, to the sea. A great fish which made his home off the coast demanded more fresh water than was coming into the sea from the valley. The trade wind, friend of the great fish, agreed to help him out. By arts that the legend does not explain, the trade wind succeeded in creating new springs at the sources of the valley's stream, raising the bed, and constructing barriers whose conquest by the descending waters made rapids and cascades. Incidentally, this increased provision for the needs of the fish made the valley such a pleasant abode that kings and their nobles did not abandon it until 1791, when Kamehameha I proved his superiority to minor kings.

Waipio Valley is in Kohala District, the rugged, mysterious region at the extreme north end of the island which is like a separate country. Mountain masses make

access difficult, but those who refuse to be held back by these mountains gain tremendous reward for their perseverance in pressing into the country dominated by what geologists have called the ruins of the oldest of Hawaii's volcanoes.

All approaches to Kohala are more or less difficult, but the least difficult is by the road that turns into the mountainous country several miles beyond Waimea, passes to the right of the greatest Kohala peak, and enables the traveller to look up to the eucalyptus groves on the slope and far ahead to the mass of Halea Kale on Maui, which seems to be hanging in the sky. Every mile is characterized by weird beauty.

Before long the road approaches Kohala, the chief town of the district. Preparation is made for the appreciation of beauty there by the double row of ironwood trees through which the highway passes. The birth, not far away, probably about 1737, of Kamehameha the Great, is celebrated by the statue of the great king close to the courthouse.

"A duplicate of the statue before Iolani Palace in Honolulu, isn't it?" was the natural remark of one beholder.

But he learned that the Kohala statue is the original. It was completed in 1880 by an American artist in France, and was on its way to Honolulu when the vessel carrying it was wrecked off the Falkland Islands. A duplicate was ordered from Italy. This was erected in Honolulu in 1883, and the unveiling was a part of the coronation ceremonies for King Kalakaua. Later the original statue, recovered from the wreck, was taken to

Kohala. Those who knew the Napoleon of the Pacific have said that the heroic statue is a remarkable likeness. A picture of Kamehameha by a Russian artist was supplemented by photographs of modern Hawaiians of athletic build. Because the garb worn is authentic, those who look on the statue see more than a remarkable likeness: they behold the king as he was in the midst of his courtiers. The dress has been described as follows:

"The heroic figure wears the helmet of wicker-work covered with feathers, and a long cloak of feathers attached to a fine network of *olona*. About the chest and over the shoulders is draped the *malo* of Umi, also made of feathers on an *olona* foundation. About the loins is tied the common *tapa malo*—the covering worn by men of ancient Hawaii when at work; in the left hand is a spear, the chief implement of warfare."

Kamehameha's meteoric rise began in 1782, when the dying Kalaniopuu, king of Hawaii, left three districts on the island, including Kohala, to his nephew Kamehameha. Later in the year he was victor in a battle with Kiwaloa, son of Kalaniopuu, to whom the remainder of the island had been left. And in 1791 the ambitious victor won the naval battle fought a few miles from Kohala, with the kings of Kauai and Oahu. This battle was called Kapu Wahaulaula, "the red-mouthed gun" because a great factor in the victory was a swivel gun mounted in one of Kamehameha's canoes!

From Kohala it is possible to make pilgrimages to a bewildering succession of wild gulches and wilder vegetation, into the ruins of historic *heiaus*, for instance, that of Mookini, on the seacoast, erected, it is believed,

in 1525. The builder was Paao of Samoa, who had come to Hawaii with a band of immigrants. Another monument to him is Upolu Point, the extreme northern promontory of Kohala, where the temple was built. This name was chosen because Paao came from the island of Upolu.

A journey along the coast to the southward leads to Kawaihae Bay, broad and deep, but fully exposed to the wind. And how the wind can blow at Kawaihae! Those who anchor there have learned to beware of the west wind that rushes down from the mountains about the valley of Waimea and brings destruction to many. But the bay is famous because of destruction of a kind far different. In 1791 Keona was seeking the land, intending to surrender to Kamehameha at the village of Kawaihae, beautiful in its grove of coconut trees; but he was killed by Keeaumoku, and his body was offered in sacrifice at Puuokohala, in a *heiau* which Kamehameha had built in response to the suggestion of a soothsayer that if he would be supreme in Hawaii he must make a good *heiau* to his god Pu ("he who shakes the Islands"). The tradition is that Kamehameha himself helped to carry stones for the new building; in fact, chiefs and common people laboured side by side in the great undertaking. No one was excused except Kamehameha's younger brother. This exception was made, not because of favouritism, but that there might be someone to take part in the temple services; only those upon whom the taboo of freedom from menial labour had been laid could do so.

East of the *heiau* and south of Kohala are the

RAINBOW FALLS, NEAR HILO, ISLAND OF HAWAII

lands of the great Parker cattle ranch. Close to Kawaihae are many relics of a past civilization. The country looks very much like Cornwall, though the tors on the hilltops are lacking. Farther west the country seems still more barren, yet it gives the pasturage needed by the 18,000 cattle and 50,000 sheep maintained in the 680,000 acres.

"It takes a week for the cowboys to ride the line fence of the ranch!" was the rather picturesque statement of a man who wished a visitor to realize the vastness of the estate that covers one fourth of the island. Then there is a single cornfield upon the north slope of Mauna Kea which contains 24,000 acres!

Such a monster real estate holding, whose owner is a Hawaiian lad, is the best answer to the charge that the whites, especially the missionaries, have deprived the natives of their land. In 1823 an alarmist among the Hawaiians declared that the foreigners should not be permitted to live among them permanently, since the result would be the rapid disappearance of the aborigines, while the outsiders took their places. It is true that the native population has decreased rapidly since Captain Cook said he found about 400,000 on the Islands—there were probably about 200,000—yet it is a gratifying fact that the tide seems to have turned: the Hawaiians are again on the increase.

While the whites, among them many of the descendants of the missionaries, do control much of the land, their holdings were secured by fair means. History shows that when the lands were offered for sale all had equal opportunity to buy. At first the land commissioner

proposed to permit missionaries who had served eight years or longer to buy land at fifty cents an acre less than others. But a missionary on the commission blocked what he thought would be an inequitable arrangement, and not until his death was the proposal carried into effect.

The ascent of Mauna Kea may be made with comparative ease through the Parker ranch, first by automobile, then on horseback. The ascent is not difficult and the ride does not lack in variety, from the Waimea road to the summit.

While crossing the lower levels of the mountain side the traveller learns of David Douglas, the scientific explorer who, in 1834, while crossing the island on horseback, lost his life in a bull pit by the trail. These bull pits, hidden by vegetation, were used to capture wild oxen. Douglas had been warned of the danger, but according to one story he left his horse to examine a pit, stumbled on its edge, and fell to the bottom, where a trapped bull trampled him to death.

But most stories told along the way are not so depressing. Legends of gods possessed of very human traits, of busy *menehunes* and their tricks, and of mere everyday Hawaiians who ventured in the path of gods and demigods and gnomes beguile the journey. Almost every landmark has its distinguishing tale.

"See those hills yonder?" says the man who knows the country. "Notice that one has a rounded top while the other is only a cone without a top? Well, the *menehunes* set to work one night to take the top from the

first hill and place it on the other. But a rooster crowed when the work was half done, and they vanished. Next night they tried once more. Again the rooster interfered. So they gave up, leaving the hills as they are to-day."

XIII

HERE AND THERE IN KONA, KAU, AND PUNA

AND now we come to Kona the Beautiful!"

The announcement did not impress those who heard it, for the first sight of Kona, when approached from the north, tells of desolation rather than of beauty —the desolation of the lava flow of 1859 from Mauna Loa. In the midst of this region of death the partisan of Kona pointed to the seacoast:

"Over there is Kiholo, where the great Kamehameha had a fish pond. And such a fish pond! How did he manage to build the great sea walls which completed the circle begun by the coast line? His wall was six feet high and twenty feet wide. Water was admitted through a grating of stakes in a number of arches. No fish could escape through these apertures. They waited the king's pleasure as they matured for his table in the six hundred acres of water. Two young girls were guardians. Often they sunned themselves on the wall. One day they were drying their hair after a swim when Pele came down from Mauna Loa. Before they could move, she overwhelmed them with lava. See them over yonder—two great slabs of lava—one erect, one prostrate? Well, that is what Pele did in 1859."

To a second great fish pond, close to West Point, a little farther south, came an old woman, seeking alms.

This was one day in 1801. She asked the guardian for fish, but was refused. Then she sought the house of a native, where she was urged to eat, and then was given a fish. As she turned to go she urged the man of the house to put up above the house a taboo sign. That night a fire burned on Hualalai, and lava poured down and overwhelmed the fish pond and its guardians. But the house of the man and woman who had fed Pele was spared.

A variation of these wonder tales is that Pele found two girls roasting breadfruit on the slope of Hualalai. She asked the first girl for whom she was roasting the titbit. "For La'e, my god," was the reply. The second girl said she was cooking the breadfruit for Pele. When the fire goddess learned that the girls lived in opposite ends of the same house, Pele told the second girl to put up a taboo banner at her end of the house. That night the flow of 1801 came down, and the girl who was cooking food for La'e was overwhelmed, as were all in her part of the house. A huge lava rock tells where it stood. But the other part of the house and all its inmates were saved.

This lava flow of 1801 reached from West Point north to the fishing village of Makalawaena where—according to the story—handlers of the nets were greatly troubled because, when they pulled in nets that they knew were heavy with fish, not one of the creatures of the deep was to be found in them. "We are thwarted by the *akua*," they agreed. "We must catch the supernatural beings." A famous destroyer of *akua* wove a net for them. When this was thrown into the

sea, five *akua* were caught. After that there was no trouble, and to this day wonderful game fish may be caught at Makalaweana.

More wonders are related along this Kona coast. "Would you like to know how bathing became safe for girls at Kaloko?" said the man who knew the country.

"Once a girl went to the coast to gather seaweed and shellfish. While drinking from a pool, she was accosted by a young man who appealed to her so much that she returned many times to meet him. 'Come to the pool and call for Loli whenever you wish to see me,' he told her. She did so. Her suspicious father followed her, and was terrified to see her speak to a *lolo*, a double-bodied being, sometimes a seaslug, again the wearer of a human body. The father lay in wait for his daughter's charmer and succeeded in catching him in his fishing net. Then he put him to death. And that is why the pool is now safe for maidens."

Back a bit from the coast, on the slope of Hualalai, are two caves of which wonder stories are told. A bit inland from Huehue is the cave of Makalei, discovered, it is said, by a farmer whose crops were perishing for lack of water. One day he was digging back of his house when a hole appeared and wind rushed out. He entered the hole and found a cave with water dripping from the roof. Thereafter he had plenty of water for his crops, for at night he would catch water in canoes, which he hollowed out for the purpose, and next day he would refresh the growing crops.

A few miles away, on the southern slope of Hualalai,

which looks east to Mauna Kea and south to Mauna Loa, is Waikulukulu, the Cave of Dripping Waters—in reality a lava tunnel. Half a mile distant King Umi, about the year 1500, built a great temple to the gods. But what a fall that building had! More than three hundred years later it was used as a corral for goats! On the plain near the temple Umi was accustomed to assemble his people for the periodical census. The method adopted was for the people to pass by, each depositing a stone on the pile set apart for his district. Thus a large pile indicated a strong district, while a small pile showed a weak territory. "The Plain of Numbering" is the name still given to this census place near the temple of Umi.

Tales and legends of places and people like those just related were handed down by bards and story tellers of primitive days. Some of these were wanderers, but others were attached to the courts of chiefs and kings. Their tales were not known to the common people, for they were spoken only in the houses of the great. This spoken lore has now, in part, been committed to writing, and the recorded folk lore of the Islands is the result.

Many of the legends centred about Hualalai and its greater neighbour, Mauna Loa. From many points of view one of these mountains seems to merge into the other. But those who look inland from Kailua are able to see that they are distinct.

While each mountain had an appeal of its own to the natives, Hualalai seemed more approachable and friendly. The people's name for it was "Canoe-

descrier." Evidently the Hawaiians were accustomed to make use of the heights to follow the course of the canoes of the fishermen. Some of these were single canoes with outriggers, while others were double, a high platform six or eight feet wide being placed between the parts. The latter were used for inter-island trips.

Association with the name of Kamehameha the Great may account, in part, for the preference for Hualalai. It is related that, when the eruption of 1801 was at its height, Kamehameha, attended by a large retinue of chiefs and priests, went into the path of the destroying lava, and threw into it part of his own hair, which was thought to be a most sacred offering. Pele received the gift gratefully and, within a day or two, the lava ceased to flow!

At this time Kamehameha lived at Kailua, then, as now, the chief seaport of the west coast. And now as then cargo must be taken to and from the waiting ships in boats, for there is no provision for anything but anchorage in the exposed roadstead. When cattle are to be taken aboard, the animals must swim to the vessel, then the astonished creatures must ascend to the deck in a sling.

In spite of the fact that the soil in the vicinity is poor and the rainfall is almost nothing—"a rainy day here once in the year is looked upon as something remarkable"—much of the early history of the island, of all the Islands, in fact, centred here. When Captain Cook landed on Hawaii the village contained about four thousand people, and there were twenty thousand

LOADING CATTLE, KONA COAST, ISLAND OF HAWAII

people within twenty miles. These people lived in houses thatched with lauhala. They managed to make a good living by fishing and by tending gardens watered by irrigation. There are no trade winds to carry the life-giving moisture, for these are blocked by the great mountains that dominate the island. Yet the sea breeze as it rises up the slope of Hualalai yields the burden of water lifted from the sea. Sometimes the downpour above the town is so great that the gullies are filled in no time with a rushing flood. Titus Coan, one of the earliest foreign residents, wrote in the story of his life:

"I have sometimes sat on the high bank of a streamlet, not more than fifteen or twenty feet wide, in the bright sunshine, when suddenly a portentous roaring fell upon my ears, and looking upstream I have seen a column of turbid waters six feet deep coming down like the flood from a broken mill-dam."

Thus ruin came on a sturdy mill near Kailua just before the author's visit to the region. Great boulders, rolled down by the water, overwhelmed the building and crashed over a little railway line near by. Fortunately the mill and the railway had been abandoned and were soon to be dismantled. That railroad—overgrown with grass, the spaces under the open cars turned into pig pens and the box cars used as playhouses by the children of the neighbourhood—was one of the oddest sights in Hawaii.

The most famous resident of Kailua was Kamehameha the Great, who spent the last years of his life there, enjoying the sight of the surf breaking on the shore and

of the men and women and children who disported on the water in their canoes and on their surf boards.

When Kamehameha died, on May 8, 1819, Liholiho became king. He was inducted into office in the shadow of a *heiau* later occupied by the royal palace. It is related that he wore the regulation royal feather cape and an English cocked hat.

Then came the *luau*, or feast. Under ordinary circumtances the usual taboos would have been observed at this feast. Of course there would be separate tables for the sexes; it was unthinkable that a man and a woman —even his wife or his mother—should eat from the same dish.

Now this particular prohibition was but a small part of the involved system, both religious and political, which held the people in servitude to the chiefs and priests. In the words of Mark Twain, "The taboo was the most ingenious and effective of all the inventions that have ever been devised for keeping a people's privileges restricted." While many taboos included all classes of the population, the worst of the prohibitions were directed at those who were kept in a state of bondage to those who had the rule over them. One writer on island customs has spoken of the system:

"Taboo was a command to do or not to do. 'Obey or die' was the demand. Death was the usual penalty of disobedience. Everything pertaining to the priesthood or the temple was taboo. To cross the shadow of the king was a violation of taboo. The people must not frequent favourite paths, springs, streams, or bathing places which were taboo for the benefit of kings and

priests. The worst thing about the system was that it left everything to the interpretation of a powerful and unscrupulous priesthood."

This brief explanation will indicate how revolutionary was the proposal made to the new king by Kaahumanu, the favourite wife of Kamehameha:

"If you wish to continue to observe the laws, it is well, and we will not molest you. But as for me and my people, we intend to be free from the taboo. We intend that the husband's food and the wife's food shall be cooked in the same oven, and that both shall be permitted to eat out of the same calabash. We intend to eat pork and bananas and coconuts and to live as the white people do. If you think differently you are at liberty to do so, but as for me and my people, we are resolved to be free."

Liholiho did not make known his decision at once. But a little later, when all the guests were assembled, as the story was told by one of the first missionaries: "The king rose up and said to Mr. Young, 'Cut up the fowls and the pig,' which being done, he suddenly started off and went to the women's table, where, seating himself by the queen, he began to eat with a fury of appetite, requesting them to partake with him. The whole assembly was struck with consternation at the sight, and looked to see him fall down dead. But no harm to the king ensuing, they at length cried out with one voice, 'The taboo is broken, the eating taboo is broken.'"

The priests understood what this would mean: their hold on the people would be at an end if the taboos were abolished. "The gods are a lie!" was an easy extension

of the demand for the abolishment of the taboos. But the high priest agreed. So did most of the other priests. It is related that one priest refused. He was told to eat poi from the calabash of the women. When he refused he was put to death.

At once the *heiaus* at Kailua were destroyed, and the images of the gods were burned. The news was carried abroad, and the destruction begun at the royal dwelling place was continued throughout the Islands.

Yet there were some who rebelled. Under the leadership of Kekuaokalani, Kamehameha's nephew, the recalcitrants took arms and made ready to oppose Liholiho, who followed them down the coast. The forces met at Kuamoo, and a bitter conflict followed. This was decided in favour of Liholiho by the appearance offshore of a squadron of double canoes. The victory sealed the fate both of idolatry and of the system of taboo.

Yet it must not be thought that all vestiges of heathenism disappeared at once. In fact, there are survivals of the days of taboo in the thinking of the people. For instance, Hawaiians believe that it is unlucky to walk with the hands behind the back, to sweep out the house after dark, to have a kamana tree before the door. Restarick, who speaks of survivals like these, remarks that in America and Europe like superstitions have survived centuries of freedom from idolatry. How about thirteen at table, raising an umbrella in the house, passing under a ladder?

Here, then, was a nation without a religion. What was to be the future?

That future was to be determined in consequence of

events that had their beginning only a few miles south of Kailua, in 1804. A priest at the *heiau* near Napoopoo was killed in a native war. His son, Obookiah, escaped to a whaling vessel and was taken to New Haven, Connecticut. There he lived in the home of the ship captain. One day in 1809 he was found on the steps of a building of Yale College, crying because he had no one to teach him. A student took him to his room and began to instruct him. Later, when Samuel J. Mills came to Yale from Williams, he met the Hawaiian and became interested in him. Obookiah went to the home of Mills, and became a Christian. There his frantic appeals for his people who were bowing down to idols that could be burned in the fire aroused interest and enthusiasm. Others planned to go to the Sandwich Islands with him. But they had to go alone, for he died in February, 1818. In the following year seventeen missionaries sailed for the Sandwich Islands.

This was the year of the breaking of the taboos and the destruction of the idols. But the missionaries did not know how the way had been prepared for them; they thought they were to meet conditions of which Obookiah had told them.

On the first or second day in April, 1820, the high priest, Hewahewa, sent an assistant to the sea beach before the house occupied by the king. There the man called out, according to directions, a message which, in English, said, "Oh, King, the god will soon land yonder." And on April 4th, the *Thaddeus* anchored off Kailua, bearing the emissaries from America, in accordance with the high priest's prophecy. The ship was

welcomed by the king and queen who, with a company of natives almost naked, were playing on the beach and in the surf. The captain and two of his passengers rowed ashore, and landed at the spot indicated by the high priest. This spot since that time had been called Kaiokeauka, "the Sea of the God." After three anxious hours they returned with the word that they were welcome. Far more startling, however, was the announcement that Kamehameha was dead, that Liholiho, his successor, had abolished the taboos, that the images and the temples had been burned, and that the little war caused by the change was at an end.

When the high priest learned of the errand of the missionaries he wrote a poem in the musical native tongue. The translation of this indicates clearly the poetic imagination of a people to whom the rainbow was, in the words of Joseph S. Emerson, "the most beautiful object in Nature." To them the sight meant that some great visitor was standing at the foot. The translation of the poem was treasured for many years by Mr. Emerson himself the son of an early missionary. He received it from an old man who dwelt at Kailua and knew the history of the lines:

Arise, stand up, stand.
Fill up the ranks, stand in rows, stand.
Lest we be in darkness, in black night.
Ye thorny-hearted, assemble, a multitude, stand.
A great God, a mighty God,
Is Jehovah, a Visitor from the skies;
A God dwelling afar off, in the heights,
At the further end of the wind,
In the rolling cloud, floating in air.

A light cloud resting on the earth,
A rainbow standing in the ocean,
Is Jesus, our Redeemer.
By the path from Kahiki to us in Hawaii He comes,
From the zenith to the horizon;
A mighty rain from the heavens,
Jehovah, the Supreme, we welcome.
Sing praises to the rolling heavens.
Now the earth rejoices.
We have received the words
Of knowledge, of power, of life.
Gather in the presence of Poki,
In the presence of the ever mighty Lord.
Pray with reverence to Jehovah,
As a mighty Kahuna of the Islands,
Who, like a torch, shall reveal our great sins,
That we may all live;
Live through Jesus.
Amen.

Soon some of the missionaries began work in Kailua, while others went on to Honolulu. A few months later the king and his court followed, and Honolulu became the recognized capital of the Islands.

Those were the days when the men of the Royal Guard were resplendent in "the cast-off regimentals of half a dozen different nations"; when a chief might wear "a rich suit of canton crêpe, satin, or silk velvet, with a sailor's check or red flannel shirt, and parti-coloured woollen cap, and perhaps one coarse stocking and shoe"; when the king's dress was, in large measure, a feather mantle, a string of beads, and a loin cloth; when the queen covered herself with "a native cloth *pau*, a yard wide, with ten folds, arranged in such a way that she was enveloped around the middle with

seventy thicknesses!" The manner of her robing was interesting: "The long cloth was spread on the ground, and, beginning at one end, she laid her body across it, and rolled herself over and over till she had rolled the whole around her."

When the missionaries began work among the Hawaiian people they found a wild, savage, independent people, among whom life and property were never safe. "The Islanders would commit murder for a sixpenny-worth of property," or even for a bone from the body, of which to make fishhooks, a writer about the period says. Yet they were eager for the message of the missionaries, and they were glad to help in providing a church building. The manner of their work on early buildings may be gathered from an account of a church erected a few years later. Then the people, of their own accord, without the knowledge of their teachers, went up into the forest three to five miles, with axes, and with ropes made of vines and bark of the hibiscus, cut down trees of suitable size and length for posts, rafters, etc., and hauled them down through mud and jungle, along streams and hillsides to the town.

On the main street of Kailua a memorial arch leads to the entrance of the sturdy church built in the early days. It is a picturesque building, well worth a visit.

One of the most interesting facts connected with the beginnings of missions in the Islands is that from there a missionary was sent to California in the days of the gold excitement, in response to an appeal from San Francisco!

NATIVE FISHING BY TORCHLIGHT

Not far from the church, but on the other side of the street, almost hidden by the shrubbery, the palms, and the banyan trees on the lawn, a large old frame house gives mute invitation to visitors. But at least one party learned that it is unwise to venture there. They passed through the gateway, pushed aside the bushes, slipped across the sagging floor of the *lanai*, and entered the door that would never close again. But before they could go far into the room a Hawaiian rushed from a house in the garden with inarticulate cries. His terror was explained when he pointed to holes in the rotting floor, and then to the water which filled the cellar beneath, twelve feet deep. Longingly the visitors looked beyond to the wainscotted hallway, the high, ornamental ceilings, and the beautifully wrought staircase, but they had to be content with a study of the house from without and a view of the old fish pond in the garden where once the royal residents were accustomed to go for dainties for the table.

For this was the summer palace, once the great show place of Kailua, the residence of kings and queens for generations, and finally rebuilt by Kalakaua that he might have a place of refuge from the cares of the kingdom at Honolulu. This latest successor of various royal dwelling houses in what is now a sleepy town of perhaps two hundred people was a marvel. Accounts written at the time tell of the sumptuous furnishings in the rooms and the pictures of royalty on the walls. These have disappeared, but the marvellous view from

the house is the same. On one side the slopes of Kona rise up toward Hualalai, with a green coffee plantation here and there. At the back "the waves come dashing against the stone and cement breakwater built by the king, the foam flies in the air, and beyond the blue Pacific spreads out toward the infinite."

No wonder the king delighted in his residence at Kailua! What a tale of joy and sorrow the summer palace and its predecessors could tell! Perhaps the saddest story of all is that of Kamehameha IV, who, in 1862, mourned because of the death of his promising son. His sorrow found expression, after the Hawaiian manner, in a new name given to the mother of the child, Queen Emma. She was called Kaleleokalani, "The Flight of the Chief," or "The Disappearance of the Heaven." A few months later the king returned to Kailua. In the palace he came upon a box of broken toys left by the prince. The anguish caused by the sight was great. Next day he went to the church across the way and spoke to the assembled people. As he finished his address paralysis seized upon him. He was taken to the palace, and there, a little later, he died. Then, a second time, the name of the queen was changed; thenceforth she was known as Kalaleonalani, "The Flight of All the Chiefs, the Entire Heaven." The name given by her household, however, is inscribed in a volume given by the bereft mother to the library of the Queen Emma House in Honolulu.

The incident of the broken toys at Kailua led to the writing of verses that were quoted in the volume to which reference has been made:

I have bowed beneath the stroke, and the storm is passing o'er;
I will walk, and will not murmur, though my lips may smile no more.
The world is quiet for him—
My beautiful is taken
To the dim eternal shore.
I have learned to watch the little spot of earth that is my boy's,
But scarcely yet I dare to touch his broken toys.

Not far from the palace was the summer villa of Princess Likelike, later the home of Mrs. Mookini, once housekeeper at the summer palace, whose brother went to San Francisco in the days of gold. There he married a Spanish girl. When she was grown she went to Hawaii and became a favourite in court circles. At Kailua she was wooed by a man from California, and in the mission church across from the palace they were married. They lived happily for eight years in the house bought from Princess Likelike, until the days of revolution. Then the husband joined the revolutionists. The wife remained quietly at Kailua, but when the counter-revolution succeeded, she was arrested, charged with conspiracy, and was taken away on the steamer. When her guards relaxed their vigilance, she jumped into the sea and was drowned. But the superstitious say that she swam shore and lived for many years in a cave on the mountain slope above Kailua. They even tell how, at the time of the full moon, she is seen rising from the waves, garbed in all her court finery, her streaming hair brilliant with hibiscus blooms. Others insist that each year, on the anniversary of her wedding, she dances on the greensward in the courthouse park, a few rods from the palace, rattling her castanets as she moves here and there.

From fancies like these it is good to turn to more of the places along the Kona coast where real incidents of tremendous import occurred. Continued stay in this historic neighbourhood is made easy by the presence of two pleasing little hotels on the road several miles from the beach, which is perhaps fifteen hundred feet above the sea. A ranch along the road is full of quiet interest. A Japanese shrine is near neighbour to Hawaiian houses. From the gardens over the hedges appear glimpses of rare plants and rich foliage—that of the breadfruit tree, for instance, whose product when baked like a sweet potato is so tempting. Constantly cosmopolitan groups of men, women, and children are passed—Filipinos, whose innate politeness has inoculated the Japanese until they, too, are deferential, and sleepy-looking Hawaiians who have not changed much since Mark Twain observed them "sitting on the ground, gazing indolently at whatever and whoever happened by."

A succession of native villages scattered amid the green of coffee plantations, typical Kona trees, and the ever-present lantana—"that missionary plant," this has been called, because the garden variety planted by a missionary became a pest when the mynah bird scattered its edible berries all over the island—make delightful travel by this road, which here and there sends branches down to villages on the shore.

One such branch leads to Keauhou, with its magnificent view of the sea, where it has been planned to build a great hotel. This is close to the sledge slide down the cliffs into the sea which was used by many kings

and chiefs in days long past, but is especially connected with the name of Kamehameha III, who was born near by. On this slide, between stone walls for nearly a mile, the curious swift sled was guided to the water.

Another trail reaching seaward from the road back from the cliff goes swiftly down to the beautiful Kealakekua Bay. "Pathway of the Gods" this has been called, because of the tradition that the gods passed by night from one to another of the string of *heiaus* which were built along the mountain above the bay. Sometimes, however, it is said that the explanation of the name is that Lono, god of the sea, was accustomed to use the rainbows in his descent from heaven to the waters of the bay. The scene spread before the descending traveller is arresting. How can superlatives be used of any view in the Islands, where on every hand there is something fascinating, compelling? But that descent from the bluff road to Kealakekua must ever remain a vivid memory to those who have passed that way. The mountain slopes above the tropical vegetation on either hand, the white houses here and there emphasizing the green, the blue water far below, the gleaming surf pounding, pounding on the lava rocks, the curve of the bay, the promontories that bound it on either side, and the *pali* between—how could more be asked by any artist!

The road touches the southern boundary of the bay. But who can be content to remain there when only a mile of water separates him from the Kaawaloa end, with its memorial of Captain James Cook, who anchored in Kealakekua Bay in November, 1778—especially

when that mile can be covered in a native outrigger canoe, so narrow that a man more than twenty inches wide must solve the problem of seating himself comfortably in the clumsy-looking but safe contrivance. The terminus of the little journey is at the lava rocks by the little fishing village, erected between the lighthouse on the outer point and the monument to the discoverer of the Islands, which stands in a lonely grove of cocoanut palms and algaroba trees. There, in 1928, the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery and the death of the discoverer was celebrated.

This monument was erected by the British government on a bit of land deeded in 1876 by Princess Likelike for the purpose. This deed, which makes Great Britain owner of land within the territory of the United States, is one of the curious mementoes that may be seen by those who visit the Archives Building in Honolulu.

The murder of the great navigator was the tragic sequel to his reception by the Hawaiians as their god Lono, who had gone to sea in a canoe long years before and was never seen again, though he prophesied that some day he would return from the sea. Worship of the man they believed to be their reincarnated god, in the *heiau* near Napoopoo on the bay shore, was followed only a little later by the death of the hero. Angered by several unfortunate occurrences, the people pressed close to Cook. One of them knocked him down by accident. "He groans!" was the astonished cry. "He is not a god!" Then they killed him.

The first rough memorial erected to his memory was

a tablet placed on a coconut tree near the spot where he fell. While this has disappeared, there is another memorial in addition to the white obelisk—a cairn by the side of the steep trail leading down to Kaawaloa, on the spot where, it is said, a part of Cook's body was buried.

The bay below the cairn is connected with further events of note in the history of the Islands. Here, in 1790, the schooner *Eleanora* waited in vain for the return of John Young, her boatswain, who had been sent ashore in charge of a boat crew, but was not permitted to return because he had learned of the murder of Captain Metcalfe of the *Fair American*, at Kawaihae Bay, farther north. Metcalfe's vessel was captured and the murder of the captain and all the crew, except Isaac Davis, followed, in retaliation for the punishment meted out to people of Maui by Metcalfe's father when one of his boats had been stolen and burned for the iron it contained. Kamehameha the Great was not a party to the murder of young Metcalfe, but he ordered the detention of Young, that the deed might not become known.

One of the treasures of the Territorial Archives in Honolulu is a letter written by the senior Metcalfe asking for the return of the boatswain, Young. The wait of the *Eleanora* at Kealakekua Bay was in vain; he was compelled to sail away without his boatswain. After he had disappeared both Isaac Davis and John Young were released. Before long honours were heaped upon them; ultimately they were made chiefs. The consideration shown them made them willing to teach Kamehameha's men the use of ordnance received from

a British captain, or captured from the *Fair American*, Thereafter Kamehameha was able to wage war much more effectively than with the primitive weapons at his disposal up to that time. This addition to his forces was a large factor in the victories he had yet to win. The two men received rich rewards; before many years Young was Kamehameha's right-hand man. In 1856 Kamehameha V married the granddaughter of the captured boatswain of the *Eleanora*, who himself had married a native of noble birth.

Among the countless other ships which have anchored in or near this bay were vessels whose captains delighted to make a target of the great half-mile *pali* —the Kapuokeoua—which forms the head of this most attractive bit of water. For this precipice is honeycombed with the tombs of the great men of the island. Tradition tells of the custom of lowering a native from the top of the cliff that he might hollow out a place for the body of a chief. Then he was lowered a second time, with the body. This he placed in the aperture prepared for it. When he had closed the opening the rope was cut, that he might be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Thus no one would know just where the chief was buried. But the burial vaults in the cliff proved too great a temptation to certain visiting marksmen, who insisted on long-range violation of the burial place so carefully kept inviolate even from the knowledge of the people.

The best way to see the burial place of chiefs is to return from Captain Cook's monument close to the shore. What an experience it is to look up at the black

pali with its openings, some of them still closed by the primitive contrivances of other days; down at the clear water which shows the coral of rock many feet below the surface; back at the fishermen's huts beyond the monument, the sampans at anchor before Kaawaloa, and the surf beating over the lava rocks at the end of the peninsula!

On the way back to the starting point for the canoe trip, at the southern boundary of the bay, the ruins of Hikiau *heiau* are descried on the shore. There Cook was worshipped as the god Lono. There, too, was the boyhood haunt of Obookiah, whose journey to Connecticut led to the coming of the first missionaries to Hawaii. A memorial stone in his memory tells the story.

Not yet is it possible to turn away from these historic waters, for a little more than three miles farther down the coast, on the shore of a cove, just beyond a grove of coconut trees, are the curious remains of Honaunau, a city of refuge that dates no one knows how far back. The fact that Hawaii alone among heathen nations had an institution like that of the ancient Jews has led some to urge that the people of the Islands came from Jewish stock. Though the contention is absurd, the similarity is indeed striking. For thither lawbreakers —violators of taboo, thieves, and murderers—could hasten and find protection from pursuing avengers.

Of the many similar refuges on the various islands, which were placed in strategic situations that those who needed them might find them easily, this is the best preserved. The massive walls are still of great extent, though much of the survival has been destroyed within

recent years by tidal waves that followed eruptions from Mauna Loa and Kilauea.

While a trail may be taken along the coast, still farther south, the road turns inland from Honaunau, climbing the cliff which becomes steeper with every mile. Here and there bays and beaches make indentation in the frowning precipice. Perhaps the most beautiful of these is Kealia Beach. Here and there are caverns in the lava *pali*, hollowed out by the waves, which "beat and surge and threaten" for many miles.

The road, rising on the shoulder of the mountain, affords vistas of the blue water far below, wherever the matted undergrowth on the steep between deigns to provide an opening. Through this undergrowth the builder of outrigger canoes beneath a shed by the roadside pushes his product down two or three miles to the Pacific, a thousand feet below. When he delivers a crude vessel of hau wood, with pearwood ornaments at either end, he is apt to collect from fifty dollars to three hundred dollars for his wares; the amount depends on the financial rating of his customer!

It is of special interest to remember, when watching the skilled artificer, that in days of old every step in the building of a canoe, from the felling of the tree to the transportation to the sea and the launching, was a religious ceremonial.

The accommodating hau tree, from which so many canoes are fashioned, fills a large place in the islander's economy. The bark of this relative of the hibiscus gives rope, while grateful shade is provided as the young trees are trained as vines over a dooryard arbour. Then

the blossoms gratify the sight. A striking thing, however, is that the flowers, yellow one day, may be mauve the day after!

Thus the hau tree is nearly as useful as the breadfruit tree; not only does this have its delicious fruit, which is from three to five inches in diameter, but the leaves are used for many purposes, the bark for medicine, and the gum for capturing birds—at least the gum was so used when there were any birds to catch.

Now the winding road passes through a forest of lehua trees. By the wayside great ferns grow luxuriantly. Yellow poha berries, which look not unlike a very small egg tomato, are abundant. Travellers find them palatable, and housewives welcome them for jelly making.

Now for many miles the road crosses over the rough lava flows which have come down from Mauna Loa during many years. A mile or a few miles of desolation may be succeeded by a bit of green, only to have another flow, and another, and still another follow, until the southern point of the island is reached. On some of the older flows vegetation is growing with real freedom, but—judging from experience—hundreds of years must pass before the lava can decompose and make real soil. When lava is untouched by wind and rain its form is unchanged for centuries. The freshest lava of all, that of the 1926 flow, which passed slowly down to the sea and overwhelmed the fishing village of Hoopaloa, after more than a year was still giving out gas. Sticks pushed down through the surface lava soon became charred, and it was necessary only to push aside

surface rubbish with the foot to find bits of lava too hot for holding.

There is strange fascination in this region of death and desolation. There is no monotony. Here the lava has come down like a river, there it is cast up in blocks like broken ice on the edge of a stream. Once the flow passes through the heart of a koa forest. Here are the brilliant blooms of the lantana; there the ohelo berries —a sort of cross between a cranberry and a red haw— grow in clusters that please the eye and gratify the palate.

There is variety even in the lava. Two varieties are distinguished at once. Sometimes the flow is *aa*—rough, bristling, jagged. A journey of a few rods over this surface is more than ample. Huge blocks of the lava, as large as a house, are close to smaller fragments. Professor Dana says that those only who have had a close view of chaos can have any real conception of the *aa*.

The very next flow encountered may be the *pahoehoe* variety, smooth, almost satiny in appearance. "It looks like boiling molasses," said a visitor.

From the last of the lava flows, the road—now farther from the sea—gives opportunity for an advantageous view of the great *pali* at the south end of the island, and of the coast north to Kaalualua, where an old lava flow, which may be followed far out to sea, forms the upper boundary of a small bay where ships anchor sometimes. Then comes that lovely village Waiohinu, where Mark Twain spent some months in 1866. The banyan tree he planted adds to the quiet beauty of the place, where white houses cluster amid the

trees, behind rough piled walls of lava, below the majestic slope that reaches up to Mauna Loa.

After Waiohinu there is a rapid change. The road drops rapidly toward the sea at Honuapo, where the waters roughened by the trade wind give the variety necessary to the completeness of the picture.

So much of desolation has been seen that it is a decided relief to behold the rich fields of sugar cane on the right hand and the sisal plantations on the left. Further relief comes when the signal is given to leave the conveyance, climb the wall and trudge perhaps half a mile up the slope of Mauna Loa to Turtle Cave. In reality this cave is a lava tube. After the entrance has been gained with some difficulty the way is comparatively easy back a few hundred feet. The torch reveals on the walls ghostly picture writing that no one can decipher. Then, on the floor, the torch is focussed on a most lifelike turtle, perhaps two feet long, carved in relief on the floor of the cave. Who made this? When was the work done? Who can tell?

Now the barren country is succeeded by a bit of fertile land. In spite of forbidding appearances this yellow ash land may be made most productive. Geologists say that this ash came from the crater of Mauna Loa 200,000 years ago. "Or, rather, it was 200,008 years ago," the man who told the story said. Asked how he could be so exact, he replied, "Eight years have passed since the scientist made his careful estimate."

Not every geologist is as modest in juggling with figures as the man who wrote: "The nature and age

of the basement upon which the relatively young mountains of Hawaii rest are at present unknown. In terms of years a very long time is required to carve a valley four thousand feet deep; geologically not much time is required to remove mountains."

At the Half Way House—that is, halfway from the sea to the crater of Kilauea—a choice is offered of going on to Pele's realm or of taking the trail which leads down from Mauna Loa to the dreary Kau Desert. Because the trail leads beyond the desert to the romantic Puna coast at the eastern extremity of the island this is a good way to go—that is, for those who are not afraid of a little rough travelling on horseback.

The beginning of the new route crosses the 1920 lava flow at a point ten miles from Kilauea, from which the destruction came, then passes into the Kau Desert. Of this desolate region a weird story is told. This is of days when Kamehameha, later the conqueror of the Islands, was merely a great chief. He was aspiring to be king of Kona and Puna, as well as of his own part of the island, but was opposed by Keoua. This rebel leader was in Hilo when he heard that Kamehameha was attacking Kau. So he took his army—and the members of the families of the warriors in that day accompanied them—and hastened to Kau by way of Kilauea. One night, when they were encamped near the volcano, they were dismayed by an eruption of cinders and heavy stones, while the glare of molten lava from the pit Halemaumau, and the accompanying thunder and lava, made all afraid. Offerings were made to Pele, then the company was divided into three

divisions which set out for the inhabited portion of Kau. Soon an earthquake and a further eruption united in terrifying the first section of the army. Cinders and stones fell all about them, while the sky was lit in a terrifying manner. Soon, however, they were out of the danger zone. Later they learned that the rear section had had a like experience. When they were able to proceed they sought to join the advance division of the army. Soon they came up with the second division. But they could not compare notes with their comrades, for, in the words of Dibble, the historian of the Sandwich Islands: "Some were lying down, and others were sitting upright, clasping with dying grasp their women and children. So much like life they looked that they at first supposed them merely at rest and it was not until they had come up to them that they could detect their mistake. Not one of the whole party, including women and children, survived to relate the catastrophe that had overtaken them." They had been overwhelmed by sulphurous vapour! The bodies of the hundreds of victims were not buried; for many years the bones lay bleaching in the sun. One memorial of them remains—the footprints cast in the lava on that night of destruction. The traveller in that region shudders as he looks on this pitiful record of the tragedy.

The trail across Kau meanders through the desert, then through the chain of smaller craters that reach toward the sea from Kilauea, and finally past the old Wawaula *heiau* to Kalapana, passing on the way the Cave of Refuge on the summit of the cliff overlooking the ocean. This cave is reached by a trail through a

tangle of tropical undergrowth, then by a steep climb up the landward face of the precipice. There in time of war chiefs of old were well hidden, for the narrow entrance could be covered with rare cunning. The voluntary prisoner could look out on the sea from an opening in the cliff far above the water.

While descending the *pali* one party of visitors was met by a picturesque Hawaiian fisherman. His hatband was decked with flowers. Over his arm was draped a fish net; he was going over the *pali* to the rocks at the water side, where he would cast his net on the mullet after the skilful manner of the native fisherman.

Kalapana, several miles from the Cave of Refuge, appeals to travellers because of the famous beach of black volcanic sand on which grows one of the finest coconut groves in the Islands. Many stop to open green coconuts. But they must be on guard, or dogs, cats, and children will rob them of the milk, and even of the young coconut meat.

The road along the shore crosses the lava flow of 1788 just before this reaches the sea. Here and there are evidences of the difference in the aspect of lava flows on the windward and the leeward sides of the island. On the leeward side, where there is no rain, there is no chance for cultivation, but where there is much moisture there is less of desolation, because the farmers of Puna can grow sweet potatoes in the hollows and cracks of the lava when they take pains to cover the plants with decayed leaves.

More curiosities of this country are *kipukas*, depressions in the midst of lava flows, perhaps fifteen or

twenty feet below the surface of the lava. Usually there are several acres in each *kipuka*. In these depressions grow rich survivals of the vegetation of centuries ago; the soil is rich, the rainfall is plentiful, and the destructive cattle and goats cannot get to these "botanical gardens in the midst of an arid wasteland."

Close to the lava flow of 1840 is the village of Kapoho, site of one of Hawaii's famous public schools and centre of a little region full of scenic marvels. One road leads to the beginning of a walk of nearly a mile through a dense tropical jungle of guava and coconut and mango trees. Beneath the trees dank rotting vegetation hides pitfalls for the unwary. Some of the ground crossed over changed its level many feet during a recent disturbance in Kilauea. Unexpectedly the trail brings up against a precipice lapped by the waters of the Warm Spring, a basin large enough for a good swim, filled with water of intense blue. To this natives long ago used to go and marvel at the phenomenon of the rise and fall of the water in time with the Pacific tides several miles distant.

Not far away, within private grounds to which access is given freely, Green Lake, a larger body of water, hides itself in a little crater. The water is alive with goldfish. The precipice beyond and the coconut trees on the shore add to the quiet beauty of the place.

Further oddities of the lava country are the so-called lava trees near the roadside—moulds in lava of trees of the forest of Kapoho covered by the destructive flow. The trees have disappeared, but the moulds remain. One of them is in the form of an arch, perhaps

five feet high. On the top are small living trees which cluster there like flowers in a vase.

There is a legend of the origin of a flow which overwhelmed this section in the Fourteenth Century. On one of the hills the king of Hawaii and a chief of Puna were engaged in the rare sport of sliding down the grassy slope in their *papas* or sleds. Among the spectators was Pele, who had come down from Kilauea incognita. She challenged the chief of Puna to a contest, but when he won she reviled him, and asked for a second contest. When he ignored her request and took another slide, Pele, in a rage, stamped on the ground, and the hill was rent by an earthquake. Then lava came tumbling down from the rent. Looking back, the chief saw that Pele—who had resumed her human form—was pursuing him with thunder, lightning, earthquake, and fire. He escaped in a canoe, although Pele sent fiery rocks.

After leaving the region of many marvels in this far corner of the district of Puna, which "sleeps at the feet of Mauna Loa," the road makes its way through a glorious forest to open country, then by the finest of cement highways to Hilo, where the circuit of the island was begun.

XIV

PEEPING THROUGH "EARTH'S WINDOW"

SOME of the world's greatest wonders are almost inaccessible, or can be approached only by those who are willing to undertake an arduous journey. So a welcome surprise awaits the visitor to Hawaii when he is told that he can go to one of the two active craters of the world's greatest volcano as easily as if the trip were only from Washington to Baltimore! Think of riding by automobile, over a perfect road, to a wonderland where, within a few square miles, it is possible not only to see into Nature's seething laboratory, but also to look on scores of varied marvels, products and accompaniments of the process of world building!

Hualalai's 8,275 feet may be conquered by a trail; this is comparatively easy, but it is still a trail. Mauna Loa's 13,675-foot summit calls for exertion much more strenuous, yet it is sought by many visitors who prove more fortunate than John Ledyard, a member of Captain Cook's party of 1778; after two days of struggle through almost impenetrable thickets, without a guide, he was forced to give up. Not until the missionaries came was the mountain conquered. Those who follow them in the ascent of this gigantic mass, whose base is seventy-four by fifty-five miles at sea level, come away with memories that abide of the old adze quarries to

which ancient Hawaiians resorted frequently; of the beautiful Waiau Lake, 13,007 feet high, where Hilo people sometimes go to see solid winter ice when the lowlands are basking in tropical sunshine; of the gigantic crater Mokuaweoweo, whose area is nearly four square miles, whose walls are from five hundred to one thousand feet high.

From the plateau of the crater—more than thirty thousand feet above the floor of the ocean—lava has been sent down the mountain side many times in modern days. One of the most destructive and spectacular of these eruptions was that of 1852, of which Titus Coan wrote:

"I seemed to be standing in the presence and before the throne of the eternal God. . . . I was in a vast solitude untrodden by the foot of man or beast; amidst silence unbroken by any living voice, and surrounded by scenes of terrific desolation. Here I stood, almost blinded by the unsupportable brightness, almost desperate with the startling clangor; almost petrified with the awful scene. The heat was so intense that the crater could not be approached within forty or fifty yards on the windward side, and probably not within two miles on the leeward. The eruption commenced on the very summit of the mountain, but it would seem that the lateral pressure of the lava was so great as to force itself out at a weaker point on the side of the mountain, at the same time cracking and rending the mountain all the way down from the summit to the place of ejection."

Kilauea is twenty miles from the crater Mokuaweoweo, on a plateau on the southeastern side of Mauna

Loa, at an elevation of four thousand feet. But it is a mistake to think of this lower volcano as merely a secondary vent in Mauna Loa. It is a distinct volcano. Possibly there is connection between the two craters, for both have been active at the same time. Often, however, Kilauea is alive when Mokuaweoweo is cold and dead.

The two wonders have been included since 1916 in the Hawaii National Park, though there was no formal dedication until 1921. The area includes also the summit of Haleakala on the island of Maui, but its chief features are the two great craters and their surroundings on Hawaii.

By cement road from Hilo the distance to the headquarters of the park and the hotel on the brink of Kilauea is but thirty miles—thirty miles of continuous surprise and delight. "I thought the way to Kilauea would prove gloomy, depressing," was the comment of one visitor. "On the contrary, we have been treated to a succession of cane fields and tropical forests that make us eager to prolong the trip."

Those forests on the way to Kilauea! They are unlike anything seen elsewhere in the Islands. Let those who speak with gratitude of a ride on the mainland that leads to a dell a few hundred feet in extent, where ferns whose fronds are but one or two feet long carpet the banks under the trees, try to express their feelings when they pass through nine miles of tree ferns, many of them forty feet high, whose gigantic fifteen- or twenty-foot plumes crowd upon one another by the roadside and wave enticingly overhead! Some of these ferns have soft,

yellow, glossy hair; this is used for stuffing pillows and mattresses, while another variety, much larger, has stiff, long black hair on the leaf stems.

But the tree ferns are not alone in this glorious forest. Here is a specimen of the fragrant sandalwood, with whitish blooms. Yonder is a koa tree, the Hawaiian mahogany, called the most stately tree in the Islands. Near by are specimens of the paper mulberry, from whose inner bark Hawaiians make their *tapa* cloth; the mamani, with bright yellow blossoms; the ohelo, a native huckleberry, whose white, red, yellow, or purple berries make good eating, especially when cooked in pies, though the Hawaiians of other days did not dare to touch these, for they were sacred to the dread Pele, goddess of Kilauea; the ohia lehua, fortunately so plentiful in the Islands, for its brilliant scarlet blooms are a sight for tired eyes. Legend tells how Hiiaka, the sister of Pele, when sent on her quest for the lover of the goddess, consented to go only if Pele would care for the treasured grove of lehua trees, and of the grief of Hiiaka when, on her return, she found only blackened trunks, for the trees had been destroyed by lava ejected by Pele in jealous rage!

The forest of brilliant green and yellow, pink and white, is the vestibule to the central feature of the Hawaii National Park where the Volcano House provides comfort for travellers, many of whom prefer to wait until the day following their arrival for their first intimate view of the crater. After the drive they can refresh themselves by a vapour bath in a cosy retiring room built over an earth crack from which comes steam

trapped for this use. Then, after a thorough rest in the stimulating atmosphere of the high plateau, comes the early morning view from windows which overtook the great crater and the yawning gulf Halemaumau in the distance, beyond a weird expanse of lava spread in fantastic forms. Here and there are steam vents, both without and within the crater.

There are two ways to reach Halemaumau. First, perhaps, comes the tedious but rewarding trudge "across the mass of cold, ink-black shining old lava" which fills a space more than four square miles in area, described as "a sink in the middle of the plain."

Perhaps there will be a feeling of disappointment because there is no cone, no real crater, no live lava. But let the visitor be patient! Let him go on until the pit Halemaumau, "House of Everlasting Fire," yawns in awful majesty at his feet—an immense hole whose precipitous sides reach down 1,350 feet. This irregular gash in the floor of Kilauea is 3,500 feet long and 3,000 feet wide. No trail leads down the steep walls to the home of the lava which, from time to time, toils up until it overflows into the crater.

But where is the red-hot, seething lava? Perhaps it is not in evidence at the moment, though Daly says: "The level of the incandescent lake of molten rock has been constantly changing, up and down, but seldom during the last eighteen years has the liquid sunk clear out of sight." But let no one dare to say that it may not appear within a day, or even an hour, making glorious the heavens by night, perhaps showing the power of the earth forces in the depths by a death-deal-

ing shower of boulders like that which fell in 1924 for a mile or two about the pit. "I'd take my chances on the battlefield rather than stand within reach of such a bombardment of great rocks from the bowels of the mountain," declared a man who knew Halemaumau in all its moods. Picture the force necessary to fetch an eight-ton rock from an unknown depth until it found a resting place more than half a mile from the point of exit!

"You may not see much down there to-day," said the guide to a traveller. "Yet before you reach Honolulu the inactivity of the year past may be forgotten." He was a true prophet. Within two weeks, without warning, Halemaumau became active. One day just before dawn there was a burst of lava from the depths, and what was described as a huge pyrotechnic display followed.

From a curious laboratory equipped by the citizens of Hilo, not far from the brink of the crater and close to the Volcano House, a man with his assistants keeps watch over Kilauea day after day, month after month, year after year, observing signs and portents, measuring minor disturbances, ever ready to prophesy a coming eruption and the destructive tidal wave that is so apt to be one of its accompaniments. In that laboratory the most jealously guarded instrument is a delicate seismograph which writes with infallible fingers the record of the slightest disturbance in the earth's crust. More than once that instrument, intelligently read, has been the agent of timely warning to the people of Hawaii. The delicacy of the seismograph—to say noth-

LAUHALA PALMS, ISLAND OF HAWAII

ing of the sense of humour of an assistant at the laboratory—was indicated by the story told to a visitor of a day when the instrument, during the absence of the regular observer, was left in charge of a member of his family. "Watch for any movement, and act accordingly!" was the parting injunction. Soon the mechanical needle traced on the recording sheet a variation that could have been caused only by some tremendous excitement far down in the depths of earth. "A tidal wave will follow, and I must act!" she thought. So she sent word to the merchants at Hilo to take sugar from the docks and in other ways to prepare for disaster. When her husband returned she told him in great excitement of the alarming warning of the needle. But when he went with her to the seismograph he discovered that the variation was caused only by a bug which had interfered with the machinery.

"You don't believe the bug story?" asked the assistant. "Then blow against the counterweight here. Now read the record! To an observer ignorant of your action the sudden break in the even movement of the writing would give eloquent indication of a disastrous earthquake. Do you wonder that we are most cautious in the admission of visitors to the inner sanctuary where Pele tells us of her varying moods and tenses!"

Now for a warning that was not caused by a bug. On February 3, 1923, the delicate instrument told of an earthquake under the bottom of the sea several thousand miles from the observatory on Kilauea. "Look out for a tidal wave!" was the message sent by telephone to Hilo and other towns. A few hours later the

water came rolling from the Pacific with such force that at Hilo it washed Japanese sampans or fishing boats over the railway bridge, which was wrecked. But the warning had averted much other loss.

Thomas H. Jaggar is the volcanologist who is giving his life to learn the secrets of Kilauea. Sometimes he stays within his laboratory, but often he is out in the crater, or on the edge of Halemaumau, peering into the depths, perhaps sounding them with lengths of steel pipe which tell him that the lava below averages forty-five feet in depth. "Of course the wells or pipes, through which the lava foams up from the deeper volcanic pits, are of unknown depth," he explains. Again he is gathering samples of gases from a hole in a lava cone as these come from the pit in time of eruption. On one such expedition he nearly lost his life, when his breath was shut off. "It was as though a gigantic hand had suddenly seized my throat," he explained later. "I had walked into a wall of invisible, odourless, and deadly gas. Vain was the effort to get around the wall, and I had to give up the experiment."

But only until the next opportunity came. For Dr. Jaggar looks on the volcano as "a window of earth," or "a good laboratory," since it is continually going through "all the stunts of which a volcano is capable, in such a way that observation is comparatively easy."

"But what is the good of all this study?" he was asked.

"Who knows?" was the reply. "Isn't it enough that I can see some of the things that are going on inside the earth? If you want more than this, let me tell you that

perhaps some day we can harness the volcanic heat for industrial purposes."

From the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory is issued one of the world's most curious papers—*The Volcano Letter*—described as a "Weekly News Leaflet of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association." Copies are sent to all members who pay the dues of five dollars a year. In this paper—which is the size of a sheet of letter paper—the sort of news provided is illustrated by extracts from the different issues of a single month. These might be called "Volcano Gossip":

"Kilauea Volcano continues dormant, the only activity being rock falls and small avalanches from the walls of Halemaumau pit."

"On the morning of June 2, a dense cloud of steam, due to falling moisture, was rising from the north side of Halemaumau pit."

"Coatings of white salts have increased on the wall east of the lower southwest rift tunnel and down the north edge of the southwest talus."

"Due to the strong northeast wind on June 17, great clouds of dirt, resembling smoke, covered the Kau Desert, south of Kilauea Crater."

"During the year avalanches in the pit of Halemaumau have seemed to be more frequent in the afternoon than the forenoon . . . due to temperature and drying effect of the sun on the walls of the pit."

Even this little paper, devoted as it is to serious scientific observations, has its humorous department.

One issue gave a quotation from the *Argus* of Capetown, South Africa:

"Towering 1,300 feet above the blue waters of the Pacific, Mauna Loa was covered with lush green forests and waving fern trees, with dancing streams and picturesque dwellings until the eruption of last April, when, without any warning, a sea of boiling lava eddied and surged down the mountain slopes, melting the rocks, whose grandeur of outline had been one of Mauna Loa's most arresting charms, and reducing them to a shapeless mass, destroying the bridges and trampling the forest into charred and stunted remnants. From its snow-capped summit great jets of black liquid spouted, the air was filled with the hissings of steam, the churning of molten lava, the fumes of sulphur, the exploding of noxious gases."

The comment of the editor of *The Volcano Letter* is brief: "The flow of April, 1926, was a spectacular cascade of lava, but was no larger than most of Mauna Loa's flows. The ribbon of new lava from its source . . . down to the sea, averaged not more than half a mile in width. It covered country already rather barren and destroyed a half mile of country roads and some twelve houses at the beach."

In this brief fashion the scientifically accurate periodical demolished the African word pictures of dire disaster!

The Volcano Letter sometimes makes laughing reference to Pele, the goddess whose home, say the Hawaiians, is in Halemaumau. They tell how the volcano fire queen, who built the Hawaiian Islands, was born "in

a land on the edge of the sky." As a child she was fascinated by the keeper of the fire in her home, and she dreamed of a life of fire environment and fire conquest. This ambition did not please her elder sister, who was a sea goddess; she said that the fulfilment of Pele's dream might cause great commotion and disaster. Sure enough! Once, when she came home from a long absence at sea, she found to her sorrow that Pele had sent down a fiery flow of *aa* lava on land and sea. So Pele decided to flee from the anger of her relative. Her parents gave her the power to pour forth the sea from her forehead as her canoes advanced. Thus a watery waste was emptied on the plain until nothing was left of the Hawaiian land but mountain peaks reaching up from the sea. In her search for a home she made various trails. Oahu, Kauai, and Molokai were tested, but she went on to Maui. There she built the crater Haleakala, but she left there soon because the crater was too large to be kept warm. Perhaps, however, the real reason for her departure from Maui's crater was the coming of her sister who, as a sea monster, overcame her and made her once more a wanderer.

One of the old songs puts in Pele's mouth the story of her wanderings:

Farewell to thee, Maui, farewell!
Farewell to thee, Molokai, farewell!
Farewell to thee, Lanai, farewell!
Farewell to thee, Kaholawe, farewell!
We stand all girded for travel;
Hawaii, it seems, is the land
On which we shall dwell evermore.

For generations the people were in abject fear of Pele; they wished always to appease her, never to anger her lest she destroy them. Her home in Kilauea was surrounded by taboos and her name was spoken with terror. But in 1824 Princess Kapiolani—and this part of the story is not legend, it is solid fact—determined to release her people from their unreasoning terror, and to show them the folly of taboos like that which had brought death to a boy who satisfied her girlish craving for bananas: he stole them from the altar and gave them to her, though the fruit was forbidden to women. He paid for his impious act by yielding his life on the altar he had violated.

"I will go to the realm of Pele, whom you worship," she said to her people. "When I reach the crater, it is my purpose to defy her. Nothing will happen to me, so you will know that she has no power."

Vainly they tried to dissuade her, but when she persisted in her purpose many followed her, because they loved her so much. The journey was made from the beach near the south point of Hawaii, over sixty miles of rough lava. Though she weighed 250 pounds, she persisted in continuing the journey even when the lava wrought sad havoc with her feet. Finally she reached the crater. Crossing this, she went to the edge of the pit of Halemaumau. With daring that brings disbelief to those who stand there to-day she clambered down to a shelf halfway between the surface and the boiling lava below her. Then she voiced her defiance:

"Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not

Pele. If I perish with the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele, but if I trust in Jehovah, and He shall save me from the wrath of Pele when I break through her taboos, then you must fear and serve Jehovah; all the gods of Hawaii are vain."

Finally she ate of the ohelo berries, thus breaking a taboo, and cast stones into the pit.

"One of the greatest acts of moral courage ever known," this act of Kapiolani has been called by an island historian. The effect on the people was instantaneous, and it has persisted to modern days. Yet at times the old dread of the goddess of fire survives. In April, 1826, when streams of lava flowed down the mountain side and finally overwhelmed the fishing village of Hoopaloa, the inhabitants offered pigs, chickens, and money to Pele, throwing them into the advancing lava. Other offerings were placed on a large lava boulder that found a resting place at a little distance from the flow. There silk handkerchiefs, *leis*, and even chewing gum were placed for Pele's benefit.

"But the offerings were of no use," a resident of the village said. "For Pele had been enraged by the act of a fisherman who secured a pig by saying that he would offer this to Pele. The owner refused to take any payment if the pig was for Pele. Yet the dishonest man served the porker at a feast, and Pele was forgotten. This is the reason for the eruption and the destruction of the village."

This Hoopaloa disaster of 1926 was the result of a flow from a vent opened in the mountain side far below

the crater, Mokuaweoweo. How such vents come to be formed is explained by a scientist who, speaking of Kilauea, says it is

"An exploded, broken-down volcano, yet active. Evidently in the far-away days explosions shattered the walls surrounding the crater, leaving the mountain scarred by a series of radial and concentric cracks that could have been produced only by an explosion deep down within the crater. As a consequence, when the molten lava rises to a certain level in the crater, the pressure becomes so great in the lateral walls of the volcanic pipes that the lava flood breaks through some weak spot, usually far down underneath, and the liquid lava often flows quietly out to sea through some old deep-hidden conduit."

An observer of the Hoopaloa disaster, where the lava —whose temperature was from 1,800 to 2,300 degrees Fahrenheit—poured into the sea over a point 200 yards wide, described what he saw:

"A wall of flame, at least 100 feet high, moving at 20 to 30 miles an hour. Red-hot boulders tumbled and rolled ahead like the vanguard of an invading foe. These boulders, weighing tons, exuded sprays of molten lava from cracks in the sides as a compressed sponge sprays water."

Now for the second way of reaching Halemaumau from the Volcano House. This is by the easy road, eight miles long, near the edge of the crater. But let no visitor think that, just because the road is easy, it can be traversed in a brief time; there are too many things both interesting and beautiful along the way

to make rapid transit possible. Here and there are small craters buried in a riot of tropical vegetation, some of them several hundred feet deep. One of these is the best sunken garden to be found anywhere, for the crater is filled with tree ferns and lehua trees. The latter peer above the rim. The way into the bower of beauty is over steps of fern-tree logs. Moss-covered walls give the final touch necessary in this green grotto.

But this is not all. On the opposite side from the steps is the lava tube, which leads back into the gloom for perhaps four hundred feet. At some distance from the entrance there is a bend in the cavern. Before coming to this it is possible to see back to the entrance; then, for a moment, neither entrance nor exit can be seen. Of course it is possible to explore the tube with a light in hand, but even pleasanter is the experience of going in without a light and finding the way as outspread arms touch the side walls.

Beyond the exit is the entrance to a longer tube, but this has no outlet, and it is better to turn back to the roadway, through more tree ferns and lehua trees that are but prophecies of the varied verdure to be found on mile after mile of the "Road to Hades," as it has been called.

Another wonder road leads southward from Twin Craters and Kilauea Iki to a bewildering succession of craters, lava tubes, and caves. Near this road of wonder is the forest-clad cone Puuhuluhulu, with what has well been called fairyland within its crater—a fairyland made by the tree fern and the blooming lehua trees, which supply the homes for a great array of rare birds, birds

almost extinct in the Islands. "A Crater of Enchantment," this has been named by Librarian Taylor of the Territorial Archives in Honolulu.

Beyond Puuhuluhulu is Makaopuhi Crater "with its mile-wide mouth yawning hungrily to show profoundest depths within." More lava trees are in the neighbourhood casts of forest giants which perished long ago when molten lava flowed about them and solidified, taking the form of the trees, which slowly charred away.

Such lava wonders do not tell all the story of the attractive bill of fare provided in the Hawaii National Park. For those who wish to play golf in the invigorating upper air, links are provided. Trails easy and trails difficult may be found by those whose wish is for exercise still more strenuous. The camera hunter who is eager to stalk the wild goat may look for his quarry to his heart's content. And the bird lover may find joy without limit when he goes perhaps three miles west of the Volcano House, to the Bird Park of fifty-six acres, where rare birds nest in forty varieties of trees.

Thus not only is Kilauea Earth's Window, but its varied surroundings, which afford priceless glimpses of earth in the making, have equal right to share in Dr. Jaggar's picturesque phrase.

XV

THE HULA AND THE SONG IN HAWAII

IN THE great ballroom of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Waikiki a company of guests were watching eagerly and intently the graceful movements of eight or ten young girls as they swayed and danced to the indescribable music of old Hawaiian instruments. This music was as weirdly, hauntingly appealing as the gestures and attitudes of the participants, not one of whom was more than twelve or thirteen years old, while some of those whose charm was greatest were but six or seven.

In the first row of those who watched was a Hawaiian woman who was talking softly to a companion. Ordinarily conversation under such circumstances would have been unwelcome to near-by guests, but even before she could be understood her delightfully modulated voice seemed to be a fitting part of the programme. And when the words spoken so softly were perceived by the intent ears of those about her they felt that the entertainment, with her comments omitted, would have been incomplete.

"There is the poetry of my people," she was saying. "Now you look upon their beating heart; you hear and see them at their best. That is the real hula—the hula of purity, not the hula of passion; the hula of deli-

cacy, modest and full of delight, glowing with the Hawaiian's appreciation of motion and his understanding of Nature, radiant with life, soft as the down, tender as the voice of the dove, true as the heart of a friend, strong as the great cliffs at the Pali."

"I do not wonder that you talk like that," said one by her side. "You are beautifully loyal to your people and their past."

"Do not think that it is only the Hawaiian in me that speaks," came the gentle protest. "One of your own people, Nathaniel B. Emerson, went so much farther than I in his appreciation of the real hula as an expression of the Hawaiian heart. He was the man who has said:

"'Whatever indelicacy attaches in modern times to some of the gestures and contortions of the hula dances, the old-time hula songs in large measure were untainted with passion.'

"He told how my people were masters of gesture. Once he wrote words which are a fitting comment on what we are seeing now:

"'Gesture is a voiceless speech, a short-hand dramatic picture. The Hawaiians were adepts in this sort of art. Hand and foot, face and eye, and those convolutions of gray matter which are linked to the organs of speech, all worked in such harmony that, when the man spoke, he spoke not alone with his vocal organs, but all over, from head to foot, every part adding its emphasis to the utterance. The hands of the hula dancer are ever going out in gesture, her body swaying and pivoting itself in attitudes of expression. Her whole physique

is a living and moving picture of feeling, sentiment, and passion.'

"The native poet, Albert K. Kumiakea, the last of our royal family, the Kamehamehas, emphasized the same idea when he said:

> "Tokens of welcome are the dance and the song,
> From the whole of the being is the song;
> Gladness is in the motions of the dance,
> The child dances before it sings."

By this time an intermission in the programme gave opportunity to a number who had been straining their ears to hear the Hawaiian woman's impassioned words, to gather about her and ask for more of the explanation that would make even more vital the second part of the programme. The little girls who had been on the platform had come to the floor and were weaving in and out among the guests, finding a passage where there seemed to be no space, radiantly smiling as they moved here and there like little fairies.

"You notice their ability to use pantomime?" the Hawaiian continued. She observed the fascinated eyes of her listeners fixed upon the little poets on the ballroom floor. "See what feeling for rhythm and metre they have! Nearly a century ago a man named Barrot was talking of this characteristic when he said: 'Facial expression and gesture accompany not only the hula of to-day, but the most ordinary conversation or acts of daily life. A mere lifting of the eyebrows, a turn of the eye, or even a change in the light, conveys a meaning which could not be expressed in many words.'

"Then I like to think of the message of another writer

of long ago, Chamisso, I think his name was, who, when speaking of the words which accompany the hula, said: 'They mostly celebrate the fame of some prince. With the accompanying beats of the drum the hula measures the turns of the dance. In the varying dance the human form develops itself to this measure in the most admirable manner, representing itself in a constant flow of easy, unrestrained motion, in every natural and graceful position. The feet only bear the dancer. He moves with composure. His body, his arms, all his muscles are expressive, his countenance is animated. The drummers sit in the background, the dancers stand before them in one or more rows; all join their voices in the chorus. The song is at first slow and piano, and is gradually and regularly quickened and strengthened as the dancers advance and their action becomes animated. All execute the same motions. It is as if the dancer stood several times repeated before us.'"

"I have heard that the Hawaiian love of Nature shows in the hula, as well as his poetical ways," one of the listeners suggested, in the hope that he might encourage the enthusiastic woman to continue her absorbing talk. He had his reward; his question was all that was needed to set her off once more:

"Yes, my people's instinctive love of the beautiful world about them had to have expression in their songs, their *meles*, as they were called, which accompanied the hula. These *meles* told of the clouds, of the storm, of the sun, of the surf that beat on the beach, of the palm trees whose lofty tops waved in the breeze, of the flowers that bloomed so profusely everywhere they went. Think

of lines like these, which have been quoted by some of those who emphasize the thing of which I speak:

"The huge roller that surges from Kona.

"Full runs the stream, a rushing flood.

"Kanaloa tints heaven with a blush.

"The wind-beaten stream of Wailua
Is tossed into waves from the sea.

"Did you see an essay on the hula which appeared recently in the *Honolulu Daily Advertiser ?* The author, who was speaking on this love of Nature as shown by gesture and song in the hula, wrote words that to me are full of beauty:

"'Perhaps a Hawaiian is singing of the beauty of Manoa Valley. Her hands and arms show the flutter of the waterfall as it tumbles down into the pool; they show the cloud bank brushing the top of the cliffs. If she is singing of a *lei* of plumeria, she thinks of their perfume. In her mind she sees them growing; she picks them, she makes a wreath for the friend whom she will, perhaps, see no more—her friend whose love is like the fragrance of the plumeria flower, whose tenderness is like the softness of its petals.'"

There was an expectant hush as the dancers gathered once more on the platform. A woman in native dress began to chant a weird melody as she beat an accompaniment on an old-time gourd instrument of music.

"It is the call to the dance!" whispered the Hawaiian in the first row.

In a moment she paused, and the voice of a child, intensely sweet, and full of eager pleading, was heard from the wings.

"There is the answer," came the explanation. "One of the young girls is asking if she may come before the musicians and dance the hula. . . . Now she is bidden to come. See her enter, and those who have been trained with her. How exquisitely they move! How wonderfully they smile! With what abandon they sing! There is nothing mechanical in the swinging of their bodies, in the expression of their faces, in the melody of their song!"

One of the listeners remarked that much training must have been necessary to enable the children to sing and dance as they did.

"Yes, indeed!" was the reply. "Frequently the training begins when a girl is three years old. Back in the old days the hula was a religious ceremonial. One who has written of these days has said:

"'Student hula dancers lived the lives of monks and nuns. During their school days they were dedicated to their art, to Laka, goddess of all growing and budding things. The site for the dance house was chosen by the priest-teacher through prayer and omens.'

"The teacher trained them not only in the dance, but also in the use of musical instruments. As the children learned they were compelled to obey strict rules as to diet and habits. For instance, they were not allowed to eat sugar cane, since this might ruin the voice. They could not sit on a stone, lest they become stiff.

"But there was something harder to learn than danc-

WINONA LOVE, NATIVE HULA DANCER

She comes from one of the best and oldest (kamaaina) families of Honolulu

ing or singing. Each student had to be able to learn to repeat exactly, word for word, after hearing it but once, a *mele*, or song, which may have taken hours to recite. These *meles* included myths, genealogies, tales of war and love.

"Finally all candidates had to pass a severe examination. When this was out of the way there was a religious ceremony, when they were set apart for their high calling."

"Then the hula was not a mere pastime?" the question was asked.

"No, it was serious business," the Hawaiian replied. "Emerson tells us that the ancient Hawaiians did not personally and informally indulge in the dance for their own amusement. How could they, when the hula was an accomplishment requiring so much special education and arduous training?"

A listener interrupted with a question. "Sometimes we hear the dance spoken of as the hula, while the dancer is said to hula. Is this right?"

"Surely! The word is both a noun and a verb. Thus the word is as varied as the place occupied by the hula in the life of the people. Again I quote Emerson, who says it took the place, to the Hawaiian, of the concert, ball and lecture, the opera and the theatre. It was not only a ceremonial, but it was also the chief means of social enjoyment."

Someone called attention to the skirts the dancers were wearing. "These are not the skirts that are popularly associated with the hula," he said.

"No, indeed!" came the reply. "The grass skirt

popular to-day in some places is not the original skirt. That was a green skirt, made of *tapa*, or cloth beaten from the bark of the wauki, or paper mulberry, and similar trees. This skirt was called *pau*. The skirts you see before you are modern imitations of the old green *tapa* skirt."

Further questions were asked as to the gestures used by the dancers and the musical instruments on the platform. The explanation was given that the variety of gestures employed indicated the particular hula; a skilled student of the hula would be able to tell from seeing two or three significant gestures just what *mele* was the inspiration of that hula. Perhaps it was the plover dance, or the shark dance, or the pig dance; perhaps it was a tale of the loves of the gods, or a recital of the prowess of some chief or king. The actors aimed to portray the animals in mind, or to mimic the people. All this was done with movements so graceful that they seemed unstudied. "But there is nothing unstudied about the hula!" the Hawaiian insisted.

"Now as to the musical instruments," she went on. "You see there is no ukulele on the platform. The ukulele is not an instrument of my people; it is a Portuguese importation. Just now you saw the girls kneeling or squatting on the floor while they chanted their song. That noisy instrument they held in their hands is a rattle which is made of a gourd about like an apple. In its hollow, seeds are placed. You saw how this rattle, held in one hand, was shaken against the palm of the other hand, or was struck against the thigh, or waved in the air."

"What instrument was used in the hula that looked so much like our Virginia reel?" came another inquiry.

"Time for that hula was given by the nose flute, made of bamboo, called the *ohe*," the woman continued her explanation.

"And what are those gourds on which the old woman accompanied her call to the dance?"

"You mean the calabash drum? This is made of two gourds, the larger underneath, the two being from two to three feet high. They are fastened together in such a way that the hollows from which the sounds proceed are connected.

"There is a curious story about the selection of the calabashes for the drum. From the time of the blossom which precedes the gourd it is necessary to exercise extreme care. No shadow must fall on the flowers when the sun is hot, or they will wither. When the gourds are well formed the growers will wait until just before dawn, or until after dark, to approach the gourds, and then place them in such a way that they cannot be put out of their true shape by a pebble or anything else underneath them.

"The manner of using the calabash was illustrated by Barrot, who wrote in 1836 of the remarkable accordance with which the fine singers spoke and gesticulated.

"Each one pronounced at the same time the same note, the same word, made the same gesture, and moved his calabash in the most perfect time, either to the right or to the left, in striking it against the ground. Thus he caused it to give forth sounds similar to those of a bass drum."

But how did the hula originate? The legendary story is as good as any. The initial mention of the hula is in connection with the goddess Pele who, when she was at Puna, on Hawaii, for an outing, saw Haena and Hopoe give a dance in which "the graceful hips moved to and fro."

"Dance like that for me!" said the imperious Pele to her little sister, Hiiaka. Hiiaka did as she was bidden. The story of her dance is told in the *mele:*

> Puna's a-dance in the breeze,
> The hala groves of Keaaa shaken.
> Haena and Hopoe are swaying.
> The thoughts of the dancing nymph
> Quiver and sway, down at Nana-huki—
> A dance most sightly and pleasing,
> Down by the sea, Nana-huki.

The dance lulled Pele to sleep, and in her sleep she heard the far-off beating of the hula drum. Her spirit body followed the sound. Always it escaped her. She went to the beach of Waiakea in Hilo. Then she went successively to Hamakua, to Molokai, to Makapuu Point on Oahu. At last, when she was at Haena on Kuaai, she overtook the hula drum. Then she saw Lohiau, and her life romance began.

The hula of the Pele legend was the chaste form, with "measured pæans, fascinating movements, and graceful attitudes, all punctually timed."

How, then, did it happen that the hula has been given such a bad name? One student of Hawaaiian life suggests that the degeneracy of the dance came in consequence of the breakdown of the taboo system in 1819;

no longer was the hula a religious rite, safeguarded by the priests. Others lay the blame on the first white visitors to the Islands.

Yet the transition was not made all at once. James Jarves, who visited the Islands in 1843, declared that then the hula was pleasing in every way. "To the beating of drums and the quick chant of the musicians, young children are dancing," he wrote. "They wear wreaths of white or scarlet flowers, intermingled with deep green leaves, on their heads; and on their bosoms are braided hair, and feather wreaths about their waists. They are yet too young to feel other instincts than the gladsome and chaste impulses which are shown in light and graceful motions."

An indication that, even in the days of Jarves, there were good and bad varieties of the hula, is given by William Alanson Bryan. "Some of them were extremely lewd," he wrote. "The latter class, unfortunately, has been used more than any other single thing to spread the fame and infamy of Hawaii, and create an erroneous and distorted impression of the Hawaiian race. Yet it must be understood that their dances were, in the main, entirely chaste; but, unfortunately, some of them were intended for the gratification of the baser instincts, and it is these, under the encouragement given by a certain class belonging to our own European civilization, that are most frequently seen in our own time."

The testimony of Bishop Henry Bond Restarick, given after more than a quarter of a century in the Islands, is noteworthy: "I have seen many hulas . . . but I never saw anything indecent. No doubt this was

because I was not a tourist seeking that kind of thing and paying well to see it."

Of the two hundred and sixty-two forms of the hula performed in 1883, in connection with the ceremonies when Kalakaua was crowned king, many were chaste, and some were not. Some of the best were among the thirty inventions of his day which became a popular amusement of the people. These were quite different from the ordinary hula in that they could be danced by individuals. They were so easy, and so appealing, that many danced them. Even the children were seen going through the movements on the street, just as, a generation ago, other children on the American mainland, with joy and abandon, stepped the Negro cakewalk as they went to and from school.

To the true Hawaiian only such inoffensive hulas can appeal. This was shown by a letter written to a local newspaper in 1918, when a disgusting hula was given in Honolulu for the benefit of tourists of perverted tastes:

"Since I bin born in Hawaii nei I never see this kind of hula what make the Hawaiian blushes underneath of they olive-brown skin."

Perhaps it is due to the feeling that tourists wish to see the less worthy forms of the hula that hula dancing has not been given such a prominent place in recent years. Perhaps another reason is the rapid development of singing, apart from the hula, where once the two were almost inseparable.

That there has been remarkable development is shown by two comments. The first was made by a visitor in

1840. He said that "the loud, whining, and monotonous tone of a school boy spelling a long word affords the best comparison for their very peculiar mode of singing." This was like a Gregorian chant which was used to glorify king, queen, and Nature.

The other comment was made by the writer of a paper on Hawaiian music in *Thrum's Annual*, a Honolulu publication. She spoke of the naturally flexible voice of the Hawaiian and the purity of its tones. Their singing she likened to yodelling; there is in it "a peculiar break due to the slipping of the vocal cords." Along with this is a habit which is to be definitely traced to the ancient hula music of gliding swiftly from a tone finished to the one to be attacked, slightly in advance of its appearance. A further reason for the soft quality of Hawaiian song is that the people are given to feminine endings for musical phrases; in fact, such endings are almost invariable."

It is interesting to note that the beginning of the modern development is traceable to the careful training of the missionaries, who saw with delight the possibilities of the Hawaiian voice and the readiness of their response to training. Then a great advance was made in consequence of the attitude of members of the royal family. There was, for instance, Kamehameha V who, in 1872, brought to Honolulu Captain Henri Berger. This man, after organizing the famous Royal Hawaiian Band, for forty-five years led it in its remarkable work. Then he was a pioneer in setting Hawaiian airs to music as he heard them from the lips of the natives. Members of King Kalakaa's family were likewise notable patrons

of music, while King Kalakaua's unusual ability as a musician is evident from the fact that he is the author of the words of the plaintive and appealing "Hawaii Ponoi."

A visit to the Islands is incomplete unless opportunity is found to listen to the ear-haunting, heart-lingering singing of the men and women. Such opportunities, fortunately, are many, for in most of the native churches choir-singing is an important part of the service. Those who listen to the singers at their best will agree with the writer in the Honolulu *Wele-ka-hao* when he said:

"One is moved strangely by the twilight gleam of melancholy that runs in under-tone through all their voices. No other singers of any race but the Hawaiian possess this quiet echo of half-forgotten glory. The oftener Hawaiian singers are heard the more they are appreciated."

Fortunate are those who can visit Honolulu during the May Music Week, which is designed "to provide music for busy people, and for schools and hospitals." A feature of the week is a contest between chorus singers from various islands. The competing choirs are chosen by contests in the home islands. The winner of each contest is sent to Honolulu to participate in the great contest for all the prize winners.

What joyous companies of men and women and boys and girls go from their homes toward Honolulu at these times! Strangers to Hawaiian ways who travel with them on an inter-island vessel are apt to be disgruntled when they see the singers scattered about the deck, with their instruments of music and their leaders. But

how soon disgust becomes interest, and interest leads to longing to have them sing on and on and on. Usually they do sing far into the hours of the morning; sleep is forgotten by the performers and is gladly foregone by the listening passengers.

Then comes the ever-memorable night of the contest, when the finest auditorium in Honolulu is crowded to the doors by an audience where workmen touch elbows with bankers, and peddlers of *leis* look down from the galleries on social leaders. How expectantly they wait for the appearance of the visiting choirs, from Kauai, from Maui, from Hawaii, from Molokai, as well as their own more familiar Oahu singers! One choir after another appears, receives a vociferous welcome, then takes the key from some mysterious movement of the skilled leader—no musical instrument is permitted in the contest—and sings the special composition prepared especially for the contest. How wonderfully expressive their faces are! With what lilting rhythm they sing! They are as natural as the winds and the waves, as unconscious of themselves as the children when they play.

The brief appearance of the first choir is completed all too soon. They retire, amid more deafening applause, applause that does not have opportunity to die down before the second company comes to the platform, smilingly ready for their trial. After they have sung for a moment the stranger who knows nothing of the language is apt to question the reliability of his information that each choir sings the same composition. Surely this is an entirely different number!

If there are six choirs in the competition there seem to be six different compositions. It is truly remarkable what differences there are in the interpretation of the music—which, by the way, is frequently the work of one of the competing choir leaders. Yet, however distinct the music may seem, the joyous expression on the faces, in the whole attitude, in the voices is the same.

And how their music seems to be mingled of the blue of the sky, the sapphire of the sea, the rippling of the waves, the voice of the birds, the sigh of the winds, the perfume of the flowers!

A music-loving Hawaiian made a welcome comment as he noted the intense interest of his companion in the box: "It is characteristic of the Hawaiian interest in music to create the most difficult combinations of chords and changes of keys, and a competition is never a competition unless the most difficult combinations are made."

All too soon the competitors have concluded their part. Then the judges retire for their difficult task of awarding the prizes. During the singing they have been grading the competitors as to start, tempo, expression, and ending.

But it is a mistake to think that the figures can be tabulated at once and the winners announced. An hour passes while they confer. In the meantime, the choirs sing again, this time compositions of their own choice. No nervousness is apparent; they sing as if they had no interest in the prizes to be announced so soon. And when the judges make known the awards their interest seems to be but momentary. All are mingling on the

best of terms. Why not? "The music is the thing," one of the singers said to a visitor.

So, when each chorus went back to the home island, there was just as joyous night singing on deck by those who won no prize as by those who carried home their trophies. But this singing on the return trip was more apt to be of popular songs such as "Aloha Means I Love You," the composition of Johnny Nobel:

There's a place I love the best,
It's so different from the rest,
Just an isle across the balmy ocean blue;
It's the land of Paradise,
'Neath the tropic summer skies,
Now listen and I'll spell it out for you.

"A" stands for dear Aloha,
"L" for the laughter and smiles,
"O" is for out in the Pacific,
Where the angels build their tropic isles.
"H" is for dear old Honolulu,
Far across the ocean blue,
And "A" just means Aloha,
And Aloha means I love you.

On that sunny little isle,
Where the hula girlies smile,
And the ocean blue is rolling all day long:
If you ever chance to stray,
Where the ukuleles play,
Aloha Oe will echo in their song.

Of course there was sung that favourite, "Aloha Oe," the composition of Queen Liliuokalani, and that other favourite, "Hawaii Ponoi," the Hawaiian national anthem, the words of which were written by King

Kalakaua. How songs like these take hold of the heart, not only of Hawaiians, but also of visitors from the mainland! In fact, sometimes they take such hold that the strain of hearing them is too much. Berton Braley gave expression to this feeling when he wrote for the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* his "Tribute to Hawaii," to be sung to the tune of "Aloha Oe."

Don't play "Aloha Oe" when I go,
For it tears the very tissues of my heart;
There is mist upon my glasses as the ship from harbour passes,
And it isn't very easy to depart.
If the mountains seem a little vague and dim,
It's the film before my eyes that blurs them so.
Have a little human pity as I leave this magic city—
Don't play "Aloha Oe" when I go.

Don't play "Aloha Oe" when I go,
As the ship is heading out to open sea;
Don't you know my heart is aching as I watch the white surf breaking
On the coral reef that fringes Waikiki?
I am trying hard to simulate a smile,
I am fighting back the tears that seem to flow,
Let me sail in manly fashion, have a bit of true compassion—
Don't play "Aloha Oe" when I go.

Don't play "Aloha Oe" when I go.
It is just a little more than I can bear.
Must my consciousness be freighted, must my soul be lacerated
By that throbbing, sobbing cadence on the air?
There's a lump I cannot swallow in my throat,
There's a pain within my breast that seems to grow,
Call "Aloha" so I hear it—but be merciful of spirit—
Don't play "Aloha Oe" when I go.

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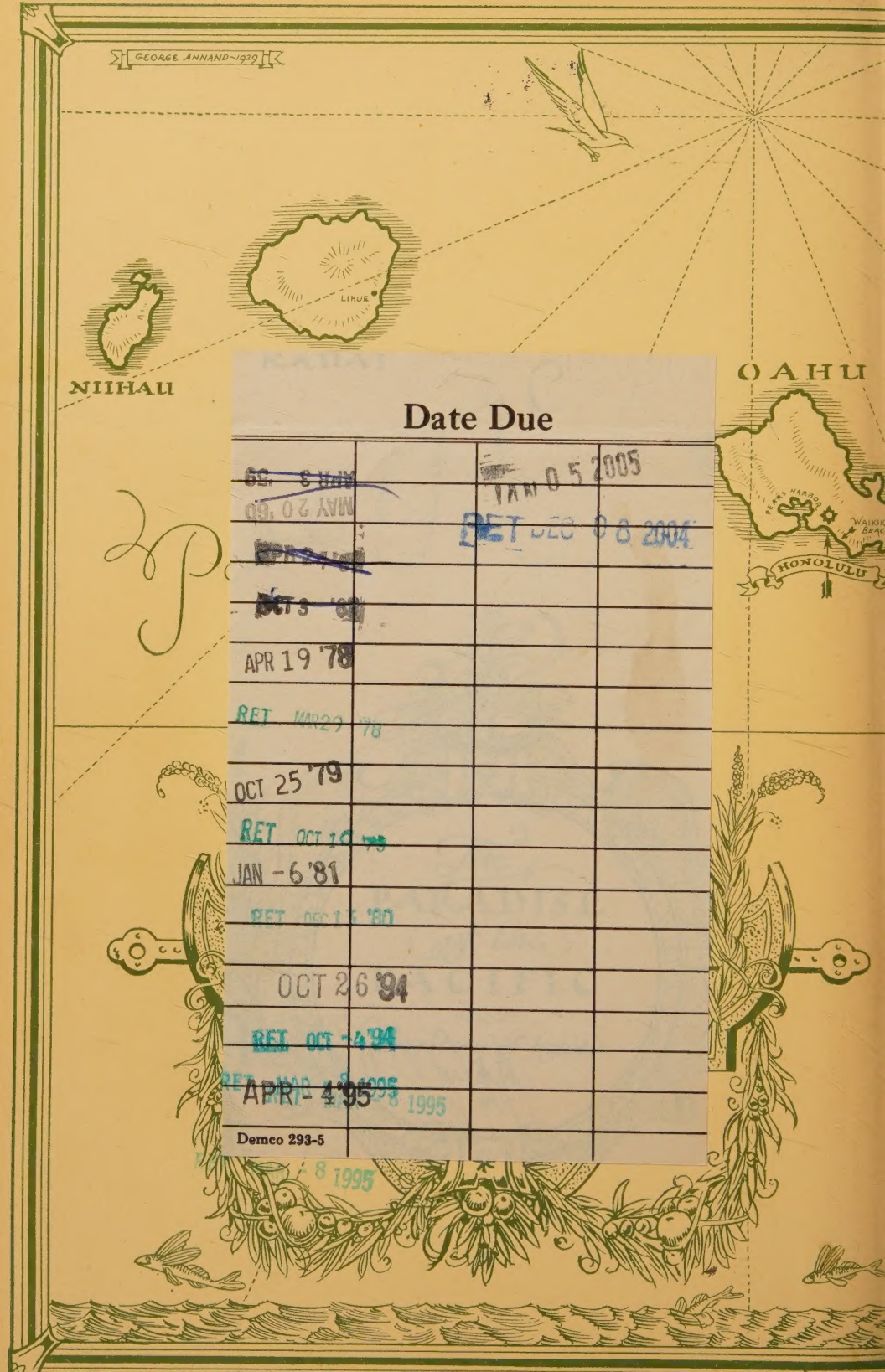

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